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LYOF N. TOLSTOÏ

V

WAR AND PEACE

VOLUME V

THE NOVELS AND OTHER WORKS OF

LYOF N. TOLSTOÏ

WAR AND PEACE

VOLUME V

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WAR AND PEACE

PART ELEVENTH

CHAPTER I

THE human intellect cannot grasp the idea of absolutely uninterrupted motion. Man can begin to understand the laws of any kind of motion only when he takes into consideration arbitrarily selected units of such motion. But at the same time from this arbitrary division of unbroken motion into measurable units flows the greater part of human errors.

Take, for instance, the so-called "sophism" of the ancients, to prove that Achilles would never overtake a tortoise which had the start of him, even though Achilles ran ten times more swiftly than the tortoise. As soon as Achilles had passed over the distance between them, the tortoise would have advanced one-tenth of that distance; Achilles runs that tenth, the tortoise advances a hundredth, and so on *ad infinitum.*

This problem seemed to the ancients unsolvable. The fallacy of the reasoning that Achilles would never overtake the tortoise arose from this: simply, that intermitted units of motions were arbitrarily taken for granted, whereas the motion of Achilles and the tortoise were continuous.

By assuming ever smaller and smaller units of motion, we only approach the settlement of this question, we never really attain to it. Only by assuming infinitesimal quantities, and the progression up to one-tenth, and by taking the sum of this geometrical progression, can we attain the solution of the question. The new branch of

mathematics which is the science of reckoning with infinitesimals enables us to deal with still more complicated problems of motion, and solves problems which to the ancients seemed unanswerable.

This new branch of mathematics, which was unknown to the ancients, and applies so admirably to the problems of motion, by admitting infinitesimally small quantities, — that is, those by which the principal condition of motion is reëstablished, — namely, absolute continuity, in itself corrects the inevitable error which the human mind is bound to make when it contemplates the separate units of motion instead of continuous motion.

In searching for the laws of historical movements precisely the same things must be observed. The progress of humanity, arising from an infinite collection of human wills, is continuous.

The apprehension of the laws of this onward march is the aim of history.

But in order to discover the laws of continuous motion in the sum of all the volitions of men, human reason assumes arbitrary and separate units. History first studies an arbitrary series of uninterrupted events, and contemplates it separate from the others, albeit there is and can be no beginning of an event, but every event is the direct outgrowth of its predecessor.

Secondly, history studies the deeds of a single man, a tsar, a colonel, as representing the sum of men's volitions, when in reality the sum of men's volitions is never expressed in the activities of any one historical personage.

The science of history is constantly taking ever smaller and smaller units for study, and in this way strives to reach the truth. But, however small the units which history takes, we feel that the assumption of any unit separate from another, the assumption of a *beginning* of any phenomenon whatever, and the assumption that the volitions of all men are expressed in the actions of any historical character, must be false *per se.*

Every deduction of history falls to pieces, like powder, without the slightest effort on the part of criticism, leav-

ing nothing behind it, simply in consequence of the fact that the criticism chooses as the object of its observation a more or less interrupted unit; and it has always the right to do this, since every historical unit is always arbitrary.

Only by assuming the infinitesimal unit for our observation, — as the differential of history, — in other words, the homogeneous tendencies of men, and by attaining the art of integrating (calculating the sum of these infinitesimal differentials), can we expect to attain to the laws of history.

The first fifteen years of the nineteenth century in Europe exhibit an extraordinary movement of millions of men. Men abandon their ordinary vocations, rush from one end of Europe to the other, rob, slaughter one another; they are filled with triumph and with despair, and the whole course of their lives is for a number of years changed, and undergoes a powerful movement, which at first goes on increasing and then slackens.

"What is the cause of this movement, or by what laws did it take place?" asks the human mind.

The historians, replying to this question, bring to our notice certain acts and speeches of certain dozens of men, in one of the buildings of the city of Paris, and call these acts and speeches "the Revolution"; then they give a circumstantial account of Napoleon, and of certain sympathizers and enemies of his, tell about the influence which certain of these individuals had upon the others, and they say: —

"This was the cause of this movement, and here are its laws."

But the human mind not only refuses to put credence in this explanation, but declares, up and down, that this manner of explanation is fallacious, for the reason that, according to it, a feeble phenomenon is taken as the cause of a mighty one. The sum of human volitions produced both the Revolution and Napoleon, and only the sum of these volitions sustained them and destroyed them.

"But in every case where there have been conquests there have been conquerors; in every case where there have been revolutions in a kingdom there have been great men," says history.

"Indeed, in every case where conquerors have appeared, there have been wars," replies human reason; but this does not prove that the conquerors were the cause of the wars, or that it is possible to discover the laws of war in the personal activity of a single man.

In every case when I, looking at my watch, observe that the hand points at ten, I hear the bells ringing in the neighboring church; but from the fact that in every case when the hand reaches ten o'clock, the ringing of the bells begins, I have no right to draw the conclusion that the position of the hands is the cause of the motion in the bells.

Every time when I observe an engine in motion, I hear the sound of the whistle, I see the valves open and the wheels in motion; but from this I have no right to conclude that the whistle and the movement of the wheels are the cause of the movement of the engine.

The peasants say that in late spring the cold wind blows because the oak tree is budding, and it is a fact that every spring a cold wind blows when the oaks are in bloom. But, although the cause of the cold wind blowing during the blossoming-time of the oaks is unknown to me, I am unable to agree with the peasants in attributing the cause of the cold winds to the burgeoning buds on the oaks, for the reason that the force of the wind is wholly outside the influence of the oak buds. I see only a coincidence of conditions, which is found in all the phenomena of life, and I see that, no matter how carefully I may contemplate the hands of the watch, the valves and wheels of the engine, and the oak buds, I shall never learn the cause that makes the church-bell chime, the engine to move, and the wind to blow in the spring. To discover this, I must entirely change my point of view, and study the laws that regulate steam, bells, and the wind.

History must do the same thing.

And experiments in this have already been made.

For, studying the laws of history, we must absolutely change the objects of our observation, leave kings, ministers, and generals out of the account, and select for study the homogeneous, infinitesimal elements that regulate the masses. No one can say how far it is given to man to attain by this path an understanding of the laws of history; but evidently on this path only is there any possibility of grasping the laws of history, and the human intellect has not, so far, devoted to this method the one-millionth part of the energies that have been expended by historians in the description of the deeds of individual tsars, colonels, and ministers, and in the elucidation of their combinations, resulting from these deeds.

CHAPTER II

The forces of a dozen nations of Europe invaded Russia.

The Russian army and the people, avoiding collision, withdraw before the enemy to Smolensk, and from Smolensk to Borodino. The French army, with continually increasing impetus, advances upon Moscow, the goal of its destination.

As it approaches the goal, its impetus increases, just as the velocity of a falling body increases as it approaches the earth. Behind it are thousands of versts of devastated, hostile country; before it, only a few dozen versts separate it from its goal. Every soldier in Napoleon's army is conscious of this, and the invading force moves forward of itself by its own momentum.

In the Russian army, in proportion as it retreats, the spirit of fury against the enemy becomes more and more inflamed; during the retreat it grows concentrated and more vigorous.

At Borodino the collision takes place.

Neither the one army nor the other is dispersed, but immediately after the collision, the Russian army recoils, as inevitably as a ball recoils when struck by another in

the impetus of full flight. And just as inevitably the colliding ball moves a certain distance forward (although it loses its force by the collision).

The Russians retire one hundred and twenty versts — beyond Moscow; the French advance as far as Moscow, and there come to a standstill.

During the five weeks that follow, there is not a single battle. The French do not stir.

Like a mortally wounded wild beast, which licks its profusely bleeding wounds, the French remain for five weeks at Moscow, making no attempts to do anything. Then, suddenly, without new reason, they fly back; they take the road to Kaluga, and, after one victory, since the field of Malo-Yaroslavets is theirs, they retreat still more rapidly, without risking any important battle, to Smolensk, beyond Smolensk, beyond Vilna, beyond the Berezina, and so on.

On the night of September 7 Kutuzof and the whole Russian army were persuaded that they had won the battle of Borodino. Kutuzof even thus reported to his sovereign.

Kutuzof gave orders to prepare for another battle to finish with the enemy, not because he wanted to deceive any one, but because he knew that the enemy had been beaten; and this fact was likewise known by all of the participants in the battle.

But that night, and the next day, reports one after another began to come in, of the unprecedented losses sustained, of the army being reduced to one-half, and another battle seemed physically impossible.

It was impossible to give battle, when their condition was as yet unknown, their wounded uncared for, their dead uncounted, fresh missiles not furnished, new officers not replacing those killed, and their men unrefreshed by food and sleep.

Moreover, the French army, immediately after the battle, the next morning, by the law of momentum, its force increasing inversely according to the square of the distance, had already begun to move of itself against the Russian army.

Kutuzof wanted to renew the attack on the following day, and all his army desired this. But the desire to make an attack is not enough. There must also be the possibility of doing it; and in this case possibility was lacking.

It was impossible to prevent retreating one day's march; in the same way, it was impossible to prevent retreating a second day's march, then a third; and finally, when, on September 13, the army reached Moscow, notwithstanding all the force of rising sentiment in the ranks of the army, the force of circumstances obliged them to retire beyond the city, and they made this one last retrograde movement and abandoned Moscow to the enemy.

To those who are wont to think that generals plan their wars and battles in the same way as we, seated tranquilly in our libraries, with a map spread before us, make up combinations and ask ourselves what measures we should have taken in such and such a war, the questions arise, Why did not Kutuzof, in beating a retreat, stop in this place or in that? — why did he not occupy some position before Fili? — why did he not at once take the road to Kaluga, leaving Moscow to itself? and so on.

Men wonted to think in this way forget or do not know the inevitable conditions by which every commander-in-chief must act. His occupation has nothing at all analogous to what we fondly imagine it to be as we sit comfortably in our libraries, picking out, with the aid of a map, a campaign with a given number of troops on the one side and the other, and in a given locality, and beginning at some given moment.

The general-in-chief is never, at the *beginning* of an action, surrounded by conditions such as we always have when we consider the action. The commander-in-chief is always at the center of a series of hurrying events, so that he is not in a condition, for a single instant, to comprehend the whole significance of what is going on. The action is imperceptible, unfolding from instant to instant; and at every instant of this

uninterrupted, continuous succession of events, the commander-in-chief is at the center of a complicated game of intrigues, labors, perplexities, responsibilities, projects, counsels, dangers, and deceits, and is obliged to reply to an infinite number of contradictory questions which are submitted to him.

Military critics assure us, in the most serious manner, that Kutuzof should have led his troops along the Kaluga road, before ever he thought of retreating to Fili; that such a course was even suggested to him. But a commander-in-chief has, especially at a decisive moment, not one project alone, but a dozen projects to examine at once. And all of these projects, based on strategy and tactics, are contradictory to one another. It is the office of the commander-in-chief, so it would seem, simply to select some one of these projects that are suggested; but even this he cannot do. Time and events will not wait.

Let us suppose that on the tenth of September it is proposed to Kutuzof to cross over to the Kaluga road, but that at the same moment an aide from Miloradovitch gallops up, and asks whether they shall at once engage with the French or retire. This question must be decided instantly. But the order to retire prevents us from the *détour* along the Kaluga highway.

Immediately after the aide comes the commissary and asks where the stores are to be transported; the chief of ambulance wishes to know where the wounded shall be carried; a courier from Petersburg brings a letter from the sovereign, declaring the abandonment of Moscow to be impossible; a rival of the commander-in-chief, who is trying to undermine his authority, — there are always several such, not one alone, — presents a new plan diametrically opposed to that favoring retreat by the Kaluga road.

The commander-in-chief is thoroughly exhausted, and needs sleep and refreshment. But a respectable general who has been passed over without a decoration comes to make a complaint; the inhabitants implore protection; an officer who has been sent out to recon-

noiter returns and brings a report directly contrary to that brought by the officer who had been sent out before him; a spy and a captive and a general who has made a reconnoitering tour all describe in a different way the position of the enemy.

Men who are not accustomed to consider, or who forget the inevitable conditions controlling the activity of every commander-in-chief, show us, for example, the situation of the troops at Fili, and take for granted that the commander-in-chief had till September 13 to decide the question as to the abandonment or defense of Moscow; whereas, in the position of the Russian army, within five versts of Moscow, this question could not even arise.

At what point, then, was this question decided?

It was decided at Drissa, at Smolensk, still more palpably, on September 5, at Shevardino, at Borodino on the seventh, and every day, every hour, and every minute of the retreat from Borodino to Fili.

CHAPTER III

YERMOLOF, who had been sent by Kutuzof to reconnoiter a position, came back to the field-marshal and said, "It was impossible to fight in that position and they must retreat."

Kutuzof looked at him in silence.

"Give me your hand," said he; and, turning it round so as to feel his pulse, he said:—

"You are ill, my dear![1] Think what you are saying."

Not even yet could Kutuzof comprehend that it was possible to retire beyond Moscow without a battle. Kutuzof got out of his carriage on the Paklonnaya[2] Hill, six versts from the Dorogomilovskaya barrier, and sat down on a bench at the edge of the road. A portentous array of generals gathered around him. Count Rostopchin, who had driven out from Moscow, joined them.

All this brilliant society, dividing itself into little

[1] *Galubchik.* [2] Salutation.

circles, was discussing together the advantages and disadvantages of the position, the condition of the forces, the various plans proposed, the state of Moscow, and about military matters in general. All felt that this was a council of war, although they had not been convened for the purpose, and though it was not called so. All conversation was confined to the domain of these general questions. If any one communicated or heard private news, it was in a whisper, and such digressions were immediately followed by a return to the general questions; not a jest, not a laugh, not even a smile was exchanged among all these men.

All, though it evidently required an effort, tried to maintain themselves to the height of the occasion. And all these groups, engaged in conversation, strove to keep close to the commander-in-chief — the bench on which he sat was the center of these circles — and they spoke so that he might overhear them.

The commander-in-chief listened, and occasionally asked for a repetition of what was said around him; but he did not himself mingle in the conversation, and he expressed no opinion. For the most part, after listening to what was said in any little group, he would turn abruptly away with a look of disgust, as if what they said was not at all what he wanted to hear.

Some talked about the position chosen, criticizing not the position so much as they did the intellectual characteristics of those who had selected it. Others tried to prove that a mistake had been made before, that they should have accepted battle two days before; still others were talking about the battle of Salamanca, which a Frenchman, named Crossart, who had just arrived in a Spanish uniform, described to them.

This Frenchman was discussing the siege of Saragossa with one of the German princes serving in the Russian army, and laying it down that Moscow could be defended in the same way.

In a fourth group, Count Rostopchin was declaring that he, together with the Moscow city troop,[1] was

[1] *Druzhina.*

ready to perish under the walls of the capital, but that still he could not help regretting the uncertainty in which he had been left, and that if he had only known about this before, things would have been different. ....

A fifth group, making a display of the profundity of their strategical calculations, talked about the route which our troops ought to have taken.

A sixth group talked sheer nonsense.

Kutuzof's face kept growing more and more troubled and melancholy. From all these scraps of conversation he drew one conclusion: that to defend Moscow was a physical impossibility in the full meaning of the words; that is, so far it was an impossibility that if any commander-in-chief should be senseless enough to issue the order to give battle, confusion would ensue, and no battle would take place; it would not take place for the reason that all the high nachalniks not only pronounced the position untenable, but, as they talked, they gave their opinions only in regard to what was to ensue after the abandonment of this position, which was taken for granted. How could these generals lead their troops upon a field of battle which they regarded as untenable?

The nachalniks of lower rank, even the soldiers (who also had their opinions), in the same way, considered the position impossible, and, therefore, they could not be expected to fight when they were morally sure that they were going to be defeated. If Benigsen still urged the defense of this position, and the others still were willing to discuss it, this question, nevertheless, had no significance in itself; the only significance was the pretext which it offered for quarrels and intrigues. Kutuzof understood this.

Benigsen, having selected a position, hotly insisted on the defense of Moscow, thereby making a show of his Russian patriotism. Kutuzof, as he listened to him, could not help frowning. Benigsen's motive was to him as clear as day: in case of disaster and failure he would lay the blame on Kutuzof, who had led the troops, without a battle, to the Sparrows Hills; while, in the event of success, he would claim all the credit of it for

himself; but if he refused to make the attempt, he would wash his hands of the crime of abandoning Moscow.

But the old man was not at the present occupied with this intrigue. One single, terrible question occupied him. And from no one could he obtain an answer to this question. The question now merely consisted in this: —

"Have I allowed Napoleon to reach Moscow, and when did I do it? When was this decided? Was it yesterday, when I sent to Platof the order to retreat, or was it day before yesterday, in the evening, when I was sleepy, and ordered Benigsen to make his own dispositions? Or was it before that?.... But when, when was this terrible deed decided? Moscow must be abandoned! The troops must retire, and this order must be promulgated!"

To issue this terrible order seemed to him tantamount to resigning the command of the army. But, though he loved power, and was used to it (the honor granted to Prince Prozorovsky, to whose staff he was attached while he was in Turkey, annoyed him), still he was persuaded that the salvation of Russia was predestined to be accomplished by him; and, only for this reason, against the sovereign's will, and in accordance with the will of the people, he had been placed in supreme command. He was convinced that he alone could, in these trying circumstances, maintain himself at the head of the army; that he was the only one in all the world who was able to view without horror the invincible Napoleon as his opponent, and he was overwhelmed at the mere thought of the command which he was obliged to give. But it was essential to come to some decision; it was essential to cut short these discussions around him, which were beginning to assume altogether too free a character.

He called to him the senior generals: —

"*Ma tête, fut elle bonne ou mauvaise, n'a qu'à s'aider d'elle-même* — my judgment, whether good or bad, must be its own reliance," said he, as he got up from the bench; and he drove to Fili, where his horses were stabled.

CHAPTER IV

A COUNCIL was convened at two o'clock, in the largest and best room of the muzhik Andreï Savostyanof's cottage. The men, women, and children belonging to the muzhik's large household were huddled together in the living-room [1] across the entry. Only Andreï's granddaughter, Malasha, a little girl of six summers, whom his serene highness had caressed and given a lump of sugar, while he was drinking tea, remained in the large room, on the stove. Malasha coyly and gleefully looked down from the stove on the faces, uniforms, and crosses of the generals who came one after the other into the izba and took their places on the wide benches in the "red corner," under the holy pictures.

The "little grandfather" [2] himself, as Malasha secretly called Kutuzof, sat apart from the rest, in the "dark corner," behind the stove. He sat far back in a camp-chair, and kept grumbling and pulling at his coat-collar, which, though it was turned back, seemed to choke him.

The men, as they came in one at a time, paid their respects to the field-marshal. He shook hands with some of them; he nodded to others. Adjutant Kaïsarof was about to draw up the curtain at the window, over against Kutuzof, but the general fiercely waved his hand at him; Kaïsarof understood that his serene highness did not wish his face to be seen. Around the muzhik's deal table, whereon lay maps, plans, lead-pencils, sheets of paper, were gathered so many men that the servants had to bring in still another bench and set it down near the table.

On this bench sat the late comers: Yermolof, Kaïsarof, and Toll. Under the images, in the place of honor, sat Barclay de Tolly, with the George round his neck, and with pale, sickly face and lofty brow, between which and the bald head there was no dividing line. For two days he had been suffering from an attack of

[1] *Chornaya izba* (black hut), the back room. [2] *Dyedushka.*

ague, and at this very moment he was chilled and shaking with fever.

Next him sat Uvarof, and in a low tone of voice (and they all spoke that way) was making some communication with quick gestures.

The little round Dokhturof, arching his brows and folding his hands on his paunch, was attentively listening.

On the other side sat Count Ostermann-Tolstoï, with fearless features and gleaming eyes, leaning his big head on his hand, and seemed lost in thought.

Rayevsky, with a look of impatience, was, as usual, engaged in twisting his black curls forward into lovelocks, and now gazed at Kutuzof, now at the front door.

Konovnitsuin's reliable, handsome, good face was lighted by a shrewd and friendly smile. He was trying to catch Malasha's eyes, and was winking at her and making the little one smile.

All were waiting for Benigsen, who had made a pretext of wishing once more to examine the position so as to eat his sumptuous dinner in peace. They waited for him from four o'clock till six; and all that time they refrained from any deliberation, but talked in undertones about irrelevant matters. Only when Benigsen entered the izba did Kutuzof leave his corner and approach the table, but even then he took care that the candles placed there should not light up his face.

Benigsen opened the council with the question:—

"Shall the holy and ancient capital of Russia be deserted without a blow being struck, or shall it be defended?"

A long and general silence followed. All faces grew grave, and in the silence could be heard Kutuzof's angry grunting and coughing. All eyes were fixed on him. Malasha also gazed at the "little grandfather." She was nearer to him than any of the others, and could see how his face was covered with frowns; he seemed to be ready to burst into tears. But this did not last long.

"*The holy, ancient capital of Russia!*" he suddenly repeated, in a gruff voice, repeating Benigsen's lan-

guage, and thereby making them feel the false note in these words. "Permit me to tell you, your illustriousness, that this question has no sense for a Russian." (He leaned forward with his heavy body.) "It is impossible to put such a question, and such a question has no sense. The question for which I have convened these gentlemen is a military one. That question is as follows:—The salvation of Russia is her army. Would it be more to our advantage to risk the loss of the army and of Moscow too by accepting battle, or to abandon Moscow without a battle? It is on this question that I wish to know your minds."

He threw himself back into his chair again.

The discussion began.

Benigsen refused to believe that the game was yet played out. Granting the opinion of Barclay and the others, that it was impossible to accept a defensive battle at Fili, he, being thoroughly imbued with Russian patriotism and love for Moscow, proposed to lead the troops during the night, over from the right to the left flank, and on the next day to strike a blow at the right wing of the French.

Opinions were divided; discussion waxed hot over the pros and cons of this movement. Yermolof, Dokhturof, and Rayevsky concurred with Benigsen's views. Whether they were dominated by a sense that some sacrifice was necessary before the capital was abandoned, or whether it was personal considerations that influenced them, still the fact was, all these generals seemed unable to comprehend that this advice could not alter the inevitable course of events, and that Moscow was already practically abandoned.

The other generals understood this, and, setting aside the question of Moscow, they merely discussed the route which the army in its retrograde march should take.

Malasha, who, with steady eyes, gazed at what was going on before her, understood the significance of this council in an entirely different way. It seemed to her that the trouble was merely a personal quarrel between

the "little grandfather" and "long-skirts," as she called Benigsen. She saw that they got excited when they talked together, and in her heart she clung to the "little grandfather's" side.

In the midst of the discussion she remarked the keen, shrewd glance which he cast upon Benigsen, and immediately after, much to her delight, she noticed that the "little grandfather," in saying something to "long-skirts," offended him. Benigsen suddenly flushed, and angrily walked across the room. The words which had such an effect upon Benigsen were spoken in a calm, low tone, and merely expressed Kutuzof's opinion as to the advisability or inadvisability of Benigsen's suggestion; that is, to lead the troops during the night, from the right to the left flank, so as to attack the right wing of the French.

"Gentlemen!" said Kutuzof, "I cannot approve of the count's plan. Transfers of troops in the immediate proximity of the enemy are always dangerous, and military history confirms this view. Thus, for example," — Kutuzof paused as if he was trying to call up the desired example, and gave Benigsen a frank, naïve look, — "yes, suppose we should take the battle of Friedland, which I presume the count remembers was .... well .... about as good as given away simply for the reason that our troops attempted to cross from one flank to the other while the enemy were in too close proximity."....

A silence followed, lasting for a minute, but seeming an age to all present.

The discussion was again renewed; but there were frequent interruptions, and there was a general feeling that there was nothing more to be said.

During one of these lulls in the conversation, Kutuzof drew a long sigh, as if he were preparing to speak. All looked at him.

"*Eh bien, Messieurs, je vois que c'est moi qui payerai les pots cassés* — I see that I must bear the brunt of it," said he. And slowly getting to his feet he approached the table: "Gentlemen, I have listened to your views. Some of you will be dissatisfied with me. But" — he hesitated — "I, in virtue of the power confided to me by

the sovereign and the country, I command that we retreat."

Immediately after this, the generals began to disperse with that solemn and silent circumspection which people observe after a funeral. Several of the generals, in low voices, but in an entirely different key from that in which they had spoken during the council, made some communication to the commander-in-chief.

Malasha, who had long since been expected at the supper-table, cautiously let herself down backwards from the loft, clinging with her little bare toes to the projections of the stove, and, slipping between the legs of the officers, darted out of the door.

Having dismissed the generals, Kutuzof sat for a long time with his elbows resting on the table and pondering over the same terrible question: —

"When was it, when was it, that it was finally decided Moscow must be abandoned? When took place that which decided the question? and who is to blame for it?"

"I did not expect this, I did not expect it," said he aloud to his aide, Schneider, who came to him late that night. "I did not expect this. I did not dream of such a thing!"

"You must get some rest, your serene highness," said Schneider.

"It 's not done with yet! They shall *chaw* horse-flesh yet like the Turks," cried Kutuzof, not heeding him, and thumping his fat fist on the table. "They shall .... as soon as ...."

CHAPTER V

In contradistinction to Kutuzof, though at the same time, and in an event of even greater importance than the retreat of the army without fighting, — namely, in the abandonment and burning of Moscow, — Rostopchin, who has been considered the responsible agent for this action, behaved in an entirely different manner.

This event, — the abandonment of Moscow and its destruction by fire, — after the battle of Borodino, was

just exactly as inevitable as the retirement of the troops beyond Moscow, without fighting.

Every man in Russia might have predicted what took place, not indeed by basing his deductions on logic, but by basing them on that sentiment which is inherent in ourselves and was inherent in our forefathers.

What happened in Moscow likewise happened — and that too without Count Rostopchin's proclamations — in all the cities and villages of the Russian land, beginning with Smolensk. The nation unconcernedly awaited the arrival of the foe, displaying no disorder, no excitement, tearing no one in pieces, but calmly awaiting their fate, conscious that, even at the most trying moment, they should find they had the power to do whatever was required of them. And as soon as the foe approached, the more wealthy elements of the population departed, leaving their possessions behind them; the poorer classes stayed, and burned and destroyed what was abandoned.

The conviction that things must be as they are has always been and still is inherent in the Russian mind. And this conviction — nay, more, the presentiment that Moscow would be taken — pervaded Russian and Moscovite society in the year 1812. Those who started to abandon Moscow as early as July and the beginning of August showed that this was what they expected. Those who fled, taking with them whatever they could, and abandoning their houses and the half of their possessions, acted thus in obedience to that latent patriotism which is expressed not in phrases, nor in the slaughter of children for the salvation of the fatherland, and in other unnatural deeds, but is expressed imperceptibly, simply, organically, and, accordingly, always produces the most powerful results.

"It is disgraceful to flee from danger; only cowards will fly from Moscow," it was said to them. Rostopchin, in his placards, declared that it was ignominious to leave Moscow. They were ashamed to be branded as cowards, they were ashamed to go; but still they went, because they knew that it had to be so.

What made them go?

It is impossible to suppose that Rostopchin frightened them by the atrocities committed by Napoleon in conquered lands. They fled, and the first to flee were the wealthy, cultivated people, who knew perfectly well that Vienna and Berlin were left intact, and that there, during Napoleon's occupation, the inhabitants led a gay life with the fascinating Frenchmen, who at that time were so beloved by Russian men and particularly Russian women.

They went, because for Russians there could be no question whether it would be good or bad to have the French in control of Moscow. It was impossible to exist under the dominion of the French; that was worse than aught else. They began to escape even before the battle of Borodino, and after the battle of Borodino with greater and greater rapidity, not heeding the summons to remain and protect the city, notwithstanding the statements of the governor-general of Moscow as to his intention of taking the Iverskaya Virgin and going forth to fight, and notwithstanding the balloons which were destined to bring destruction upon the French, and notwithstanding all the nonsense which Count Rostopchin wrote about in his proclamations.

They knew that the army ought to fight, and that, if it could not, then it was no use for them to go out with their fine ladies and their household serfs to Tri Gorui[1] to do battle with Napoleon, but that it was necessary for them to make their escape, however much they might regret leaving their property to destruction.

They fled, and gave never a thought to the majestic significance of this splendid and rich capital abandoned by its inhabitants, and unquestionably doomed to be burned (for it is not in the nature of the Russian populace not to sack, not to set fire to empty houses); they fled each for himself; but, at the same time, merely as a consequence of their fleeing, was accomplished that majestic event which will forever remain the crowning glory of the Russian people.

That noble lady who, even as early as the month of June, took her negroes and her jesters, and went from

[1] Three Hills.

Moscow to her country place near Saratof, with a vague consciousness that she was no slave to Bonaparte, and with some apprehension lest she should be stopped by Count Rostopchin's orders, was simply and naturally doing the mighty act that was to prove the salvation of Russia.

Count Rostopchin himself, now putting to shame those who fled, now transferring the courts outside the city, now distributing good-for-nothing arms to a drunken mob, now displaying the holy pictures, now forbidding Avgustin to remove the relics and ikons, now seizing all the private conveyances that were in Moscow, now conveying on one hundred and thirty-six carts the balloon constructed by Leppich, now hinting that he should set Moscow on fire, now declaring that he had burnt his own house, now writing a proclamation to the French in which he solemnly reproached them for having destroyed his Foundling Asylum; now taking the glory of the burning of Moscow, now disclaiming it; now ordering the people to capture all spies and bring them to him, now reproaching the people for doing that very thing; now sending all the French out of Moscow, while, at the same time, leaving in the city Madame Aubert-Chalmé, whose house was the center of the whole French population of Moscow; and now, without a shadow of excuse, ordering the honorable director of the posts, the venerable Kliucharef, to be arrested and banished; now collecting the populace on the Tri Gorui, in order to do battle with the French, and now, in order to get rid of this same mob, giving them a man to slaughter, while he himself slipped out from a rear gate; now declaring that he would not survive the misfortune of Moscow, now writing French verses[1] in albums to commem-

[1] *Je suis né tartare;*
Je voulais être romain;
Les français m'appelèrent barbare,
Les russes Georges Dandin.

I was born a Tatar; I wanted to be a Roman; the French called me a barbarian, the Russians George Dandin. — AUTHOR'S NOTE. (George Dandin, a character in one of Molière's plays, is the type of a peasant raised to the nobility, and marrying a rich wife, who proves unfaithful.)

orate the part that he took in these deeds, — this man did not appreciate the significance of the deed accomplished, but he merely desired to do something himself, to astonish some one, to accomplish something patriotically heroic; and, like a child, he sported over the majestic and inevitable circumstance of the abandonment and burning of Moscow, and strove with his puny little hand now to encourage, now to stem, the current of that tremendous popular torrent which was carrying him along with it.

CHAPTER VI

Ellen, who had returned with the court from Vilna to Petersburg, found herself in a trying and delicate situation.

At Petersburg, Ellen enjoyed the special protection of a grandee who held one of the most important offices in the empire.

But at Vilna she had become intimate with a young foreign prince. When she returned to Petersburg, the prince and the grandee were both in town; both claimed their rights, and Ellen found that she had to face a new problem in her career: to preserve her intimacy with both without offending either.

What would have seemed difficult and even impossible for any other woman did not cause the Countess Bezukhaya even a moment's hesitation, thereby proving that it was not in vain she enjoyed the reputation of being a very clever woman. If she had tried to hide her actions, to employ subterfuge in escaping from an awkward position, she would, by that very method, have spoiled her game by confessing herself guilty. But Ellen, on the contrary, openly, after the manner of a truly great man, who can do anything that he pleases, assumed that she was in the right, as she really believed, and that all the rest of the world were in the wrong.

The first time when the young foreign personage permitted himself to reproach her, she, proudly holding

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high her beautiful head, and looking at him over her shoulder, said steadily: —

"Here is an example of man's egotism and cruelty! I might have expected it. A woman sacrifices herself for you, and this is her reward! What right have you, monseigneur, to hold me to account for my friendships, for my affections? This man has been more than a father to me."

The personage began to make some answer. Ellen interrupted him: —

"Well, then, grant it!" said she, "perhaps he has for me other sentiments than those of a father; but that is no reason why I should shut my door to him. I am not a man that I should be ungrateful. I would have you understand, monseigneur, that in all that touches my private feelings, I am accountable only to God and my conscience," she said, in conclusion, and pressed her hand to her beautiful, heaving bosom, with a glance toward heaven.

"But, for God's sake, listen to me."

"Marry me and I will be your slave."

"But it is impossible."

"You are too proud to stoop to marriage with me, you...." said Ellen, bursting into tears.

The personage tried to console her. Ellen, through her tears, declared (as if she had forgotten herself) that no one could prevent her from marrying; that there were examples — at that time there were few examples, but she mentioned Napoleon and other men of high degree; that she had never been to her husband what the name of wife implies; and that she had been led to the altar as a sacrifice.

"But laws, religion...." murmured the personage, beginning to yield.

"Laws, religion!.... Why were they ever invented, if they could not help in such a case as this?"

The exalted personage was amazed that such a simple line of reasoning had never entered his mind, and he applied for advice to the holy brethren of the Society of Jesus, with whom he stood in intimate relationship.

A few days later, at one of the enchanting *fêtes* which Ellen gave at her *datcha*, or suburban residence, on the Kamennoï Ostrof, M. de Jobert, *un Jésuite à robe courte*, a fascinating man, no longer young, with hair as white as snow, and with dark, glittering eyes, was presented to her; and for a long time, as they sat in the garden in the brilliant light of the illuminations, and listening to the sounds of music, he conversed with her about love to God, to Christ, to the Sacred Heart of Mary, and about the consolations vouchsafed in this life and the life to come by the one true Catholic religion.

Ellen was touched, and several times the tears stood in the eyes of both of them, and her voice trembled.

The dance for which a partner came to engage Ellen interrupted her interview with her future *directeur de conscience;* but in the evening of the following day M. de Jobert came alone to Ellen's, and from that time he was frequently at her house.

One day he took the countess to the Catholic church, and there she remained on her knees before the altar, to which she was brought.

The elderly, fascinating Frenchman laid his hands on her head, and, as she herself afterwards declared, she became conscious of something like the fanning of a cool breeze which entered her soul. It was explained to her that this was *la grâce.*

Then an *abbé à robe longue* was introduced to her. He heard her confession, and granted her absolution from her sins.

On the next day they brought her a casket in which was contained the Holy Communion, and they left it in her house for her use.

After a few days Ellen, to her satisfaction, learned that she had now entered the true Catholic Church, and that shortly the Pope should be informed about it, and would send her a certain document.

All that happened at this time around her and within her; all the attention lavished on her by so many clever men, and expressed in such agreeable, refined forms; and the dove-like purity in which she now found herself,

— these days she constantly wore white gowns with white ribbons, — all this afforded her great satisfaction, but she did not for a moment allow this satisfaction to prevent her from the attainment of her ambitions.

And, as it always happens that in a matter of *finesse* the stupid man obtains more than the clever, she, comprehending that the object of all these words and labors consisted chiefly in making her pay for the privilege of conversion to Catholicism by turning over certain moneys for the advantage of Jesuit institutions, concerning which they had dropped various hints, — Ellen, before turning this money over, insisted on their execution in her behalf of the various formalities which would free her from her husband.

In her idea, the significance of any religion consisted only in observing certain conventionalities, while at the same time allowing the gratification of human desires.

And, with this end in view, during one of her interviews with her spiritual guide, she strenuously insisted on his answering her question, how far she was bound by her marriage.

They were sitting in the drawing-room, by the window. It was twilight. Through the window wafted the fragrance of flowers. Ellen wore a transparent white gown, through which showed her bosom and shoulders. The abbé, well-fattened, with plump face smooth-shaven, pleasant, forceful mouth, and white hands folded on his knees, was sitting close to Ellen, and, with a slight smile on his lips and eyes, decorously devouring her beauty, was looking from time to time into her face, and explaining his views on the question that occupied them.

Ellen, with an uneasy smile, looked at his flowing locks, his smooth-shaven, dark-shaded, plump cheeks, and each moment expected some new turn to the conversation. But the abbé, though he evidently appreciated his companion's beauty, was carried away by the skill which he used in his arguments.

The course of reasoning employed by the director of conscience was as follows: —

"In your ignorance of the significance of what you took upon yourself, you plighted your troth to a man who, on his side, by entering into marriage without believing in the religious sacrament of marriage, committed sacrilege. This marriage had no complete significance, such as it should have. But, nevertheless, your vow binds you. You have broken it. What have you committed thereby, *péché veniel* or *péché mortel?* Venial sin, because what you have done has been without evil intent. If you now, for the sake of having children, should enter into a marriage bond, your sin might be forgiven you. But this question resolves itself into two: first...."

"But I think," said Ellen, suddenly losing patience and beaming on him with her fascinating smile, "I think that, now that I have entered into the true faith, I cannot remain bound by what was imposed on me by a false religion."

The *directeur de conscience* was astonished at this solution, which had all the simplicity of Columbus's egg. He was delighted by the unexpected rapidity with which his teachings had met with success, but he could not refrain from following out the train of thought which he had elaborated with so much pains.

"Let us understand each other, *comtesse*," he said, with a smile, and he proceeded to refute his spiritual daughter's reasoning.

CHAPTER VII

Ellen understood that the matter was very simple and easy from the religious standpoint, but that her spiritual directors stood out against it simply because they were apprehensive of the way it might strike the temporal powers.

And, consequently, Ellen resolved that it was necessary for society to be prepared for this eventuality. She aroused the old grandee's jealousy, and told him exactly what she had said to her first suitor; in other

words, she made him understand that the only way of establishing his rights over her was to marry her.

The aged personage, at the first moment, was just as much astonished as the young personage had been at this proposal of marrying during the husband's lifetime. But Ellen's imperturbable assurance that this was as simple and natural as the marriage of a virgin, had its effect even on him. If there had been noticed the slightest symptom of vacillation, shame, or underhandedness on Ellen's part, then her game would have undoubtedly been lost; but, on the contrary, she, with simple and good-natured innocence, told her nearest friends (and that was all Petersburg) that both the grandee and the prince had proposed to her, and that she was in love with both of them, and afraid of paining either.

The rumor was instantly bruited through Petersburg — not that Ellen desired to obtain a divorce from her husband; if this report had been current, very many would have protested against such a lawless proceeding — that the unhappy, interesting Ellen was in perplexity as to which of the two men she should marry.

The question was not at all how far this was permissible, but which party was the most desirable, and how the court looked on it. There were, to be sure, a few obdurate people, who were unable to rise to the height of this question, and who saw in this project a profanation of the marriage sacrament; but such people were few, and they held their peace, while the majority were merely interested in the question which Ellen would choose, and which choice would be the better. As to the question whether it were right or wrong to marry a second time during the lifetime of the first husband, nothing was said, because this question had been evidently settled for people "who were wiser than you and me" (so they said), and to express any doubt of the correctness of such a settlement of the question was to run the risk of showing one's stupidity and one's ignorance of society.

Marya Dmitrievna Akhrasimova, who had gone that

summer to Petersburg to visit one of her sons, was the only one who permitted herself frankly to express her opinion, though it was in direct contravention to that of society in general. Meeting Ellen one time at a ball, Marya Dmitrievna stopped her in the middle of the ball-room, and in her loud voice, which rang through the silence, she said :—

"So you propose to marry again while your husband is alive! Perhaps you think you have discovered something new!.... You have been forestalled, matushka. This thing was invented long ago. In all the . . . . they do the same thing."

And with these words Marya Dmitrievna, with that characteristic, threatening gesture of hers, turned back her flowing sleeves, and, glancing sternly around, passed through the room.

Marya Dmitrievna, although she was feared, was regarded in Petersburg as facetious, and therefore, in the words which she spoke to Ellen, they merely took notice of her use of the coarse word, and repeated it in a whisper, supposing that therein lay all the salt of her remark.

Prince Vasili, who of late had grown peculiarly forgetful, and repeated himself a hundred times, said to his daughter whenever he chanced to see her :—

"Ellen, I have a word to say to you," he would say to her, drawing her to one side and giving her hand a pull. "I have heard rumors of certain projects concerning — you know who. Well, my dear child, you know that my paternal heart would rejoice to feel .... you have had so much to endure. .... But, dear child, ... consult only your own heart. That is all that I have to say."

And, hiding the emotion that always overmastered him, he would press his cheek to his daughter's and go away.

Bilibin had not lost his reputation of being a clever man, and as he had been a disinterested friend of Ellen's, one of those friends whom brilliant women always manage to attach to them, — men who may be relied on

never to change from friend to lover, — he once, *en petit comité*, gave Ellen the benefit of his views in regard to all this business.

"Listen, Bilibin," said Ellen, who always called all such friends as Bilibin by their last names, — and she laid her white hand, blazing with rings, on his coat-sleeve; "tell me as you would a sister, what ought I to do? Which one of the two?"

Bilibin knitted his brows, and sat reflecting with a smile on his lips.

"You do not take me by surprise, do you know," said he. "As a true friend I have thought and thought about your affairs. You see, if you marry the prince" (that was the young man), — he bent over his finger, — "you lose forever your chance of marrying the other one, and, besides, you offend the court. As you are aware, there is some sort of relationship. But if you marry the old count, you will make his last days happy, and then as the widow of the great . . . . the prince will not make a misalliance in contracting a marriage with you."

"Here is a true friend!" cried Ellen, radiantly, and once more laying her hand on Bilibin's sleeve. "But the trouble is that I love both of them; I should not wish to pain either of them. I would sacrifice my life to make both of them happy," said she.

Bilibin shrugged his shoulders as much as to say that even he himself could not endure such a grievous thing.

"*Une maitresse-femme!* That is what is called stating the question squarely. She would like to have all three as husbands at once!" thought Bilibin. "But tell me how your husband is going to look on this matter," he asked, trusting to the solid foundation of his reputation, and therefore having no fear of hurting himself by such an artless question. "Will he consent?"

"Ah! He loves me so!" cried Ellen, who had somehow conceived the notion that Pierre also loved her! "He will do anything for me!"

Bilibin again puckered his forehead, so as to give

intimation of the approaching *mot*. "Even divorce?" he asked.

Ellen laughed.

Among those who permitted themselves to doubt the legality of the proposed marriage was Ellen's mother, the Princess Kuragina. She was constantly tortured by jealousy of her daughter, and now when the object that especially aroused this jealousy was the one dearest to the princess's heart, she could not even endure the thought of it. She consulted with a Russian priest in regard to how far divorce and marriage during the life of the husband were permissible, and the priest informed her that this was impossible, and to her delight pointed out to her the Gospel text, where it is strictly forbidden to marry again during the life of a husband.

Armed with these arguments, which seemed to her irrefutable, the princess drove to her daughter's early one morning, so as to find her alone.

After listening to her mother's objections, Ellen smiled a sweet but satirical smile. "Here it is said in so many words," said the old princess. "He who ever shall marry her who is put away...."

"Ah, *maman*, don't talk nonsense. You do not understand at all. In my position I have duties," interrupted Ellen, changing the conversation into French, since it always seemed to her that the Russian brought out a certain lack of definiteness in this transaction of hers.

"But, my dear...."

"Ah, *maman!* Can't you understand that the Holy Father, who has the right to grant dispensations...."

At this instant the lady companion who lived at Ellen's came in to announce that his highness was in the drawing-room and wished to see her.

"No, tell him that I do not wish to see him, that I am furious with him because he has broken his word!"

"*Comtesse*, there is a pardon for every sin!" said a fair young man, with a long face and long nose, who came into the room.

The old princess arose most respectfully and courte-

sied; the young man who came in paid no attention whatever to her. The princess nodded to her daughter and sailed out.

"Yes, she is right," mused the old princess, all of whose convictions were dissipated by the sight of his highness. "She is right. But how was it we did not know this in those days which will never return, when we were young? And it is such a simple thing," mused the old princess, as she took her seat in her carriage.

Toward the beginning of August, Ellen's affairs were entirely settled, and she wrote her husband — who was so fond of her as she thought — informing him of her intention of marrying N. N., and that she had embraced the one true religion, and begging him to fulfil all the indispensable formalities of the divorce, in regard to which the bearer of her letter would give due particulars: —

"And so I pray God, my dear, to have you in His holy and mighty protection.

"Your friend,

"ELLEN."

This letter was brought to Pierre's house at the very time when he was on the field of Borodino.

CHAPTER VIII

TOWARD the end of the battle of Borodino, Pierre, fleeing for the second time from the Rayevsky battery, joined a throng of soldiers hurrying along the ravine to Kniazkovo, and came to the field lazaret, and there seeing blood, and hearing cries and groans, he hurried on, mingling with the throngs of soldiers.

The one thing Pierre now desired with all the powers of his soul was to escape as soon as possible from these terrible scenes through which he had lived that day, to return to the ordinary conditions of every-day life, and to sleep calmly in his own bed in his own room. He was conscious that only by getting back to ordinary conditions would he be able to understand himself and all

that he had seen and experienced. But these ordinary conditions of life were non-existent.

Although cannon-balls and bullets were not whistling along this part of the road where he was walking, still there was on all sides of him what he had seen on the battle-field. There were the same suffering, tortured, and sometimes strangely indifferent faces, the same gore, the same military cloaks, the same sounds of firing although softened by distance, but still causing ever new horror, and, besides, this suffocating heat and dust.

Proceeding three versts along the Mozhaïsk highway, Pierre sat down on the edge of it.

Twilight had settled down on the earth, and the roar of artillery had died away. Pierre leaned his head on his hands and sat in this posture for a long time, watching the shadows trooping by him in the dusk. It seemed to him all the time as if a cannon-shot were flying down on him with that terrible screech. He trembled and got up. He had no idea how long a time he had been delaying there.

Late in the night, three soldiers, dragging along some brushwood, started a fire near him and made themselves at home. These soldiers, looking askance at Pierre, kindled their fire, put their kettle on it, crumbled hard-tack into it, and laid on their salt pork.

The agreeable savor of appetizing viands and of frying mingled with the odor of the smoke. Pierre stood up and drew a sigh. The soldiers — there were three of them — were eating and conversing together, and paid no heed to Pierre.

"Well, what corps are you from?" suddenly asked one of the soldiers, addressing Pierre, and evidently, by this question, wishing to signify, and Pierre understood it so, "If you want something to eat we will give it to you; only tell us if you are an honest man."

"What? I? I?".... stammered Pierre, feeling it incumbent on him to belittle his social position so far as possible, so as to be nearer and more accessible to the soldiers: —

"I am at present an officer of the militia; only I have

missed my corps; I went into the battle and got separated from my men."

"To think of it!"[1] said one of the soldiers.

One of the others shook his head.

"Well, have something to eat, if you like our mess," said the first, and, after licking off the wooden spoon, he handed it to Pierre.

Pierre sat down by the fire and began to eat the pottage which was in the kettle, and which seemed to him the most palatable of anything he had ever tasted in his life. While he greedily bent over the kettle, fishing out great spoonfuls and swallowing them down one after another, his face was lighted by the fire, and the soldiers silently studied him.

"Where do you want to go? Tell us that!" asked one of them again.

"I want to go to Mozhaĭsk."

"You are a barin, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"And what's your name?"

"Piotr Kirillovitch."

"Well, Piotr Kirillovitch, come on, we'll show you the way."

In utter darkness the soldiers and Pierre went toward Mozhaĭsk.

The cocks were already crowing when they came near the town and began to climb the steep slope that led to it. Pierre went on with the three men, entirely forgetting that his tavern was below, at the foot of the hill, and that he had already gone beyond it. He would not have remembered it at all — he had got into such a state of apathy — if half-way up the hill he had not accidentally fallen in with his equerry, who had been searching for him in the town, and was on his way back to the tavern. His equerry recognized Pierre by his hat, which gleamed white in the darkness.

"Your illustriousness," he exclaimed, "we have been in perfect despair! What! Are you on foot? Where have you been, please?"

[1] *Vish tui.*

"Oh, yes!" replied Pierre.

The soldiers paused.

"So, then, you have found your men, have you?" asked one of them.

"Well, good-by![1] Piotr Kirillovitch; it's all right, is it?".... "Good-by, Piotr Kirillovitch!" cried the other voices.

"Good-by," said Pierre, and he started back with his equerry to the tavern.

"I ought to give them something," thought Pierre, feeling in his pocket. "But no, it is not necessary," said some voice within him.

There was no room for Pierre anywhere in the tavern; all the beds were taken. Pierre went out into the yard, and, wrapping himself, lay down in his calash.

CHAPTER IX

PIERRE had hardly laid his head on his extemporized pillow before he felt himself going off to sleep; but suddenly, with almost the vividness of reality, he heard the *bumm! bumm! bumm!* of the firing, he heard cries, groans, the thudding of missiles, he smelt blood and gunpowder; and a feeling of horror and the terror of death took possession of him.

He opened his eyes in a panic, and lifted his head from his cloak. All was quiet in the dvor. Only at the gates, talking with the dvornik, and splashing through the mud, some one's man was walking up and down. Over his head, under the dark under side of the shed roof, the pigeons were fluttering their wings, startled by the movement which he had made in raising himself. The whole dvor was full of that powerful barnyard odor, which, at that instant, delighted Pierre's heart — the odor of hay, of manure, and of tar. Through a chink in the shed roof he could see the clear, starry sky.

"Thank God, there is no more of *that*," said Pierre to himself, again covering up his head. "Oh! what a

[1] *Prashchavaï.*

terrible panic, and how shameful to give way to it. But they .... *they* were calm and firm even to the very end," his thoughts ran on. *They*, in Pierre's soliloquy, meant the soldiers who had been in the battery, those who had given him food, and those who had worshiped before the ikon. *They* — he had never known them till now — *they* were clearly and sharply separated from all other men.

"To be a soldier, a simple soldier," thought Pierre, as he fell off to sleep. "To enter into that common life with all my being, to learn the secret of what makes them what they are! But how to get rid of this superfluous, devilish weight of the external man? Once I might have been such. I might have run away from my father's house, as I wanted to do. I might even after my duel with Dolokhof have been sent off as a common soldier."

And before Pierre's imagination arose the dinner at the club, when he challenged Dolokhof, and his visit to the Benefactor at Torzhok. And here Pierre recalled the Masonic lodge at Torzhok. This lodge was installed at the English Club. And some one whom he knew well, some one intimately connected with his life, and dear to him, was sitting at the end of the table. Yes, it was he! It was the Benefactor!

"Yes, and did he not die?" mused Pierre. "Yes, he was dead; I did not know that he was alive. And how sorry I felt that he was dead, and how glad I am that he is alive again!"

On one side of the table sat Anatol, Dolokhof, Nesvitsky, Denisof, and others of the same sort, — the category of these men was just as clearly defined in his dream in Pierre's mind as the category of the men whom he had spoken of as *they;* and these men — Anatol, Dolokhof, and the rest — were shouting and singing at the top of their voices; but above their shouts he could hear the benefactor's voice talking incessantly, and the ring of his voice was as significant and continuous as the roar of the battle-field, but he was soothed and comforted by it.

Pierre did not comprehend what the Benefactor was saying, but he knew — the category of his thoughts was so clear in his dream — that the Benefactor was talking about goodness, and the possibility of being the same manner of man as *they* were. And *they* came from all sides and surrounded the Benefactor with their simple, good, steadfast faces. But, although they were good, they did not look at Pierre, did not know him. Pierre was anxious to attract their attention and to talk. He started to get up, but his legs were cold and uncovered.

He was ashamed of himself, and was going to cover his legs, from which his cloak had actually slipped off. While Pierre was covering himself up again, he opened his eyes and saw the same shed, the same beams, the same dvor, but everything was enveloped in a bluish light, and sparkled with dew or frost.

"Daybreak!" thought Pierre. "But this is not what I want. I must listen, hear, and understand the Benefactor's words."

He again wrapped himself in his cloak, but there was no longer any Masonic lodge; the Benefactor was gone. There were simply thoughts, clearly expressed in words, thoughts which either some one spoke or which Pierre himself imagined.

When he afterwards came to recall these thoughts, although they were evidently superinduced by the impressions of the day, Pierre was convinced that some one outside of himself spoke them to him.

Never, so it seemed to him, while awake, had he been able to think such thoughts or to express them in such language.

"The hardest thing for man to do is to subordinate his freedom to the laws of God," said the voice. "Simplicity is submission to God; thou canst not escape from Him. And *they* are single-hearted. *They* do not talk, they act. Speech is silver, but silence is golden. Man can never get the mastery, as long as he is afraid of death. Whoso feareth not death, all things shall be added unto him. If it were not for suffering, man

would not know his limitations, would not know himself. The hardest thing," continued Pierre, either thinking or hearing in his dream, "consists in being able to unite in the soul the knowledge of all things. To unite all things?" Pierre was asking. "No, not to unite. It is impossible to unite thoughts; but to coördinate; that is what is necessary! Yes, to coördinate, to coördinate," said Pierre, repeating the word over to himself with inward enthusiasm, conscious that by just these words, and by these only, could be expressed what he desired to express, and have the question decided that was forever tormenting him.

"Yes, coördinate, time to coördinate."

"We must make a start, we shall be too late,[1] your illustriousness," repeated some voice at his ear. "Must make a start, we shall be too late!"

It was the voice of the equerry trying to rouse Pierre. The sun was shining full in Pierre's face. He looked at the muddy yard of the dvor, in the center of which, around the well, soldiers were watering lean horses, and from the gates of which trains were starting away. Pierre turned away with disgust, and, closing his eyes, made haste to roll over again on the carriage-seat.

"No, I do not wish this, I do not wish to see this or to understand it; I wish to comprehend what was revealed to me while I was dreaming. Just one second more, and I should have understood it all. Now, what must I do? To coördinate, yes, but how coördinate all things?"

And Pierre found to his dismay that the whole structure of what he had seen and thought out in his dream had been demolished.

His equerry, the coachman, and the dvornik all told Pierre that an officer had come with tidings that the French were moving on Mozhaïsk, and that our forces were retreating.

Pierre got up, and, giving orders to have his horses

[1] Pierre's confusion of dreaming and waking ideas is caused by the similarity between "*sapriagat*," to unite, join, coördinate, and "*zapriagat*," to hitch up, harness horses.

harnessed and to overtake him, started to walk through the town.

The troops were in full retreat, leaving about ten thousand wounded. These wounded could be seen in the yards and windows of the houses, and thronging the streets. The streets where stood the telyegas that were to carry away the wounded were full of cries, curses, and the sounds of blows.

Pierre overtook a wounded general of his acquaintance, and offered him a seat in his calash, and they drove on toward Moscow together. On the road Pierre heard of the death of his brother-in-law and of the death of Prince Andreï.

CHAPTER X

On the tenth of September Pierre arrived at Moscow. Near the barrier he was met by one of Count Rostopchin's aides.

"Well, we have been searching for you everywhere," said the aide. "The count wants very much to see you. He begs that you will come to him immediately on very important business."

Pierre, without even going first to his own house, called an izvoshchik and drove to the governor-general's.

Count Rostopchin had only that morning come to town from his suburban datcha at Sokolniki. The anteroom and reception-room of the count's residence were full of officials who had come at his summons or to get orders. Vasilchikof and Platof had already had an interview with the count, and had informed him that it was impossible to defend Moscow, and that it must be abandoned. This news was concealed from the inhabitants, yet the chinovniks, the heads of the various departments, knew that Moscow would soon be in the hands of the enemy just as well as Count Rostopchin knew it; and all of them, in order to shirk responsibility, came to the governor-general with inquiries

as to what they should do in their respective jurisdictions.

Just as Pierre entered the reception-room, a courier from the army left the count's room.

The courier made a despairing gesture in answer to the questions directed to him, and passed through the room.

On entering, Pierre, with weary eyes, gazed at the various chinovniks, old and young, military and civil, who were waiting in the room. All seemed anxious and ill at ease.

Pierre joined one group of chinovniks, among whom he saw an acquaintance. After exchanging greetings with Pierre they went on with their conversation.

"Whether they exile him or let him come back, there's no telling; you can't answer for anything in such a state of affairs."

"Well, here is what he writes," said another, calling attention to a printed broadside which he held in his hand.

"That's another thing. That's necessary for the people," said the first speaker.

"What is that?" asked Pierre.

"This is the new placard."

Pierre took it and read as follows:—

His serene highness, the prince, in order to effect a junction as soon as possible with the troops coming to meet him, has passed through Mozhaïsk and occupied a strong position where the enemy will not find it easy to reach him. Forty-eight cannon, with ammunition, have been sent to him from here, and his serene highness declares that he will shed the last drop of his blood in defense of Moscow, and that he is ready to fight even in the streets. Brothers, do not be surprised that the courts of justice have ceased to transact business; it was best to send them to a place of safety, but the evil-doer shall have a taste of the law all the same. When the crisis comes, I shall want some gallant fellows, from both town and country. I shall utter my call a day or two before, but it is not necessary yet. I hold my peace. An ax is a good weapon; a boar-spear is not bad, but best of all is a three-tined pitchfork; a

Frenchman is no heavier than a sheaf of rye. To-morrow, after dinner, I shall take the Iverskaya to the Yekaterininskaya Hospital, to the wounded. There we will bless the water; they will all the sooner get well, and I now am well; I have had a bad eye, but now I see out of both.

"But military men," said Pierre, "have told me that it was perfectly impossible to fight in the city, and that the position...."

"Well, yes, that is just what we were talking about," interrupted the first chinovnik.

"But what does he mean by saying: 'I have had a bad eye, but now I see out of both'?" asked Pierre.

"The count has had a stye," replied the aide, with a smile, "and he was very much disturbed when I told him that people were calling to ask what was the matter with him. But how is it, count?" said the aide, abruptly, addressing Pierre, with a smile. "We have heard the rumor that you have some domestic tribulations.... that the countess, your wife...."

"I have heard nothing," replied Pierre, indifferently; "what have you heard?"

"Oh, well, you know, stories are often invented. I am only saying what I heard."

"But what have you heard?"

"Well, they say," replied the aide, with the same smile, "that the countess, your wife, is about to go abroad. Of course, it is all nonsense...."

"Perhaps so," said Pierre, heedlessly glancing around. "But who is that?" he asked, referring to a short old man in a clean blue coat, and with an enormous beard as white as the driven snow, eyebrows the same, and a florid complexion.

"He? That's a merchant: that is, he is the tavern-keeper Vereshchagin.—Perhaps you have heard that story about the proclamation?"

"Ah! and so that is Vereshchagin," exclaimed Pierre, gazing into the old merchant's calm, self-reliant face, and trying to discover in it any characteristics of a traitor.

"Yes, that is the very man. That is, he is the father of the one who wrote the proclamation," said the aide. "The young man is in jail, and it looks as if it would go hard with him."

A little old man with a star, and another official, a German, with a cross suspended around his neck, joined the group.

"You see," proceeded the aide with his story, "it is a puzzling piece of business. This proclamation appeared a couple of months back. It was brought to the count. He ordered it investigated. Gavrilo Ivanuitch here looked into it; this proclamation passed through as many as sixty-three hands. We go to a certain man: 'Whom did you get this from?'.... 'From so-and-so.'.... Off to him: 'Whom did you get this from?' and so on, till it was traced to Vereshchagin — an ignorant little merchant. They ask him: 'Whom did you have this from?' And here you must understand that we know whom he got it from; from no one else than the director of posts. There had been for some time connivance between them. But he says: 'I did n't get it from any one. I wrote it myself.' They threatened and entreated; he stuck to it — wrote it himself. Well, now, you know the count," said the aide, with a proud, gay smile. "He flew into a terrible rage, but just think of it, — 'such cunning, falsehood, and stubbornness'!"....

"Ah! the count wanted them to implicate Kliucharef, I understand," said Pierre.

"Not at all," said the aide, startled. "They had sins enough to lay against Kliucharef without this; that was why he was sent away. But the truth of the matter was, that the count was very indignant.... 'How could you have written it?' asked the count. He picked up from the table this Hamburg paper. 'Here it is. You did not write it, but you translated it, and you translated it atrociously, because even in French you are an idiot, don't you know?.... Now, what do you think?'.... 'No,' says he, 'I have never read any papers, I composed it.'.... 'Well, if that is so, you are a traitor and I will have you tried and hanged. Confess! from whom

did you receive it?' .... 'I have never seen any papers. I composed it myself!' .... And so it hung fire. The count called the father also. He stood by his own. And they handed him over to the court, and, it seems, they condemned him to penal labor. Now the father has come to intercede for him. But what a wretched chap! You know the kind .... these merchants' sons, a regular macaroni! a seducer! got a few lessons, and thinks himself a shade better than any one else.[1] That is the kind of a fellow he is. And his father keeps an inn there by the Kamennoï Bridge .... you know there 's a big picture of Almighty God, who is represented with a scepter in one hand and the imperial globe in the other .... well, he took this picture home for a few days, and what do you think he did? He found a beastly painter who ...."

CHAPTER XI

In the midst of this new anecdote, Pierre was summoned to the governor-general.

Pierre went into Count Rostopchin's cabinet. Rostopchin, scowling, was rubbing his forehead and eyes with his hand as Pierre entered. A short man was saying something, but as Pierre approached he stopped and left the room.

"Well, how are you, mighty warrior?" exclaimed Rostopchin, as soon as this man had gone. "We have heard about your gallantry. But that is not to the point just now. My dear, *entre nous*, are you a Mason?" asked Count Rostopchin in a stern tone, as if there were something wrong in that, but that he was ready to grant his forgiveness.

Pierre made no reply.

"*Mon cher*, I have been told, but I know that there are Masons and Masons, and I hope that you don't belong to that set who, under the appearance of saving the human race, are doing their best to ruin Russia."

"Yes, I am a Mason," replied Pierre.

[1] Literally: "thinks that the devil is not his brother any more."

"Well, then, look here, my dear, I think that you are not ignorant of the fact that Messrs. Speransky and Magnitsky have been sent somewhere into exile; the same thing has happened to Mr. Kliucharef, and the same thing has happened to others besides, who, under the appearance of erecting Solomon's temple, have been trying to overturn the temple of their country. You can understand that there are reasons for this, and that I could not have sent off the director of posts here if he had not been a dangerous man. Now I am informed that you provided him with a carriage to take him from the city, and also that you received from him papers for safe-keeping. I like you and I do not wish you ill, and, as I am more than twice your age, I advise you as a father to cut short all dealings with this sort of people, and to leave Moscow as speedily as possible."

"But wherein, count, was Kliucharef to blame?" asked Pierre.

"That is my affair to know, and not yours to ask me," cried Rostopchin.

"He was accused of having circulated Napoleon's proclamation, but it was not proved against him," said Pierre, not looking at Rostopchin; "and Vereshchagin...."

"That is just the point," interrupted Rostopchin, scowling suddenly, and speaking much louder than before. "Vereshchagin is a traitor and a renegade, who has received the punishment which he richly deserves," said Rostopchin, with that heat and ugliness characteristic of men at the recollection of an insult. "But I did not summon you to criticize my actions, but to give you some advice, or a command if you prefer that term. I beg of you to cut short your dealings with such gentlemen as Kliucharef and to leave town. I'll knock the folly out of any one, no matter who it is;" but, apparently discovering that he was almost shouting at Bezukhoï, who was not as yet in any respect to blame, he added in a mixture of French and Russian, cordially seizing Pierre's hand, "We are on the eve of a public disaster, and I have no time to make civil speeches to

all who come to see me. My head is sometimes in a whirl. .... Now then, my dear, what are you doing .... you personally ?"

"Nothing at all," replied Pierre, not lifting his eyes and not altering the expression of his thoughtful face.

The count frowned.

"Take the advice of a friend, my dear. Decamp, and as soon as possible; that is all that I have to say to you. Fortunate is he who has ears to hear. Good-by, my dear. Oh, here," he shouted, as Pierre was about to leave the room, "is it true that the countess has fallen into the paws of the *saints pères de la Société de Jésus?*"

Pierre made no reply, and scowling, and angry as he had never been seen before, he left Rostopchin's.

When he reached home it was already dark. Eight different people came to see him that evening, — the secretary of a committee, the colonel of his battalion, his overseer, his majordomo, and several petitioners. All had business with Pierre which he was obliged to settle. Pierre could not understand at all, he was not interested in such matters, and he gave only such replies to all questions as would soonest rid him of these people.

At last, when he was left alone, he broke the seal of his wife's letter, and read it.

"*They* — the soldiers in the battery; Prince Andreï killed .... the old man .... simplicity is submission to God. Suffering is necessary .... the significance of things .... must take apart and analyze .... my wife is going to take another husband .... one must forget and learn ...."

And, going to his bed, he threw himself down without undressing, and immediately fell asleep.

When he awoke the next morning, his majordomo came to inform him that a police officer had come directly from Count Rostopchin to find whether Count Bezukhoï had gone or was going.

A dozen different persons who had business with Pierre were waiting for him in the drawing-room. Pierre

made a hasty toilet, but, instead of going down to those who were waiting for him, he went down by the back steps and thence out through the gates.

From that time forth until after the burning of Moscow, no one of Bezukhoï's household, in spite of all their search for him, saw anything more of Pierre or knew what had become of him.

CHAPTER XII

The Rostofs remained in the city up to the thirteenth of September, the day before the enemy entered Moscow.

After Petya had joined Obolyensky's Cossack regiment, and gone to Byelaya Tserkov, where this regiment was recruiting, a great fear came upon the countess. The thought that both of her sons had gone to the war, that both had left the shelter of her wing, that to-day or to-morrow either one of them, or perhaps even both of them, might be killed, as had been the case with the three sons of a friend of hers, for the first time now this summer recurred with cruel vividness to her mind.

She endeavored to induce Nikolaï to come home to her; she herself wanted to go to Petya, to send him to some place of safety in Petersburg; but both schemes seemed impracticable. Petya could not be recalled unless his regiment should be recalled, or unless he should be transferred to some other working regiment. Nikolaï was off somewhere with the army, and since his last letter, in which he described his meeting with the Princess Mariya, nothing had been heard from him.

The countess could not sleep nights, and even when she dozed she saw in her dreams her sons slain.

After many plans and discussions, the count at last found a means of consoling the countess's apprehensions. He had Petya transferred from Obolyensky's regiment to Bezukhoï's, which was mobilizing near Moscow. Although Petya remained in the military service, still the countess by this transfer had the con-

solation of seeing at least one of her sons, as it were, under her wing, and she cherished the hope of arranging matters so that he would not be sent away any more, and would always be assigned to such places in the service that he would not be exposed in battle.

As long as Nicolas alone was in danger, it seemed to the countess — and it even caused her a pang of remorse — that she loved her eldest more than her other children; but when her youngest, the mischievous, badly-trained Petya, who was forever breaking things in the house, who was always in everybody's way, this snub-nosed Petya with his merry dark eyes, his fresh, ruddy complexion, and the down just beginning to cloud his cheeks, went off *yonder*, to mingle with terrible, coarse, grown-up men, who were fighting, and finding a real pleasure in doing such things, — then it seemed to the mother that she loved him more, far more than all of her children. The nearer the time came for her rapturously awaited Petya to return to Moscow, the more the countess's uneasiness increased; she even began to imagine that she should never attain that happiness. The presence not only of Sonya, but even of her beloved Natasha, even her husband's presence, irritated the countess.

"What do I care for them? I want no one else but Petya," she would say to herself.

Early in September the Rostofs received a second letter from Nikolaï. He wrote from the government of Voronezh, where he had been sent after horses. This letter did not calm the countess. In spite of her assurance that one of her sons was out of danger, she began to worry all the more about Petya.

Although almost all the Rostofs' acquaintances had left Moscow, even as early as the first of September, although they all tried to persuade the countess to start as soon as possible, she would not hear to such a thing as going until her treasure, her idolized Petya, should return.

Petya came on the ninth of September. The sixteen-year-old officer was not pleased by the morbidly passion-

ate affection with which his mother welcomed him. Although she hid from him her purpose not to let him fly again from under her maternal wing, Petya fathomed her thoughts, and instinctively fearing lest he should be too soft, and a "mamma's pet" (as he himself expressed it), he treated his mother coldly, avoided her, and during his stay in Moscow devoted himself exclusively to Natasha, for whom he had always cherished a peculiarly brotherly affection, almost as chivalrous as a lover's.

When the ninth of September arrived, thanks to the count's characteristic slackness, nothing was as yet ready for the journey, and the carts which they expected from their estate at Riazan and their pod-Moskovnaya to convey from the city all their movable property did not arrive until the twelfth.

From the ninth until the twelfth of September, all Moscow was in a stir and ferment of excitement. Each day there poured past the Dorogomilovskaya barrier, and scattered through the city, thousands of those who had been wounded in the battle of Borodino, and thousands of teams, laden with the inhabitants and their belongings, passed out through the other barriers.

In spite of Rostopchin's placards, or independently of them, or in direct consequence of them, the strangest and most contradictory rumors were current throughout the city. One said that no one would be permitted to depart; another, on the contrary, declared that the ikons had been removed from the churches, and that all the inhabitants were to be sent away, whether they would or not. One said that, since Borodino, there had been another battle, in which the French had been beaten; another declared, to the contrary, that the whole Russian army had been annihilated. One said that the Moscow militia, together with the clergy, had started for Tri Gorui; another whispered that Avgustin had been forbidden to go away, that traitors had been caught, that the peasantry were in revolt and were attacking those who started, and so on, and so on.

But these were merely rumors, and in substance both those who fled and those who were left — although this

was even before the council at Fili, when it was definitely decided to abandon Moscow — all felt, even though they did not express it, that Moscow would assuredly be abandoned, and that they must make all haste to pack up and save their effects.

There was a feeling that everything was about to go to pieces, and that a sudden change was imminent, but up to the thirteenth no change ensued. Just as a criminal, led out to punishment, knows that he is about to be killed, but still looks around and straightens his ill-fitting cap, — so Moscow involuntarily pursued its habitual life, although it knew that the time of its destruction was at hand, when all the conventional conditions of its existence would be suddenly snapped short.

During those three days preceding the occupation of Moscow by the French, all the Rostof family were absorbed in their various worldly occupations. The chief of the family, Count Ilya Andreyitch, was constantly flying about the city, picking up on all sides the flying rumors, and while at home making superficial and hasty arrangements for hastening their departure.

The countess superintended the packing of the things, but she was in a sad state of dissatisfaction with every one, and kept tagging after Petya, who avoided her, and she was devoured by jealousy of Natasha, with whom he spent all his time.

Sonya was the only one who looked after the practical side of affairs: the packing of the things. But Sonya had been peculiarly melancholy and silent of late. The letter in which Nicolas had spoken of the Princess Mariya had caused the countess to express in her presence the most joyful auguries: she declared that in the interview of Nicolas and the Princess Mariya she saw God's providence.

"I never felt happy at all," said the countess, "when Bolkonsky was engaged to Natasha, but I always wished that Nikolinka might marry the princess, and I had a presentiment that it would turn out so. And how good that would be!"

Sonya felt that this was true, that the only possibility

of retrieving the fortunes of the Rostofs was for Nikolaï "to make a rich marriage," and that the princess was an excellent match.

But still it was very bitter to her. In spite of her grief, or possibly in consequence of it, she took upon her all the difficult labor of arranging for packing up and stowing away, and was busy from morning till night.

The count and countess addressed themselves to her when they had any orders to give.

Petya and Natasha, on the other hand, not only did not help their parents, but for the most part were a hindrance and a burden to all in the house. And almost all day long the house echoed with their footsteps dancing about, their shouts and merry laughter. They laughed and enjoyed themselves, not because there was any reason for laughter, but their hearts were full of life and joy, and because everything that they heard seemed to them a reason for laughter and gayety.

Petya was gay because, having left home a lad, he had returned — as every one told him — a gallant young hero; he was gay because he was at home, because he had come from Byelaya Tserkov, where there had been not even a remote prospect of taking part in a battle, and had come to Moscow, where any day they might have fighting; and above all he was gay because Natasha, to whose moods he always was very susceptible, was gay also.

Natasha was gay because she had been melancholy quite too long, and now nothing reminded her of the reason of her previous melancholy, and she was well! Moreover, she was gay because there was a man who flattered her — flattery was an absolutely essential lubricant if her machinery was to move with perfect freedom — and Petya flattered her.

Chiefly they were gay because the war had come to the very gates of Moscow, because there was a possibility of fighting at the barriers, because they were giving out guns, because there were running about and departures this way and that, because some great event was in the very air, and this is always provocative of good spirits in men, especially in the young.

CHAPTER XIII

On Saturday, the eleventh of September, everything in the Rostofs' house seemed topsy-turvy. All the doors were open, all the furniture was carried off or out of place, mirrors and paintings were taken down. The rooms were full of packing-boxes and littered with hay, wrapping-paper, and pieces of twine. Muzhiks and household serfs trod over the parquetry floors with heavy steps as they lugged the things. In the dvor there was a throng of peasants' carts, some of which were already loaded and corded up, and some still empty.

The voices and footsteps of the enormous retinue of servants and of the muzhiks who had come with the teams rang through the house and the court.

The count had been out since early morning. The countess, who had a headache as a consequence of all the bustle and noise, was lying down in the new divan-room, her head wrapped up in vinegar compresses. Petya was not at home; he had gone to see a comrade with whom he proposed to change from the militia into the regular army. Sonya was busy in the dining-room, packing up the glassware and china.

Natasha was sitting on the floor, in her own dismantled room, amid a heap of dresses, laces, and ribbons, and holding lifelessly in her hands an old ball-dress — the very one — how out of style it was! — which she had worn to her first Petersburg ball. Her conscience pricked her for doing nothing while all the rest in the house were so busy, and several times since morning she had tried to take hold and help; but her heart was not in the work, and she could not and would not do anything at all, unless she could do it with all her heart, with all her might.

She had started to assist Sonya in packing the china, but soon desisted and went to her room, to dispose of her own things. At first she found it very good fun to distribute her dresses and ribbons among the maids;

but afterwards, when what was left had to be really packed up, it began to bore her.

"Dunyasha, you will put them in for me, that's a darling![1] won't you?"

And when Dunyasha willingly agreed to do it all for her, Natasha sat down on the floor, and picked up her old ball-dress, and she began to think of something very different from what ought now to have occupied her. She was aroused from the brown study into which she had fallen by the chatter of the maids in the adjoining room, and by the sounds of their hurried steps as they ran from this room toward the rear of the house. Natasha got up and looked out of the window.

An enormous train of wounded men had come to a halt in the street.

The maids, the lackeys, the housekeeper, the old nurse, the cooks, the coachmen, the postilions, the scullions, all were standing at the gates, gazing at the wounded.

Natasha, throwing a white handkerchief over her hair, and holding the ends with both hands, ran down into the street.

The former housekeeper, the old Mavra Kuzminishna, broke through the crowd collected at the gates, and, going up to a cart shaded by a reed cover, entered into conversation with a pale young officer, who was stretched out in it. Natasha advanced a few steps, and stood timidly, still holding her handkerchief, and listening to what the old "keywoman" said.

"Well, I suppose you haven't any kith or kin in Moscow, have you?" asked Mavra Kuzminishna. "You would be so much more comfortable in a room somewhere.... here, for instance, in our house. The folks are going off."

"I don't know as it would be permitted," replied the officer, in a feeble voice. "There's our commander, yonder — you see?" and he indicated a stout major, who was walking back along the street, past the line of carts.

[1] *Galubushka.*

Natasha, with startled eyes, looked into the wounded officer's face, and immediately went to meet the major.

"Can some of the wounded be taken into our house?" she asked.

The major, with a smile, raised his hand to his vizor.

"What would you like, mamzel?" he asked, squinting his eyes, and smiling.

Natasha calmly repeated her question, and her face and her whole manner, although she still kept hold of the ends of her handkerchief, were so serious, that the major ceased to smile; and, after first stopping to consider, as if he were asking himself how far this were admissible, at last gave her an affirmative answer.

"Oh, yes, certainly they can," said he.

Natasha bowed slightly, and returned, with swift steps, to Mavra Kuzminishna, who was still standing by the officer, and talking with him with compassionate sympathy.

"They can, he said they could," whispered Natasha.

The covered cart in which the officer was lying was driven into the Rostofs' yard, and a dozen carts, with their loads of wounded, by invitation of the inhabitants, were taken in at different yards and driven up to the steps of the houses on the Povarskaya Street.

Natasha was evidently pleased by having something to do with new people, remote from the ordinary conditions of life. She and Mavra Kuzminishna made as many more of the wounded come into the dvor as possible.

"Still, we must ask your papasha," Mavra Kuzminishna said.

"Not at all, not at all; what difference can it possibly make? Just for one night, we could sleep in the drawing-room. We can let them have all our rooms."

"What queer notions you do have, young lady! Even if we gave them the wing and the unfinished rooms, we should have to ask permission!"

"Well, I will go and ask."

Natasha ran into the house, and on tiptoes passed through the half-open door of the divan-room, where

there was a strong scent of vinegar and Hoffmann's drops.

"Are you asleep, mamma?"

"Oh! how can I sleep?" said the countess, waking from a doze into which she had dropped.

"Mamma, darling,"[1] said Natasha, kneeling before her and leaning her cheek close to her mother's, "I am sorry; forgive me for waking you up, I will never do it any more.—Mavra Kuzminishna sent me.... some wounded men have been brought here, some officers. Will you let them come in? They don't know where to take them; I know you will let them come," said she, hurriedly, without stopping to breathe.

"What officers? Who has been brought here? I don't understand at all!" said the countess.

Natasha began to laugh; the countess responded with a feeble smile.

"I knew that you would let them come.... well, then, I will go and tell them," and Natasha, kissing her mother, jumped up, and hurried off.

In the hall she met her father, who had come home with bad tidings.

"Here we are still!" cried the count, with involuntary vexation. "The club is already closed, and the police are going."

"Papa, it does not make any difference, does it? I have invited some wounded men to be brought in?" asked Natasha.

"Why, of course not," said the count, distractedly. "But that's not the trouble. I beg of you to have done with trifling, and to help get packed up, so we can go, go, go to-morrow."

And the count proceeded to give the majordomo and all the servants the same order.

Petya came back to dinner, and communicated his budget of news.

He told how that day the people had got arms at the Kreml, that, though Rostopchin had declared he would give the alarm two days in advance, still there was no

[1] *Galubchik.*

question that he had ordered the whole populace to go out fully armed the next day to Tri Gorui, and that there was going to be a great battle there.

The countess, with timid dismay, looked at her son's bright, excited face while he was saying this. She knew that if she said a word that might be interpreted as asking Petya not to go to that battle — for she knew that his heart was full of joy at the prospect of such a battle — then he would have something to say about *men*, about *honor*, about the *fatherland* — something so absurd, so like a man, so contrary to all reason — against which there was no reply to be made, and her hopes would be dashed; and therefore trusting so to arrange it as to attain her end, and take Petya with her, as her defender and protector, she said nothing to him, but, after dinner, called the count aside, and with tears besought him to start as soon as possible, that very night if it were possible. With the feminine, artless cunning of love, she who till then had boasted of her absolute freedom from timidity declared that she should die of alarm, if she did not go that very evening.

There was no pretense about it: she was really afraid of everything.

CHAPTER XIV

Madame Schoss, who had been over to her daughter's, still more enhanced the countess's fear by her account of what she had seen in Miasnitskaya Street, at a wine-shop. As she was returning along the street, her way home was blocked by a throng of the drunken populace, surging around the shop.

She took an izvoshchik and came home by a round-about route, and the izvoshchik had told her that the crowd had been staving in the casks in the wine-shop, and that they had been permitted to do so.

After dinner all the household of the Rostofs, in a perfect transport of zeal, set themselves to the task of packing up their effects and preparing for the departure.

The old count, suddenly taking a hand in affairs, from dinner-time forth ceased not to trot back and forth between the dvor and the house, incoherently shouting to the hurrying servants, and urging them to still greater haste. Petya remained in the dvor, giving orders there. Sonya knew not what to do under the count's contradictory orders, and entirely lost her head. The men, shouting, scolding, and making a fearful racket, hastened through the rooms and bustled about in the courtyard.

Natasha, with that zeal that was so characteristic of her, suddenly also put her hand to the work. At first her interference with the task of packing was resented. All that was ever expected of her was quips, and now they were in no mood for such things; but she was so earnest and eager in claiming their submission to her will, she was so grave, and came so near weeping because they would not listen to her, that at last she won the victory and their confidence.

Her first achievement, which cost her enormous efforts and gave her the power, was the packing of the rugs. The count had in his house some precious Gobelins and Persian carpets. When Natasha first put her hand to the work two great chests stood open in the ball-room; one was filled almost to the top with china, the other with rugs. There was still a great quantity of china standing about on the tables, and they were bringing still more from the store-rooms. It was necessary to begin still a third fresh packing-case, and some of the men had been sent after one.

"Sonya, wait, we can get it all in as it is," said Natasha.

"Impossible, baruishnya! it has been tried already," said the butler.

"No, wait and see, please."

And Natasha began rapidly to take out of the packing-case the plates and dishes wrapped up in paper.

"The platters must be put in there with the rugs," said she.

"But there are rugs enough as it is for all three of the boxes!" exclaimed the butler.

"Now wait, please." And Natasha began swiftly and skilfully to unpack. "Those are not needed," said she of some Kief-ware plates. "But those are to be put in with the rugs," said she of some Dresden dishes.

"There, now, let it alone, Natasha; there, that 'll do, we 'll get it packed!" exclaimed Sonya, reproachfully.

"Ekh! baruishnya!" exclaimed the majordomo. But Natasha would not yield; she took out everything and proceeded rapidly to pack them up again, deciding that there was no need at all of taking the cheap, ordinary carpets and the superfluous tableware.

When everything was taken out they began to pack up again. And in fact after everything of little value which it was not worth while to take with them had been removed, all that had any value could be put into the two packing-cases. But it was found impossible to close the lid of the box that held the rugs. It could be done by taking out one or two things, but Natasha was bound to have it done in her own way. She arranged the things, and rearranged them, pressed them down, and compelled the butler and Petya, whom she called in to help her pack, to sit on the cover, and she herself put forth all her strength with the energy of despair.

"There, that's enough, Natasha," said Sonya; "I see you are right, only take out the top one."

"I don't wish to," cried Natasha, with one hand pushing back her disheveled locks from her sweaty face and pressing down the rugs with the other. "Now press down, Petya, push! Vasilyitch, keep pressing down!" cried she. The rugs gave way and the cover was shut.

Natasha, clapping her hands, actually squealed with delight, and the tears gushed from her eyes. But this lasted only a second. She immediately applied herself to something else, and by this time they had begun to repose the most implicit confidence in her; even the count was not indignant when he was informed that Natalya Ilyinishna had countermanded some order of his, and the household serfs came to her to ask: Should

they cord up the loads or not, or was not the team full enough? Thanks to Natasha's clever management great progress was made in the work; articles of little account were left out, and the most precious things were packed in the most practical form possible.

But, in spite of the efforts of all the people, the labor of packing was not completed that night, though they worked till late. The countess went to bed, and the count, deferring the start till morning, also retired.

Sonya and Natasha, without disrobing, went to sleep in the divan-room.

That night another wounded man had been brought through the Povarskaya, and Mavra Kuzminishna, who happened to be standing down by the gates, had him brought into the Rostof house. This wounded man, according to Mavra Kuzminishna, was evidently a man of great distinction. He was carried in a calash entirely covered with the apron and with the hood let down. On the box with the driver sat a very dignified old valet. The calash was followed by a team with the doctor and two soldiers.

"Come into our house, come in. The folks are all going; the whole house will be deserted," said the old woman, addressing the aged servant.

"Well," said the valet, sighing, "we did not know where to take him. We have our own house in Moscow, but it's far off and no one in it."

"We beg it as a favor; our folks have always a houseful, so please come," said Mavra Kuzminishna. "What! is he very bad?" she added.

The valet spread open his hands.

"We did not know as we could get him here. I must ask the doctor." And the valet sprang down from the box and went to the other team.

"Very good," said the doctor.

The valet returned to the calash, looked into it, shook his head, bade the driver turn into the dvor, and he himself remained standing by Mavra Kuzminishna.

"Merciful Saviour!"[1] she exclaimed.

[1] *Gospodi Iisuse Khriste!* Lord Jesus Christ!

Mavra Kuzminishna invited them to carry the wounded man into the house.

"The folks won't say anything," she went on. But it was necessary to avoid carrying him up-stairs, and therefore the wounded man was taken into the wing and placed in the rooms formerly occupied by Madame Schoss.

The wounded officer was Prince Andreï Bolkonsky!

CHAPTER XV

THE last day of Moscow dawned.

It was bright, inspiriting autumn weather. It was Sunday. Just as on ordinary Sundays, the bells on all the churches rang for mass. It seemed as if even now no one realized what was coming upon Moscow.

Only two symptoms of the crisis in society showed the position in which Moscow was placed: the rabble, that is to say, the poorer classes, and the prices of commodities. Factory operatives, household serfs, and muzhiks in a portentous throng, wherein mixed and mingled officials, seminarists, noblemen, had early that morning gone out to Tri Gorui. Having reached there, they did not wait for Rostopchin, but, coming to the conclusion that Moscow was to be abandoned, this mob scattered through Moscow, among the wine-shops and *traktirs*, or taverns.

Prices that day also indicated the posture of affairs. The prices for weapons, for gold, for teams and horses, kept going higher and higher, while the prices for paper money and for city luxuries kept depreciating, so that by the middle of the day there were instances of costly wares like cloth being carried off by izvoshchiks for nothing, while as high as five hundred rubles were paid for a muzhik's horse; but furniture, mirrors, and bronzes went begging.

In the dignified old house of the Rostofs', the overturn of the former conditions of existence found very feeble expression. As far as the servants were concerned, it only happened that during the night three

out of all the enormous retinue ran away; but nothing was stolen, and the prices of things were well shown by the fact that the thirty teams brought from the country represented an enormous fortune, which many men coveted, and for which tremendous offers were made to the Rostofs.

Although great sums of money were offered for these teams, nevertheless, during the evening of the twelfth and on the morning of the thirteenth of September, there was a constant stream of denshchiks, and other servants, sent by wounded officers, as well as the wounded men themselves who had been accommodated at the Rostofs' and at neighboring houses, begging the Rostofs' servants to obtain for them these teams so that they could escape from Moscow.

The majordomo, to whom these men applied with such petitions, although he pitied the wounded, gave a decided refusal, declaring that he should not dare to propose such a thing to the count. However hard it was to leave the wounded behind, it was self-evident that, if one team were given up, there would be no reason for refusing another, and another, and finally all their teams and even their private carriages. Thirty teams would not save all the wounded, and, in the universal calamity, it was out of the question that each person should not think of himself and his family first. Thus the majordomo thought in behalf of his barin.

On waking up on the morning of the thirteenth, Count Ilya Andreyitch softly left his chamber, so as not to arouse the countess, who had fallen asleep only toward morning, and in his lilac-colored silk dressing-gown went down to the front steps.

The teams, ready loaded, stood in the yard. The traveling-carriages were at the door. The majordomo was standing by the entrance, conversing with an elderly denshchik, and a pale young officer with his arm in a sling. The majordomo, seeing the count, made a stern and significant sign to the officer and the man, that they should go.

"Well, is everything ready, Vasilyitch?" asked the

count, rubbing his bald spot, and looking good-naturedly at the officer and the man, and nodding to them. The count was fond of new faces.

"About ready to hitch up, your illustriousness."

"Well, that is excellent! But here, the countess will soon be awake, and then God speed us.[1] — Well, sir?" said he, turning to the officer. "You will make yourself at home in my house, will you?"

The officer drew nearer. His pale face suddenly flushed a brilliant crimson.

"Count, do me the favor, ... allow me .... for God's sake .... let me creep into one of your wagons. I have no luggage with me here .... I would as soon go in the cart ...."

The officer had not finished speaking, before the man came up to the count, to prefer the same request in behalf of his master.

"Oh, yes, yes, yes," cried the count, hastily. "I am very, very glad. Vasilyitch, you make the arrangements; have one or two of the telyegas unloaded .... say that one yonder .... well .... any one that seems most advisable ...." said the count, couching his orders in vague phrases.

But at the same instant the eager expression of gratitude on the officer's face confirmed him in his determination. The count glanced around: the courtyard, the gates, the windows of the wing, were all crowded with wounded men and their attendants. The eyes of all were riveted on the count, and they were coming toward the steps.

"Please, your illustriousness, come into the picture-gallery; what do you wish done in regard to the pictures?" asked the majordomo.

The count went with him into the house, at the same time repeating his injunctions not to refuse any of the wounded who begged to be taken.

"There, now, something can be unloaded," he added, in a low, mysterious voice, as if he feared some one would overhear him.

[1] *S Bogom.*

At nine o'clock the countess awoke, and Matriona Timofyevna, her former lady's-maid, who now exercised in the countess's behalf the duties of chief of police,[1] came to inform her old mistress that Marya Karlovla was greatly incensed, and that it was an impossibility for the young ladies' summer dresses to be left behind!

When the countess made inquiries why Madame Schoss was incensed, it appeared that her trunk had been taken from the cart, and that they were unloading all of the teams; that they were making ready to take on and carry away with them the wounded whom the count, in his simple-hearted kindness, had promised to rescue.

The countess had her husband summoned.

"What does this mean, my love? I hear they are unloading the things again."

"You see, *ma chère*, ... I was going to tell you, *ma chère* grafinyushka .... the officer came to me .... and begged me to let them have a few of the teams for the wounded. Of course, this is all worth a good deal, but how could we leave them behind? Just think! .... It 's a fact, they 're in our yard .... we invited them in. .... You see, I think .... we really ought, *ma chère* .... so now, *ma chère* .... let 'em go with us .... what is the hurry, anyway?" ....

The count spoke timidly, as he always did when there was any money-transaction on foot. The countess was accustomed to this tone, which always preceded any project that was going to eat up his children's fortunes, as for instance the starting a picture-gallery, new orangeries, the arrangement of private theatrical performances, or music; and she was accustomed, and had long considered it her duty, to oppose anything that was suggested in this tone of voice.

She put on her set, tearful face, and said to her husband: —

"Listen, count; you have brought things to such a pass that we are n't worth anything, and now all our property — *our children's* — all that 's left — you want

[1] *Shef zhendarmof.*

to make way with. Why, you yourself said that what was in the house was worth a hundred thousand! I will not consent, my love, I will not consent! Do as *you* please! It 's for the government to look after the wounded. They know it. Look across the street there at the Lopukhins'; everything was carried off clean three days ago. That 's the way men do! We alone are idiots! If you don't have any pity on me, at least remember your children!"

The count made a gesture with his hands, and, saying nothing further, left the room.

"Papa! what is the matter?" asked Natasha, who had followed him to her mother's room.

"Nothing! none of your concern!" replied the count, testily.

"No, but I heard what you were saying," said Natasha. "Why is n't mamenka willing?"

"What business is it of yours?" cried the count.

Natasha went to the window and pondered. "Papenka! Berg has come!" said she, looking out of the window.

CHAPTER XVI

Berg, the count's son-in-law, was now a colonel, wearing the Vladimir and the Anna around his neck, and occupied in the same pleasant and sinecure post, as assistant to the chief of the staff of the assistant chief of staff of the first division of the second corps.

On the thirteenth of September he drove in to Moscow from the army.

There was nothing to call him to Moscow, but he had observed that all were asking leave of absence to go to Moscow and seemed to have private business there. He considered it essential for him also to go and inquire after his wife's family and affairs.

Berg drove up to his father-in-law's house in his elegant little drozhsky drawn by a pair of plump roans, exactly like those belonging to a certain prince. He

gave a keen look at the teams drawn up in the court; and, as he came to the steps, he took out a clean handkerchief and tied a knot in it.

Berg passed from the anteroom into the drawing-room with slow, dignified steps, and embraced the count, and kissed Natasha's hand, and Sonya's, and made haste to inquire after his mamasha's health.

"Who thinks about health nowadays? Tell us," said the count, "tell us about the army. Will they retire or will there be another battle?"

"The Everlasting God, papasha," said Berg, "can alone decide the fate of the fatherland. The army is afire with the spirit of heroism, and even now the leaders, so to speak, are collected in council. What will be is not known. But I can tell you in general, papasha, the heroic spirit, the truly antique valor, of the Russian army, which they — I mean it" — he corrected himself — "showed, or rather displayed, in that battle of the seventh instant, words are not sufficient to describe. I tell you, papasha," — here he gave himself a slap on the chest, just as he had seen a general do in telling this story, though he was rather late in bringing it in effectively, because he should have given himself the slap on the chest at the words *Russian troops* — "I will tell you frankly that we, the leaders, not only were not obliged to urge on the soldiers or do anything of the sort, but, rather, we found it hard work to restrain their ardor — their, their — yes, their gallant and antique onslaughts," said he, eloquently. "General Barclay de Tolly exposed his life everywhere in front of the troops, I tell you! Our corps was posted on the slope of a hill. You can imagine!"

And here Berg related all that he remembered of the various reports that he had heard at the time.

Natasha did not take her eyes from him, which confused Berg, for she seemed to be searching his face for the answer to some question.

"Such heroism as was displayed by the Russian troops in general, it is impossible to imagine or to praise sufficiently," said Berg, glancing at Natasha, and smil-

ing in answer to her fixed look, as if he was anxious to win her good graces. "Russia is not in Moscow, she is in the hearts of her sons. Is n't that so, papasha?" asked Berg.

At this moment the countess came out from the divan-room with a weary and dissatisfied face. Berg sprang up, kissed her hand, inquired after her health, and, expressing his sympathy by a shake of the head, remained standing by her side.

"Yes, mamasha, I will tell you frankly these are melancholy, trying times for every Russian. But why be so disturbed? There is still time for you to get away safely"....

"I don't understand what the servants are up to," said the countess, addressing her husband. "I have just been told that not a thing is ready yet. You see how necessary it is for some one to take full charge. Now here we really miss Mitenka. There will never be any end to it!"

The count was about to make some reply, but evidently restrained himself. He got up from his chair and went to the door.

Berg just then took out his handkerchief as if to blow his nose, and, catching sight of the knot that he had tied, grew thoughtful and shook his head in a melancholy and significant manner.

"I have a great favor to ask of you, papasha," said he.

"Hm?".... returned the count, stopping short.

"I was just passing Yusupof's," said Berg, with a laugh. "The overseer, who is an acquaintance of mine, came running out, and urged me to buy something. I went in just out of curiosity, and there I found a pretty little chiffonnier[1] and toilet. You know how Vierushka has always wanted one, and how we have actually quarreled over it." — Berg involuntarily took a tone of self-congratulation over his comfortable little establishment, as he began to speak about the chiffonnier and the toilet. — "And it is such a beauty! It is full of drawers, and has an English secret panel, don't you know! And Vie

[1] *Shifonyerotchka.*

rotchka had wanted one so long! And so I wanted to surprise her. I saw you had so many of these muzhiks in the yard. Let me have one, please. I will pay him handsomely, and...."

A frown passed over the count's face, and he began to clear his throat.

"Ask the countess; I am not giving the directions."

"If it is inconvenient, no matter about it," said Berg. "Only I wanted it very much for Vierushka's sake."

"Akh! go to the devil — all of you, to the devil, to the devil, and to the devil!" cried the old count. — "My head is in a whirl!"

And he flew out of the room.

The countess burst into tears.

"Yes, indeed, mamenka, it is a very trying time!" said Berg.

Natasha followed her father out of the room, and at first started to go to him; but then, seeming to collect her thoughts, she hastened down-stairs.

Petya was standing on the steps, busy providing with arms the men who were to escort the family from Moscow. In the dvor the teams still stood corded up. Two of them had been unloaded, and in one the young officer had already taken his place, assisted by his denshchik.

"Do you know what the trouble was?" asked Petya of Natasha. Natasha understood that Petya referred to the dispute between their father and mother. She made no reply.

"Because papenka wanted to give up all the teams to the wounded!" said Petya. "Vasilyitch told me. In my opinion...."

"In my opinion," suddenly interrupted Natasha, almost screaming, and turning her wrathful face full upon Petya — "in my opinion, this is so mean, so shameful, so.... so.... I can't express it! Are we miserable Germans?"

Her throat swelled with convulsive sobs, and, fearing lest she should break down and waste the ammunition of her wrath, she turned on her heel and flew impetuously up-stairs.

Berg was sitting down near the countess, and trying, like a dutiful son, to console her. The count, with his pipe in his hand, was striding up and down, when Natasha, her face distorted with indignation, dashed into the room, and hurried to her mother with rapid steps.

"This is shameful! This is abominable!" she cried. "It cannot be that you have given such an order."

Berg and the countess looked at her in fear and bewilderment. The count paused by the window, and listened.

"Mamenka, it must not be! see what they are doing in the yard!" she cried. "They are to be left!"

"What is the matter? Who are to be left? What do you want?"

"The wounded men, that's who! It must not be, mamenka!.... This is not like you at all! No, mamenka, dearest little dove![1] Mamenka! what do we want of all those things that we are going to take away? only look out into the yard!.... Mamenka!.... This must not, cannot be."....

The count still stood by the window without turning his face away, as he listened to Natasha's words.

Suddenly he blew his nose, and leaned over toward the window.

The countess gazed at her daughter, saw her face tinged with shame for her mother's sake, saw her agitation, understood now why it was her husband would not look at her, and then glanced around her with a troubled face.

"Akh! you may do as you please. Am I interfering with any one?" she exclaimed, not willing even yet to give in suddenly.

"Mamenka, dear little dove, forgive me!"

But the countess pushed her daughter away, and went over to the count.

"*Mon cher*, you give what orders are necessary. You see, I know nothing about this at all!" said she, guiltily dropping her eyes.

"The eggs.... the eggs are teaching the old hen,"

[1] *Galubushka.*

exclaimed the count through his happy tears, and he embraced his wife, who was glad to hide her face crimson with shame against his heart.

"Papenka, mamenka! Shall I give the orders? May I?".... asked Natasha. "We will still take all that we really need," said Natasha.

The count nodded assent, and Natasha, with the same swift steps with which she would run when she used to play *goryelki*, or tag, flew across the room into the anteroom, and down-stairs into the courtyard.

The men gathered around Natasha, and they would not put any faith in the strange command which she gave them, until the old count himself came down, and, in the name of his wife, ordered them to give up all the wagons to the wounded, and to carry the boxes and trunks back to the storerooms.

After they had comprehended the meaning of the order, the men with joyful eagerness addressed themselves to the new task. This did not any longer seem strange to the menials, but, on the contrary, it seemed to them that it could not be ordered otherwise; just the same as, a quarter of an hour before, it did not seem strange to any one that the wounded men were to be left and the things carried away, but seemed to them that it could not be ordered otherwise.

All the household, as if grieved because they had not got at this work more expeditiously, took hold of it with a will, and made place for the wounded. The wounded men dragged themselves down from their rooms, and their pale faces lighted up with joy as they gathered around the teams.

The rumor spread to the adjoining houses that the teams were going to start from the Rostofs', and still more of the wounded came crowding into the Rostofs' yard from the other houses.

Many of the wounded begged them not to remove all the things, but simply to let them sit on top. But the work of unloading having once begun, it could not stop. It was a matter of indifference whether all the things were left or only half of them. The courtyard was lit-

tered up with the unladen chests and boxes full of china, bronzes, paintings, mirrors, which had been so carefully packed up the night before, and still the work went on of taking off this thing and that, and giving up one team after another.

"We can take four more," said the overseer. "Here, I will give up my team! but then, what should I do with them?"

"Well, give them the one that has my trunks," said the countess; "Dunyasha can sit with me in the carriage."

So they gave up also the wardrobe wagon,[1] and let the wounded from two neighboring houses have the use of it. All the household and the servants were full of happy excitement. Natasha had risen to a state of enthusiastically happy emotion such as she had not experienced for a long time.

"How shall we tie this on?" asked some of the men, who were trying to fasten a chest on the narrow footboard of one of the carriages. "We ought to give up a whole team to it!"

"What does it contain?" asked Natasha.

"The count's books."

"Leave it, Vasilyitch will take care of it. We don't need them."

The britchka was full; there was some question where Piotr Ilyitch was to go.

"He can sit on the coachman's box. Get up there on the box!" cried Natasha.

Sonya was also indefatigably at work; but the object of her labors was diametrically opposed to the object of Natasha's. She was looking out for the things which had to be left behind, labeling them by the countess's desire, and doing her best to have as much taken as could be.

[1] *Garderobnaya povozka.*

CHAPTER XVII

By two o'clock, the four equipages of the Rostofs, loaded and packed, stood at the door. The teams with the wounded, one after the other, filed out of the gate. The calash in which Prince Andreï was carried passed in front of the entrance, and attracted the attention of Sonya, who was engaged with the maid in trying to arrange a comfortable seat for the countess in her huge, lofty coach, which stood at the door.

"Whose calash is that?" asked Sonya, putting her head out of the carriage window.

"Why, don't you know, baruishnya?" replied the maid. "It's the wounded prince; he spent the night at our house, and is also going with us."

"But who is he? What is his name?"

"It's our former lover, Prince Bolkonsky!" replied the lady's-maid, with a sigh. "They say he's going to die."

Sonya sprang out of the carriage and hastened to the countess. The countess, already dressed for the journey, in shawl and hat, was weariedly walking up and down through the drawing-room, waiting for the household to assemble so as to sit down, with closed doors, and have prayers read before setting forth on the journey. Natasha was not in the room.

"*Maman!*" exclaimed Sonya, "Prince Andreï is here! wounded and dying. He is going with us!"

The countess opened her eyes wide with terror, and, seizing Sonya's arm, looked around.

"Natasha!" she exclaimed.

Both for Sonya and for the countess this news had at the first moment only one significance. They knew their Natasha, and the horror at the thought how this news would affect her crowded out all sympathy for the man whom they both loved.

"Natasha does not know it yet; but he is going in our party," said Sonya.

"Did you say he was dying?"

Sonya bent her head.

The countess threw her arms around Sonya and burst into tears.

"The ways of the Lord are past finding out!" she said to herself, with the consciousness that in everything that was then taking place an All-powerful Hand was in control of what had been concealed from the eyes of men.

"Well, mamma, all is ready.—What is the matter with you?" asked Natasha, suddenly coming into the room, with flushed and eager face.

"Nothing," said the countess. "If we are ready, then let us be off."

And the countess bent over to her reticule, in order to hide her disturbed face. Sonya hugged Natasha and kissed her.

"What is the matter? What has happened?"

"Nothing .... noth...."

"Something wrong, and about me? What is it?" asked the sensitive Natasha.

Sonya sighed, and made no reply.

The count, Petya, Madame Schoss, Mavra Kuzminishna, and Vasilyitch came into the room, and, shutting the door, all sat down, and remained for some seconds in silence, not exchanging glances.

The count was the first to rise, and, drawing a loud sigh, he began to cross himself toward the holy pictures. All did likewise. Then the count began to embrace Mavra Kuzminishna and Vasilyitch, who were to be left in Moscow, and while they fondled his hand and kissed him on the shoulder, he lightly patted them on the back, muttering some vague, affectionately consoling phrases.

The countess went to the oratory, and Sonya found her there on her knees in front of the "images," which were left here and there on the wall. The most precious images, as family heirlooms, had been taken down and carried off.

On the stairs and in the yard, the men who were to accompany the teams, furnished with daggers and sabers, delivered out to them by Petya, and with their trousers

tucked into their boots, and their coats tightly girt around them with girdles and belts, were exchanging farewells with those who were to stay behind.

As always happens at starting on a journey, many things were forgotten or not properly packed; and the two haïduks had been long standing on either side of the open door, by the carriage steps, ready to help the countess in, while the maids were bustling about with cushions and parcels to stow away in the coaches and the calash and the britchka.

"They are forever and forever forgetting something!" exclaimed the countess. "Now see here. You know I can't sit that way." And Dunyasha, setting her teeth together, and making no reply, though an expression of indignation contracted her face, flew into the carriage to rearrange the cushions.

"Akh! what a set of people!" exclaimed the count, shaking his head.

The old coachman, Yefim, with whom alone the countess would consent to travel, sitting high on his box, did not even deign to glance around at what was going on behind him. He knew by thirty years' experience that it would be still some time before they said to him their "*S Bogom* — Let us be off" — and that, even after the order to start was given, he would still be stopped two or three times, while they sent back for things forgotten; and that even then he would be stopped again, and the countess herself would thrust her head out of the window, and ask him in the name of Christ the Lord — *Khristom Bogom* — to drive more cautiously down the slopes. He knew this, and therefore, with even greater patience than his horses, — especially more than the off chestnut, Sokol,[1] which stood pawing with his hoofs, and champing his bit, — he waited for what should be.

At last all were in their places; the steps were done up, the door shut with a bang, a forgotten box sent for, the countess put her head out and made the stereotyped remark. Then Yefim deliberately removed his hat from

[1] Hawk.

his head, and proceeded to cross himself. The postilion and all the people did the same. "*S Bogom* — God with us," cried Yefim, as he put on his cap. "Off we go!"

The postilion cracked his whip. The near pole-horse strained on the collar, the lofty springs creaked, and the great coach swayed. As it started, the footman leaped up on the box. The carriage went jolting along as it rumbled out from the dvor upon the uneven pavement; the other vehicles also followed jolting along, and the procession turned up the street. All in the carriages, the calash, and the britchka crossed themselves as they passed the church opposite. The servants remaining in Moscow followed on both sides of the street, escorting them.

Natasha had rarely known such a feeling of keen delight as she experienced now, sitting in the coach, next the countess, and gazing out at the walls of abandoned, excited Moscow slowly moving past. She from time to time put her head out of the window and gazed forward and back at the long string of wagons containing the wounded accompanying them. Almost at the very front of the line she could see Prince Andreï's covered calash. She did not know who was in it, and yet every time when she surveyed their train her eyes turned instinctively to this calash. She knew that it was at the front.

A number of carriage trains like the Rostofs' had turned out into Kudrina Street, from Nikitskaya, from Preisen, from Podnovinsky, and when they reached the Sadovaya there were already a double row of vehicles and trains moving along.

As they passed the Sukharef tower, Natasha, glancing with curiosity at the throng of people coming and going, suddenly uttered an exclamation expressive of delight and amazement.

"Ye saints![1] Mamma! Sonya! look, there he is!"

"Who? who?"

"Look! for pity's sake,[2] Bezukhoï!" exclaimed Natasha, putting her head out of the carriage window, and

[1] *Batiushki.* [2] *Yeï Bogu.*

staring at a tall, stout man in a coachman's kaftan — evidently a gentleman in disguise, to judge by his gait and carriage — who was walking along with a sallow, beardless little old man in a frieze cloak under the arch of the Sukharef tower.

"Indeed,[1] it 's Bezukhoï, in the kaftan, walking with a little old man! Indeed it is!" exclaimed Natasha. "Look! look!"

"Why, no! It can't be. How can you say such absurd things!"

"Mamma!" cried Natasha, "I 'll wager my head that it is he. I assure you it is. Stop! stop!" she cried to the coachman. But the coachman could not stop, because a whole file of wagons and vehicles came in from Meshchanskaya, and shouted to the Rostofs to drive on and not delay the others.

But, although he was now at a much greater distance from them all, the Rostofs now recognized Pierre, or the man in the coachman's kaftan that looked like Pierre, pacing along the street with dejected head and solemn face, side by side with the little beardless man who had the appearance of a footman. This little old man remarked the face thrust forth from the carriage-window and trying to attract their attention, and he respectfully nudged Pierre's elbow, and said something to him, pointing to the carriage.

It was some time before Pierre realized what he said, he seemed to be so deeply sunken in thought. At last, when his attention was roused, he looked in the indicated direction, and, recognizing Natasha, gave himself up for a second to the first impression and ran nimbly over to the carriage.

But, after taking a dozen steps, some thought, apparently, struck him, and he paused.

Natasha put her head out of the window and beamed with a sort of quizzical affectionateness.

"Piotr Kiriluitch, come here! You see, we recognized you. This is marvelous!" she cried, giving him her hand. "What does this mean? Why are you so?"

[1] *Yeï Bogu.*

Pierre took the proffered hand, and, as he walked along, — for the carriage was still moving, — he awkwardly kissed it. "What is the matter with you, count?" asked the countess, in a voice expressing amazement and sympathy.

"I .... I .... Why? .... don't ask me," said Pierre, and he glanced at Natasha, whose eyes, beaming with delight, — he felt them even though he did not look into them, — overwhelmed him with their charm.

"What are you going to do? stay behind in Moscow?"

Pierre made no reply.

"In Moscow?" he repeated questioningly. "Yes, in Moscow. Farewell."

"Akh! I wish I were a man, I would certainly stay behind with you. Akh! how nice that would be!" exclaimed Natasha. "Mamma, if you will let me, I will stay."

Pierre gave Natasha an absent look, and was about to say something, but the countess interrupted him.

"We heard you were in the battle."

"Yes, I was," replied Pierre. "To-morrow, there is to be another battle...." he began to say, but Natasha interrupted him.

"What is the matter with you, count? You aren't like yourself." ....

"Akh! don't, don't ask me, don't ask me, I myself don't know. To-morrow .... but no! Farewell, farewell," he went on. "Terrible times!" and, moving away from the carriage, he passed along on the sidewalk.

Natasha for a long while still kept her head out of the window, beaming on him with an affectionate and somewhat quizzical smile of joy.

CHAPTER XVIII

Pierre, during the two days since his disappearance from home, had been living in the late Bazdeyef's deserted rooms.

This was how it happened.

On waking up the morning after his return to Moscow and his interview with Count Rostopchin, it was a long time before Pierre could realize where he was and what was required of him. When he was informed that among those who were waiting to see him in his reception-room there was the Frenchman who had brought him the letter from the Countess Yelena Vasilyevna, there suddenly came over him that feeling of embarrassment and hopelessness to which he was peculiarly prone.

It all at once came over him that everything was now at an end, that ruin and destruction were at hand, that there was no distinction between right and wrong, that there was no future, and that there was no escape from this condition of things. With an unnatural smile on his lips, and muttering unintelligible words, he first sat down awhile on his divan; then he got up, went to the door, and looked through the crack into the reception-room; then, making a fierce gesture, he tiptoed back and took up a book. The majordomo came for the second time to tell Pierre that the Frenchman who had brought the letter from the countess was very anxious to see him, "if only for a little minute," and that a messenger had come from I. A. Bazdeyef's widow to ask him to come for the books, since Madame Bazdeyeva had herself gone to the country.

"Oh, yes, immediately .... wait .... or no, no .... go and say that I will come immediately," said Pierre to the majordomo.

But, as soon as the majordomo had gone, Pierre took his hat, which lay on the table, and left his cabinet by the rear door. There was no one in the corridor. Pierre passed along the whole length of the corridor to the stairs, and, scowling, and clasping his head in both hands, he went down to the first landing. The Swiss was standing at the front door. From the landing which Pierre had reached, another flight of stairs led to the rear entrance. Pierre went down this and came out into the yard. No one had seen him. But on the

street, as soon as he left the gates, the coachmen waiting with their equipages, and the dvornik, or porter, saw the count, and took off their hats to him. Conscious of their glances fastened on him, Pierre acted like an ostrich which hides its head in the sand so as not to be seen; he dropped his head, and, hastening his steps, ran out into the street.

Of all the business which faced Pierre that morning, the business of assorting Iosiph Alekseyevitch's books and papers seemed to him most needful.

He took the first izvoshchik that happened to come along, and ordered him to drive to the Patriarch's Pools,[1] where the widow Bazdeyeva lived. As he kept glancing about on all the caravans of people, making haste to escape from Moscow, and balanced his obese frame so as not to be tipped out of the rickety old drozhsky, Pierre experienced the same sort of reckless enjoyment felt by a truant boy. He entered into conversation with the driver.

The driver informed him that arms had been that day distributed to the populace in the Kreml, and that on the morrow they were all going out to the Tri Gorui barrier, and that a great battle would take place there.

On reaching the Patriarch's Pools, Pierre had to make some little search for Bazdeyef's house, as he had not been there for some time. He approached the wicket door. Gerasim, the same sallow, beardless little old man whom Pierre had seen five years before at Torzhok, with Iosiph Alekseyevitch, came out at his knock.

"Any one at home?" asked Pierre.

"Owing to present circumstances, Sofya Danilovna and her children went yesterday to their Torzhok country-seat, your illustriousness."

"Nevertheless, I will come in; I must assort the books," said Pierre.

"Do, I beg of you; the brother of the late lamented — the kingdom of heaven be his! — Makar Alekseyevitch — is left here, as you will deign to know — he is very feeble," said the old servitor.

[1] *Patriarshiye Prudui.*

Makar Alekseyevitch was, as Pierre well knew, Iosiph Alekseyevitch's half-witted brother, who was addicted to drink.

"Yes, yes, I know. Come on, come...." said Pierre, and he entered the house.

A tall, bald, red-nosed old man, in a dressing-gown, and with galoshes on his bare feet, was standing in the reception-room. When he saw Pierre he testily muttered something, and shuffled off into the corridor.

"He once had great intellect, but now, as you will deign to observe, he has weakened," said Gerasim. "Would you like to go into the library?"

Pierre nodded assent.

"The library remains just as it had been left, with seals on everything. Sofya Danilovna gave orders that if you sent any one they were to have the books."

Pierre went into the same gloomy cabinet into which, during the Benefactor's life, he had gone with such trepidation. It was now dusty, and had not been touched since Iosiph Alekseyevitch's death; it was gloomier than ever.

Gerasim opened one of the shutters, and left the room on his tiptoes. Pierre crossed the floor, went to one of the bookcases in which manuscripts were kept, and took out one of the most important of the documents of the order at that time. These were some of the original acts of the Scotch branch, with observations and explanations in the Benefactor's handwriting.

He took a seat at the dust-encumbered writing-table, and spread the manuscripts in front of him, opened them, then shut them, folded them up, and, finally, pushing them away, rested his head on his hands and fell into deep thought.

Several times Gerasim cautiously came and looked into the library, and found Pierre still in the same attitude. Thus passed more than two hours. Gerasim permitted himself to make a little stir at the door so as to attract his attention; Pierre heard him not.

"Do you wish me to send away the driver?"

"Akh! yes," said Pierre, starting from his reverie

and hastily jumping to his feet. — "Listen," he added, taking Gerasim by his coat-button, and looking down on the little old man with glittering, humid eyes, full of enthusiasm — "Listen, do you know that to-morrow there is to be a battle?"

"They say so," replied Gerasim.

"I beg of you not to tell any one who I am. And do what I tell you." ....

"I will obey," replied Gerasim. "Do you wish something to eat?"

"No, but I want something else. I want a peasant's dress and a pistol," said Pierre, unexpectedly reddening.

"I will obey," said Gerasim, after thinking a moment.

All the rest of this day Pierre spent alone in the Benefactor's library, restlessly pacing from one corner of the room to the other, as Gerasim could hear, and sometimes talking to himself, and he spent the night in a bed made ready for him there.

Gerasim, with the equanimity of a servant who has seen many strange things in his day, accepted Pierre's residence without amazement, and seemed well satisfied to have some one to wait on. That same evening, without even asking himself what was the reason therefor, he procured for Pierre a kaftan and hat, and promised on the following day to get the pistol that he wished.

Makar Alekseyevitch, twice that afternoon, shuffling along in his galoshes, came to his door and halted, looking inquisitively at Pierre. But, as soon as Pierre turned round to him, he wrapped his dressing-gown around him with a look of injured annoyance, and hastily made off.

Pierre, dressed in his coachman's kaftan, procured and refitted for him by Gerasim, and accompanied by the old man, was on his way to get the pistol at the Sukharef tower, when he fell in with the Rostofs.

CHAPTER XIX

On the night of September 13, Kutuzof's order for the Russian troops to retire through Moscow to the Riazan highway was promulgated.

The vanguard moved in the night. The troops marching at night took their time and proceeded slowly and in good order; but at daybreak the troops that reached the Dorogomilovsky Bridge saw in front of them, on the other side, endless masses of troops, packed together, hurrying across the bridge and toiling along the street and avenues, blocking them up, while others were pressing on them from the rear.

And an unreasonable haste and panic took possession of the troops. The whole mass struggled forward to the bridge, and across the river by the bridge, by the fords, and by boats. Kutuzof gave orders to be driven round by back streets to the other side of Moscow.

By ten o'clock on the morning of the fourteenth, only some of the troops of the rear-guard were left, with ample room in the Dorogomilovsky suburb. The bulk of the army was by that time fairly on the other side of Moscow and beyond Moscow.

At this time — ten o'clock on the morning of September 14 — Napoleon stood, surrounded by his troops, on the Poklonnaya Hill, and gazed at the landscape opened out before him.

From the seventh until the fourteenth of September — from the battle of Borodino until the entry of the enemy into Moscow — every day of that anxious, of that fateful, week was distinguished by unusual autumn weather, which always fills people with surprise, when the sun, though moving low, burns more fiercely than in the spring; when every object stands out in the thin, clear atmosphere, dazzling the eye; when the lungs expand and are refreshed by taking in the fragrant autumn air; and when, during the mild dark nights, golden stars slip from the skies — a constant source of terror and delight.

On September 14, at ten o'clock in the morning, the weather was still the same. The brilliancy of the morning was enchanting. Moscow, from the Poklonnaya Hill, was spread out spaciously, with its river, its gardens and churches, and, as it seemed, still alive with its own life, with its cupolas palpitating like stars in the rays of the sun.

At the sight of this strange city, with the fantastic forms of its unusual architecture, Napoleon experienced that somewhat envious and uneasy curiosity which men are wont to experience at the sight of unusual forms of a foreign life, such as they have never known. Apparently, this city was alive with all the energy of its special life. By those vague signs whereby even at a distance one can infallibly distinguish a live body from a corpse, Napoleon, from the top of the Poklonnaya Hill, could feel the palpitation of life in the city, and felt, as it were, the breathing of that mighty and beautiful body.

Every Russian, looking at Moscow, feels that she is his *mother;* every foreigner, looking on her, even though he cannot appreciate this feeling for the motherhood of the city, must feel the feminine character of this city, and Napoleon felt it.

"*Cette ville asiatique aux innombrables églises, Moscou la Sainte. La voilà donc enfin, cette fameuse ville! Il était temps.* — There she is at last, this Asiatic city with its numberless churches — Holy Moscow. It was time!" said Napoleon, and, dismounting, he commanded to have spread before him the plan of that Moscow, — and he had his interpreter, Lelorme d'Ideville, summoned.

"*Une ville occupée par l'ennemi ressemble à une fille qui a perdu son honneur,*" he said to himself, repeating the remark that he had made to Tutchkof at Smolensk. And it was as a "deflowered virgin" that he looked on this Oriental beauty, never seen before by him, now lying prone at his feet. Strange it was to himself that at last his long desire, which had seemed impossible, was to be gratified. In the clear morning light, he

contemplated now the city and then the plan, and studied the characteristics of this city, and the certainty that he should possess it excited him and filled him with awe.

"Could it have been otherwise?" he asked himself. "Here she is — this capital at my feet, awaiting her fate. Where now is Alexander, and what thinks he now? Strange, beautiful, magnificent city! And how strange and splendid this moment!"

And then thinking of his warriors, he said to himself, "In what a light I must appear to them! This is the reward for all these men of little faith," he mused, as he gazed about him on those who were near him, and at the troops coming up the hill and falling into line.

"One word from me, one movement of my hand, and destroyed is the ancient capital of the tsars. *Mais ma clémence est toujours prompte à descendre sur les vaincus.* I must be magnanimous and truly great. — But, no, it can't be true that I am at Moscow ...." this doubt suddenly occurred to him. "Yet there she lies, at my feet, her golden cupolas and crosses gleaming and palpitating in the rays of the sun. But I will show mercy to her! On yon ancient memorials of barbarism and despotism I will inscribe the mighty words of justice and mercy .... this will be the most cruel thing of all to Alexander; I know him." (It seemed to Napoleon that the principal significance of what had taken place lay in the settlement of his personal dispute with Alexander.) "From the heights of the Kreml .... yes, that Kreml yonder .... yes, I will grant him the laws of justice, I will show him the meaning of true civilization. I will compel the generations of boyars to remember with affection the name of their conqueror. I will tell the deputations that I have had, and still have, no desire for war, that I waged war only on the false policy of their court, that I love and reverence Alexander, and that I will grant conditions of peace in Moscow worthy of myself and my peoples. I have no desire to take advantage of the fortunes of war to humiliate an esteemed monarch. 'Boyars,' I will say to them, 'I have no wish for war;

my desire is for the peace and prosperity of my subjects.' However, I know that their presence will inspire me, and I will speak to them as I always speak, clearly, triumphantly, and majestically. But can it be true that I am at Moscow? Yes, lo! there she is.....

"*Qu'on m'amène les boyards* — Have the boyars brought to me," he said, addressing his suite.

A general with a brilliant staff instantly galloped off after the boyars.

Two hours passed. Napoleon ate his breakfast, and then took up his position on the same spot on the Poklonnaya Hill, and waited for the deputation. His speech with the boyars was already clearly outlined in his fancy. This discourse should be full of dignity, and of that grandeur which Napoleon understood so well.

Napoleon himself was fascinated by this tone of magnanimity which he fully intended to use toward Moscow. In his fancy he named a day for a reception in the palace of the tsars — at which all the Russian grandees would mingle with the grandees of the French emperor. He mentally named a governor, such a one as would be able to influence the population in his favor. As he happened to know that Moscow had many religious establishments, he decided, as he thought it over, that all these institutions should experience his bounty. He thought that just as in Africa he was bound to put on a burnoose and attend a mosque, so here in Moscow he must be gracious after the manner of the tsars. And, in order completely to win the hearts of the Russians, he, like every Frenchman, unable to conceive any sentiment without some reference to *ma chère, ma tendre, ma pauvre mère*, he decided that on all these establishments he should order to be inscribed in great letters: *ÉTABLISSEMENT DÉDIÉ À MA CHÈRE MÈRE:* "no, simply, *MAISON DE MA MÈRE*," he decided in his own mind. "But am I really at Moscow? Yes, there she is before me; but why is it that the deputation of the citizens is so long in appearing?" he wondered.

Meantime, in the rear ranks of the emperor's suite, a

whispered and excited consultation was taking place among his generals and marshals. Those who had been sent to drum up a deputation returned with the tidings that the city was deserted, that all had departed or were departing from Moscow. The faces of the generals grew pale and anxious. They were not frightened because Moscow was abandoned by its inhabitants, — serious as that event might well appear to them, — but they were afraid of the responsibility of explaining the fact to the emperor; how, how could it be done without exposing his majesty to that terrible position which the French call *ridicule*, to explain to him that he had vainly waited for the boyars all this time, that there was a throng of drunken men in the city, and that was all!

Some declared that it was necessary, in the circumstances, to get up a deputation of some sort or other; others combated this notion and insisted that they must tell the emperor the truth, after first skilfully and cautiously preparing his mind for it.

"We must tell him, nevertheless," said the gentlemen of the suite. "*Mais, messieurs....*"

The position was all the more difficult from the fact that the emperor, now that he had fully considered his schemes of magnanimity, was patiently pacing back and forth before the plan of the city, looking from time to time, with hand shading eyes, down the road to Moscow, and smiling with gayety and pride.

"*Mais c'est impossible!*" exclaimed the gentlemen of the suite, shrugging their shoulders, and not venturing to pronounce the terrible word which all understood: *le ridicule.*

Meantime, the emperor, wearied of his fruitless waiting, and, by his quick, theatrical instinct, conscious that the "majestic moment," by lasting too long, was beginning to lose its majesty, waved his hand.

A single report of a signal-gun rang forth, and the troops which inclosed Moscow on all sides moved toward Moscow by the Tverskaya, Kaluzhskaya, and Dorogomilovskaya barriers. Swifter and swifter, one after another, at double quick or on galloping steeds, moved

the troops, hidden in clouds of dust raised by their trampling feet, and making the welkin ring with the commingling roar of their shouts.

Carried away by the movement of the troops, Napoleon rode along with them to the Dorogomilovskaya barrier, but there again he paused, and, dismounting, walked for a long time down the Kammerkolezhsky rampart, in expectation of the deputation.

CHAPTER XX

Moscow meantime was deserted.

There were still people there; five-sixths of all the former inhabitants were still left, but it was deserted. It was deserted just in the same sense as a starving beehive which has lost its queen bee.

In the queenless hive, life has practically ceased, but at a superficial view it seems as much alive as others.

Just as merrily in the bright rays of the midday sun the bees hum around the queenless hive, just as they hum around the other living hives; the honey smell is carried just as far away; the bees make their flights from it just the same. But it requires only a glance into it to understand that there is no longer any life in that hive. The bees do not fly in the same way as from the living hives. The bee-master recognizes a different odor, a different sound. When he taps on the walls of such a hive, instead of that instantaneous, friendly answer which had been the case hitherto, the buzzing of ten thousand bees, lifting their stings threateningly, and the swift fanning of wings producing that familiar, airy hum of life, he is answered by an incoherent buzzing, a faint rumbling in the depths of the empty hive.

From the apertures comes no more, as formerly, that fine, winy fragrance of honey and pollen, nor wafts thence that warm breath of garnered sweets, but the odor of the honey is mingled with the effluvium of emptiness and decay.

No more you find at the entrance the guardians of

the hive, trumpeting the alarm, curling up their stings, and making ready to perish for the defense of the swarm. No more that equable and gentle murmur of palpitating work, like the sound of bubbling waters, but instead you hear the incoherent, fitful buzz of disorder. Back and forth around the hive, coyly and cunningly, fly the black, oblong, honey-coated plunderer bees; they sting not, rather they slip away from peril. Before, they never flew in unless they were laden, but when they flew out again they were stripped of their burden of bee-bread; now they fly off laden with honey.

The bee-master opens the lower compartment and looks into the bottom of the hive. Instead of black bunches of juicy bees bustling with labor, clinging to one another's legs, and hanging down to the very *ūs* (as the bottom board of the hive is called), and with the ceaseless murmur of labor constructing the waxen walls, now stupefied, shriveled bees crawl here and there aimlessly across the floor and on the walls.

Instead of a floor neatly jointed with propolis and swept by winnowing wings, he sees it littered with crumbs of cells and bee-dirt, half-dying bees scarcely able to move their legs, and bees entirely dead and left unscavengered.

The bee-master opens the upper compartment and looks at the top of the hive.

Instead of compact rows of bees filling all the cells of the honeycomb and warming the larvæ, he sees, to be sure, the artistic, complex edifice of the comb, but no longer in that state of perfection which it had shown before. All is neglected and befouled. Dusky robber wasps make haste to thrust their impertinences steathily among the works; his own bees, shriveled, curled up, withered, as if old age had come upon them, languidly crawl about, disturbing no one, wishing for naught, and balked of all consciousness of life. Drones, bumble-bees, beetles, and bee-moths come blundering in their flight against the walls of the hive. Here and there among the cells filled with honey and dead larvæ can be heard occasionally an angry *briuzhzh;* now and then a

pair of bees, through old custom and instinct, try to clear out the cell, and, zealously exerting all their feeble forces, drag forth the dead bee or dead drone, themselves not knowing why they do so.

In another corner two aged bees lazily fight, or clean themselves, or feed each other, not knowing whether friendship or enmity impels them. In still a third place, the throng of bees, crowding one another, fall on some victim and strike and suffocate it. And there a weakened or injured bee falls slowly and lightly, like eider-down, from above on the heap of the dead.

The bee-master breaks open some of the waxen cells, in order to see the brood. Instead of the compact black circles with thousands of bees crouched back to back and contemplating the lofty mysteries of generation, he sees hundreds of downcast, half-dead, unconscious skeleton bees. Almost all of them have died unconsciously, as they sat in the holy of holies, which they had been guarding, and which they now guard no more. From them arises the effluvium of decay and death.

Only a few of them stir feebly, try to lift themselves, fly indolently and settle on the hostile hand without strength left to sting it ere they die — the rest that are dead shower down like fish-scales.

The bee-master shuts up the compartment, puts a chalk mark on the stand, and, when the time comes, knocks it open and drains out the honey.

In the same way Moscow was deserted, when Napoleon, weary, uneasy, and in bad humor, walked back and forth at the Kammerkolezhsky ramparts, waiting for the deputation — a ceremony which, although one of mere show, he nevertheless affected to consider absolutely indispensable.

It was only out of thoughtlessness that in the various quarters of the city men still stirred about, keeping up the ordinary forms of life, and not themselves realizing what they were doing.

When at last Napoleon was informed, with proper circumlocution, that Moscow was deserted, he gave his

informant a fierce look, and, turning away, continued his silent promenade.

"Have my carriage brought!" he said.

He took his seat in it by the side of his aide-de-camp and rode into the suburb.

"*Moscou déserté! Quel événement invraisemblable!* — How incredible!" he muttered to himself.

He did not enter the city proper, but put up at a hotel in the Dorogomilovsky suburb.

Le coup de théâtre avait raté — His theatrical climax had fallen through.

CHAPTER XXI

THE Russian troops poured across Moscow from two o'clock in the morning until two o'clock in the afternoon, and they had taken with them the last fleeing inhabitants and the wounded.

The largest division of the troops during the movement passed over the Kamennoï, Moskovoretsky, and Yauzsky bridges.

While they were flowing in two streams around the Kreml and over the two former, — the Stone and Moscow River bridges, — a tremendous mob of soldiers, taking advantage of the delay and crush, ran back from the bridge, and stealthily and noiselessly sneaked by Vasili Blazhennui[1] and through the Borovitskiya gates into the city, to the Krasnaya Ploshchad, or Red Place, where they knew, by their keen scent, that they might without much difficulty lay their hands on what did not belong to them.

A similar throng of men, as if in search of cheap bargains, also thronged the Gostinnui Dvor — Moscow's great bazaar — in all its alleys and passageways. But absent were the persistent, softly wheedling voices of the shopkeepers; absent the peddlers and the varie-

[1] Vasili Blazhennui, the many-bulbed, turreted, fasceted, and fantastic cathedral of Saint Basil, built by Ivan the Terrible, who, in order that it should not be reduplicated, is said to have had the architect's eyes put out.

gated throng of women purchasers. Nothing was to be seen but uniforms and the cloaks of weaponless soldiers, silently entering without burdens and returning to the ranks laden with spoil.

Merchants and bazaar-men — a few of them — ran about amongst the soldiers, like crazy men, opening and closing their shops, and themselves helping the gallant soldier lads to carry off their wares.

On the square in front of the Gostinnui Dvor stood drummers beating to arms, but the rattle of the drums had not its usual effect to call back the soldier plunderers, but on the contrary drove them to run farther and farther from its signal.

Among the soldiers, in the shops and the passageways, could be seen men in gray kaftans and with shaven heads.

Two officers, one with a scarf over his uniform, and riding a thin, dark-gray steed, the other in a cloak and on foot, stood at the corner of Ilyinka Street, engaged in conversation. A third officer dashed up to them.

"The general orders that they be all driven out instantly at any cost. Why, there was never the like of it seen! Half of the men have left the ranks. — Where are you going? — And you, too?" he cried, first to one and then to three infantry soldiers, who, without weapons, and holding up the tails of their overcoats, were sneaking past him to rejoin their ranks. "Halt, you dogs!"

"Yes, but please try to collect them," replied the other officer. — "You can't do it! the only way is to march more rapidly, and then the ones in the rear could n't drop out, that 's all."

"But how move faster, or move at all, when there 's a halt and a jam at the bridge? Why not post sentinels, and keep them from breaking ranks?"

"Forward and drive them out!" cried the senior officer.

The officer in the scarf dismounted, beckoned up the drummer, and went with him under the arch. A number of soldiers started away on the run. A merchant

with red pimples on his cheeks, around his nose, and with an expression of cool, calculating composure on his oily face, came to the officer with all the haste compatible with his elegant dignity, and, wringing his hands: —

"Your nobility," said he, "do me a favor; give me your protection. As far as any small trifles go we shall be only too glad to accommodate you, you know .... if you please I will bring you some cloth instantly .... glad enough to give a gentleman a couple of rolls, it 's a pleasure to us because we feel .... but this, this is out-and-out robbery! Please! if they had only set a guard, or at any rate let us know in time to shut up ...."

A number of merchants gathered around the officer.

"Eh! it 's a waste of breath to whine like that!" said one of them, a lean man with a grave face. "Men with their heads off don't weep for their hair! — Let 'em have what they want!"

And he made an energetic gesture, and came to the officer's side.

"It 's fine talk for you, Ivan Sidoruitch!" exclaimed the first merchant, angrily. — "I beg of you, your nobility!"

"Fine talk!" echoed the lean man. "I have yonder three shops, and a hundred thousand worth of goods. How can we have protection when the troops are off? 'God's powers are not ours.'[1]"

"I beg of you, your nobility," persisted the first merchant, making a low bow. The officer stood in uncertainty, and his face showed his irresolution.

"But, after all, what affair is it of mine?" he suddenly cried, and went with swift strides toward the front of the line.

In one shop, that was open, resounded blows and curses, and, just as the officer reached the door, a man in gray coat and with shaven head was flung out violently.

This man, all doubled up, slunk past the merchants and the officers. The officer flew at the soldiers who

[1] *Bozkyu Vlast' nie rukami sklast'.*

were in the shop. But just at that instant the terrible yells of a tremendous throng were heard on the Moskovoretsky Bridge, and the officer hurried across the square.

"What is it? What is the matter?" he demanded; but his comrade had already spurred off in the direction of the outcry, past Saint Basil's. The officer mounted and set out after him. When he reached the bridge he saw two cannon unlimbered, the infantry running along the bridge, several carts overturned, a number of frightened faces, and soldiers roaring with laughter.

Near the cannon stood a team drawn by a pair of horses. Behind the team, between the wheels, four greyhounds, with collars on, were leashed together. The team was loaded with a mountain of household effects, and on the very top, next a baby's high-chair with its legs turned up in the air, sat a peasant woman uttering the most piercing, piteous squeals.

The officer was told by his comrades that the yells of the throng and the woman's squeals arose from the fact that General Yermolof, when he rode up to this mob and learned that the soldiers were scattered about plundering the shops because of the crowd of citizens encumbering the bridge, had ordered the cannon to be unlimbered, and to clear the bridge as an example. The crowd, trying to escape, overturning the teams, running into each other, yelling desperately, had cleared the bridge; and the troops were allowed to proceed.

CHAPTER XXII

The city proper, meantime, was deserted. Almost no one was on the streets. The house-gates and shops were all locked up. Here and there, in the vicinity of drinking-saloons, could be heard occasional shouts of revelry or drunken singing. Not a carriage passed along, and rarely were heard the steps of pedestrians.

In the Povarskaya it was perfectly still and deserted. The enormous courtyard of the Rostofs was littered

with wisps of straw and the droppings of the horses; not a soul was visible.

In the house itself, abandoned with all its costly contents, two human beings were in the great drawing-room. These were the porter, Ignat, and the groom, Mishka, Vasilyitch's grandson, who had been left behind with the old man, in Moscow. Mishka had opened the clavichord, and was drumming on it with one finger. The porter, with his arms akimbo, and with a smile of self-satisfaction, was standing in front of the mirror.

"Wan't that smart? Hey? Uncle Ignat?" asked the lad, suddenly beginning to pound with both hands on the keys.

"Just listen!"[1] replied Ignat, the smile that answered his smile in the glass growing ever broader and broader with amazement.

"You unconscionable creatures! Are n't you ashamed of yourselves?" suddenly exclaimed the voice of Mavra Kuzminishna, who had stolen noiselessly into the room. "Eka! what a conceited simpleton, grinning at his own teeth! That 's the way you take hold! There 's nothing put away yon, and Vasilyitch clean beat out! Have done with this!"

Ignat, hitching up his belt, ceased to smile, and, submissively dropping his eyes, left the room.

"Little auntie,[2] I was playing very softly!" said the lad.

"I 'll *softly* you! You little scamp!" cried Mavra Kuzminishna, shaking her fist at him. "Go, get ready the samovar for your granddad!"

Mavra Kuzminishna, whisking the dust from the clavichord, closed it, and with a heavy sigh left the drawing-room and locked the door behind her.

On reaching the dvor, Mavra Kuzminishna paused to consider where she should next turn her steps; whether to drink tea with Vasilyitch in the wing, or to the store-room to finish putting away what was still left to put away.

Swift steps were heard coming down the quiet street.

[1] *Ish tui.* [2] *Tyotinka.*

The steps halted at the wicket gate; a hand rattled the latch, and tried to open it.

Mavra Kuzminishna went to the gate.

"Who is wanted?"

"The count, Count Ilya Andreyitch Rostof."

"Who are you?"

"An officer. I should much like to see him," said a pleasant, gentlemanly voice, a Russian voice.

Mavra Kuzminishna opened the wicket. And into the dvor walked a chubby-faced officer of about eighteen, with a strong family resemblance to the Rostofs.

"They have gone, batyushka. They were pleased to go yesterday afternoon," said Mavra Kuzminishna, in an affectionate tone.

The young officer, standing in the gateway, as if undecided whether to come in or to go away, clucked his tongue.

"Akh! what a shame!" he exclaimed. "I ought to have come yesterday..... Akh! what a pity!"....

Mavra Kuzminishna, meantime, had been attentively and sympathetically scrutinizing the familiar Rostof traits in the young man's face, and his well-worn cloak and the run-down boots that he wore.

"But what do you want of the count?" she asked.

"Now I declare!.... What can I do?" exclaimed the young man, in a tone of vexation, and took hold of the wicket with the intention of going away. Then he paused again irresolutely.

"You see," said he, suddenly, "I am a relative of the count's, and he has always been very good to me. Just look here, do you see?" — he glanced down at his cloak and boots with a frank, gay smile. — "And I 'm getting out at elbows, and I have n't a copper; so I was going to ask the count...."

Mavra Kuzminishna did not allow him to finish speaking. "You just wait a wee minute,[1] batyushka!" said she. "Just one wee minute."

And the instant the young officer had let go of the latch, Mavra Kuzminishna turned about, and, with her

[1] *Minutotchka.*

old woman's gait, she rapidly waddled across the back of the dvor to the wing where her own rooms were.

While Mavra Kuzminishna was trotting off to her room, the officer walked up and down the dvor, dropping his head, contemplating his ragged boots, and slightly smiling.

"What a shame that I have missed my dear little uncle. But what a nice old woman! Where did she go to? And I should like to know what is the nearest way for me to reach my regiment; it must have got to the Rogozhskaya gate by this time," said the young officer to himself.

Mavra Kuzminishna, with a terrified and, at the same time, resolute face, and carrying in her hand a checkered handkerchief tied into a knot, came hurrying back from her room. Before she had gone many steps she untied the handkerchief, and took out of it a "white note" of twenty-five rubles assignats, and hastily handed it to the officer.

"If his illustriousness were at home, of course, he would help a relative, but as it is perhaps .... these times ...." Mavra Kuzminishna faltered, and grew confused; but the officer had no scruples, and showed no haste, but he grasped the bank-note, and thanked Mavra Kuzminishna.

"Christ be with you — *Khristos s vami, batyushka* — God save you!" exclaimed Mavra Kuzminishna, making a low obeisance, and going down to the gate with him.

The officer smiled as if amused at himself, and, shaking his head, started off down the deserted streets, almost at a run, in order to overtake his regiment at the Yauzsky Bridge.

But Mavra Kuzminishna stood long with tears in her eyes in front of the closed wicket gate, contemplatively shaking her head, and conscious of an unusual gush of motherly affection and pity for the young officer, whom she had never seen before.

CHAPTER XXIII

In an unfinished house, in the Varvarka, the lower part of which was occupied by a wine-shop, were heard drunken shouts and songs. On benches, by the tables, in the small filthy room, sat a dozen or more factory hands. All of them were tipsy, sweaty, with clouded eyes, and they were singing with wide, yawning mouths and bloated cheeks. They were singing, each on his own account, laboriously, with all their might and main, apparently not because they felt like singing, but simply to show that they were intoxicated and were on a spree.

One of them, a tall, fair-complexioned young fellow, in a clean blue *chuïka*, or peasant coat, was standing up as their leader. His face, with its delicate, straight nose, would have been handsome had it not been for the thin, compressed, constantly twitching lips, and the clouded, ugly-looking, unchanging eyes. He stood over them as they sang, and, apparently possessed by some fancy, he solemnly, and with angular motion, waved his white arm, bare to the elbow, while he tried to spread his dirty fingers to an unnatural extent. The young fellow's sleeve was constantly coming down, and he kept tucking it up again with his left hand, as if it were especially important to keep that white, blue-veined, restless arm entirely bare.

While they were in the midst of the song, the sound of a scuffle and of blows was heard on the steps leading to the entry. The tall young man waved his hand. "That 'll do!" he cried imperatively; "a fight, boys!" and he, while still trying to keep his sleeves tucked up, hastened out to the steps.

The factory hands staggered after him. The factory hands, who had that morning been singing in the dram-shop under the leadership of the tall young fellow, had brought the tapster some hides from the factory, and exchanged them for wine. Some blacksmiths, from a neighboring smithy, hearing the rumpus in the dram-

shop, and supposing that it had been violently broken open, thought that they would like to take a hand also.

A quarrel had ensued on the steps. The tapster was brawling with one of the smiths at the very door, and just as the factory hands arrived on the scene, this blacksmith tore himself free from the tapster, and fell face down on the sidewalk.

A second blacksmith forced his way into the door, and was pressing up against the tapster with his chest.

The young fellow with the sleeve rolled up, as he came out, dealt the obstreperous blacksmith a heavy blow in the face, and cried savagely: —

"Boys! they 're killing ours!"

By this time the first blacksmith had picked himself up, and dashing off the blood from his bruised face, he set up a lachrymose yell: —

"Police! murder!.... A man killed! Help!"

"Oï batyushki! they 're murdering a man! There 's murder going on!" screamed a woman, running out from the gates of the adjoining house. A throng of the populace collected around the bleeding blacksmith.

"Is n't it enough for you to plunder the people, and rob them of their last shirt," cried some voice, addressing the tapster, "but you have to kill a man? You murderer!"

The tall young fellow, standing on the steps, rolled his bleary eyes first on the tapster, then on the smiths, apparently trying to make up his mind which first he was in duty bound to take up the quarrel with.

"Murderer!" he suddenly cried to the tapster. "Tie him, boys!"

"I should like to see you tie me!" yelled the tapster, defending himself against the men who started to lay hands on him; and snatching off his cap, he flung it on the ground. As if this action had some mysterious, ominous significance, the factory hands who had surrounded the tapster paused irresolute.

"I 'm for order, brother, I understand very well. I 'm going for the police. You suppose I won't go? All

rioting to-day was particularly forbidden!" cried the tapster, picking up his cap.

"Come on, then, let's go!" and "Come on, then, let's go!" cried first the tapster, and then the tall young man, and they moved down the street, side by side. The bloody-faced blacksmith fell in with them. The factory hands and a motley crowd of people followed them, talking and shouting.

At the corner of Moroseïka Street, opposite a great house with closed shutters and a shoemaker's sign-board on it, stood a score of journeymen shoemakers with dismal faces — lean, weary-looking men, in khalats and torn blouses.

"He ought to settle his men's accounts!" exclaimed a thin master workman with a Jewish beard and knitted brows. "But now he's sucked our very blood, and thinks it's quits! He's led us by the nose, yes, he has for a whole week. And now he's got us to the last post, and has skipped himself."

When the master workman saw the bloody-faced man and the crowd, he ceased speaking, and all the boot-makers, with eager curiosity, joined the hurrying crowd.

"Where's the crowd going?"

"Why, everybody knows! We're going to the authorities!"

"Say! Is't true that ours is beaten?"

"You thought so, did you! See what the men's saying!"

Questions and answers were exchanged. The tapster, taking advantage of the growing mob, stepped aside from the people, and returned to his dram-shop.

The tall young man, not noticing the disappearance of his enemy the tapster, and waving his bare arm, went on speaking vociferously, attracting general attention. The crowd huddled close around him preëminently, supposing that he might be able to give some reasonable answer to the questions that interested them all.

"He talk about order! talk about laws! Why, we must depend on the authorities! Ain't I right, orthodox believers?" cried the tall young fellow, almost

noticeably smiling. "Does he think there ain't any authorities? How could we get along without authorities? If it were n't for them, why, we 'd .... there 'd be no end of plundering!"

"What empty talk!" cried some speaker in the crowd. "So they are going to desert Moscow, are they? They have been making fun of you, and you believed it all!.... How many of our soldiers are going? So you think they 'll let him in, do you?.... That 's what the authorities is for!.... Just listen to him! What baby talk he 's giving us!"

Such were the remarks made by the crowd as they pointed to the tall young fellow.

Near the walls of the Kitaï Gorod[1] another small knot of men were gathered around a man in a frieze cloak, who held a sheet of paper in his hands.

"The ukase! the ukase! He 's reading the ukase! he 's reading the ukase!" cried various voices in the throng, and the populace rushed toward the reader.

The man in the frieze overcoat was reading Rostopchin's "placard" of September eleventh. When the crowd gathered round him he became, as it were, confused, but, at the demand of the tall young fellow, who forced his way up to him, once more, with a slight tremor in his voice, he began at the beginning of the placard.

"*To-morrow morning early I am going to his serene highness the prince,*" he read.

"His serene highness!" repeated the tall young fellow, triumphantly, with a smile on his lips, and a frown on his brow.

"*In order to talk things over with him, to act and to help the troops exterminate the villains. We'll knock the wind out of them,*" pursued the reader, and paused.

"Has he seen him?" cried the tall young fellow, tri-

[1] The so-called "China Town" of Moscow: "perhaps derived from Kataï-gorod in Podolia, the birthplace of Helena, mother of Ivan IV., who founded the Kataï of Moscow, inclosing the bazaars and palaces of the nobles, and separated from the Kreml by a vast space called the Red Place, or Place Beautiful." — A. RAMBAUD.

umphantly. "He's kept clear of him the whole distance!"

"*And we shall send these guests of ours to the devil. I shall be back to dinner to-morrow, and will then set to work and we'll give it to these rascals hot and heavy, and wipe 'em out of existence.*"[1]

The final words were read by the reader amid utter silence. The tall young fellow gloomily dropped his head. It was evident that no one understood those final words. Especially the sentence "I shall be back to dinner to-morrow" offended the good sense of the reader and the hearers as well. The feeling of the populace was pitched to a high key, and this was too simple and unnecessarily commonplace; it was exactly what each one of them might have said, and therefore what a ukase emanating from the supreme authority had no business to say.

All stood in melancholy silence. The tall young fellow pursed his lips and swayed slightly.

"Why not go and ask him?".... "There is he himself!".... "How would you ask him?".... "Why not?" .... "He will explain it to us."

Such were the remarks heard in different parts of the crowd, and general attention was directed to the drozhsky of the chief of police, driving across the square accompanied by two mounted dragoons.

The chief of police had gone that morning by the count's orders to set fire to the boats, and, as it happened, this errand had procured for him a goodly sum of money which at that very moment was in his pocket. When he saw a great throng of people hurrying toward him, he commanded the driver to pull up.

"What is this crowd?" he shouted to the men who came up timidly ahead of the others, and paused near the drozhsky. "What is this crowd? I should like to know," asked the chief of police, who had received no answer.

"Your nobility, they...." began the man in the frieze cloak who had been the reader, "your nobility, they....

[1] *Sdielayem, dedielayem i otdielayem.*

they have heard the most illustrious count's proclamation and are willing to serve, and they don't value their lives, and this is n't a riot at all, as the most illustrious count.... "

"The count has not gone, he is in town, and arrangements will be made for you. Drive on — pashol.... " cried he to the coachman. The crowd stood quietly pressing around those who had heard what the official said, and looking at the receding drozhsky.

Just then the chief of police glanced around in terror, said something to his coachman, and his horses were sent off at a sharper trot.

"Fooled, boys! Go for him!" cried the tall young fellow. .... "Don't let him escape!" .... "Make him give an account!" .... "Hold him!" cried various voices, and the men started on the run after the escaping drozhsky.

The crowd following the chief of police hurried along with a roar of voices to the Lubyanka.

"How is this? The gentry and the merchants have all gone off, and we are betrayed! What! are we dogs, that we are left?" was said by more than one in the crowd.

CHAPTER XXIV

On the evening of September 13, after his interview with Kutuzof, Count Rostopchin, offended and wounded because he had not been invited to the council of war, and because Kutuzof paid no attention to his offer to take part in defense of the capital; amazed at the discovery that he had made while at the camp, that the tranquillity of the capital and the patriotic disposition of its inhabitants were regarded not merely of secondary importance, but rather as absolutely trivial and insignificant, — offended, wounded, and amazed by all this, Count Rostopchin had returned to Moscow.

After finishing his dinner, the count, without undressing, lay down on his couch, and at one o'clock was awakened by a courier who brought him a letter from

Count Kutuzof. This letter stated that, as the troops were to retire beyond Moscow along the Riazan highway, the count would be doing a favor if he would send a number of policemen to conduct the troops across the city.

This was no news to Rostopchin. Not only during his conference with Kutuzof on the Poklonnaya Hill, but ever since the battle of Borodino, when all the generals who came to Moscow declared with one voice that it was impossible to give battle, and when, by the count's consent, the crown treasure had been sent out of the city every night, and already half of the inhabitants had left, Count Rostopchin was well aware that Moscow was to be abandoned; but, nevertheless, this news, conveyed in the form of a simple note, containing Kutuzof's command and received at midnight, in the midst of his first sleep, amazed and annoyed the count.

Afterwards, in explaining his action at that time, Count Rostopchin wrote in several instances that he had two objects of especial importance in view, — "to maintain good order in Moscow, and to expedite the departure of the inhabitants."

If we grant this twofold object, any of Rostopchin's actions would be irreproachable.

Why were not the precious things of Moscow carried away, — weapons, cartridges, powder, stores of grain? Why were thousands of the inhabitants treacherously informed, to their ruin, that Moscow was not to be abandoned?

"To preserve tranquillity in the capital," is Count Rostopchin's explanation and answer.

Why were packages of unnecessary papers from the court-house, and Leppich's balloon, and other articles, sent out?

"In order to leave the city empty," again says Count Rostopchin's explanation.

Only grant the premise that this and that threatened the city's tranquillity, and every sort of procedure would be justifiable. ....

All the horrors of the Terror were based merely on the attempt to preserve the tranquillity of the people.

On what was based Count Rostopchin's effort to keep the Moscow populace tranquil in 1812? What reason was there for supposing that any tendency toward popular disturbance existed in the city? The citizens had left, the troops retreating filled Moscow. Why should this have led to any riots among the people?

Neither in Moscow alone nor anywhere in all Russia, during the invasion of the enemy, was there anything like an insurrection. On the thirteenth and fourteenth of September, more than ten thousand inhabitants remained in Moscow, and, except in the crowd collected in the governor-general's dvor, and that at his own instigation, there was no trouble.

Evidently there would have been still less reason to expect excitement among the populace if, after the battle of Borodino, when the abandonment of Moscow was evident or at least probable, Rostopchin, instead of stirring up the people by the distribution of arms and placards, had taken measures to remove all the treasure, the gunpowder, the projectiles, and the specie, and fairly explained to the people that the city was to be abandoned.

Rostopchin, a hot-tempered, sanguine man, who had always been employed in the higher administrative circles, though he had genuine patriotic feeling, had not the slightest comprehension of that populace which he thought he directed. From the earliest occupation of Smolensk by the enemy, Rostopchin, in his imagination, conceived that he was to play the part of director of the popular sentiment in the heart of Russia. Not only did it seem to him — as it seems to every administrator — that he was ruling the external affairs of the inhabitants of Moscow, but it seemed to him that he directed their impulses by means of his proclamations and "placards" composed in that flippant style which is insulting to the people, and which they do not comprehend when they hear it from their superiors. The beautiful *rôle* of

director of the popular sentiment was so pleasing to Rostopchin, he stuck to it so assiduously, that the imperative necessity for him to step down and out of it, — the imperative necessity of abandoning Moscow, with any heroic climax, took him by surprise; and the ground on which he had been standing was suddenly cut out from under, and he really knew not what to do.

Although he foresaw it, still with all his soul he refused to believe, until the last moment, that Moscow was to be abandoned, and he did nothing with that end in view. The inhabitants left the city against his will. If he sent out the court records, it was only because the officials insisted upon it, and the count consented against his better judgment.

He himself was wholly occupied in that *rôle* which he had taken upon himself. As often happens with men endowed with a vivid imagination, he had long before known that Moscow would have to be abandoned, but he knew it only by his reason, and his whole soul revolted against the belief because he was not yet carried by his imagination to the height of this new position.

All his activity, assiduous and energetic as it was, — how far it was profitable and reacted upon the populace, is another question, — all his activity was directed simply toward arousing in the inhabitants the feeling which he himself experienced — of patriotic hatred against the French, and confidence in himself.

But when the event assumed its actual historical proportions, when it seemed trivial to express his hatred merely in words against the French, when it was no longer possible to express this hatred by a conflict, when self-confidence began to appear disadvantageous in face of the one great question that concerned Moscow, when the whole population like one man, flinging away their possessions, streamed out of Moscow, proving by this act of negation all the power of the popular sentiment, — then the *rôle* which Rostopchin had selected seemed suddenly absurd. He suddenly felt himself alone, weak, and ridiculous, with nothing solid to stand upon.

On being wakened from sound sleep and receiving a

cold and imperative note from Kutuzof, Rostopchin felt all the more excited because he felt that he was to blame. Everything that had been expressly intrusted to him was left in Moscow — all the crown treasures that he should have had removed out of the city. There was now no possibility of getting them away.

"Who is to blame for this? Who let it come to this?" he mused. "Of course it was not I. As far as I was concerned, everything was all ready. I held Moscow as in a vise. And this is the pass to which they have brought things. Knaves! traitors!" he exclaimed mentally, not having a very clear idea who these knaves and traitors were, but feeling that he was in duty bound to hate these traitors, whoever they were, that were to blame for the false and ridiculous position in which he found himself.

All that night Rostopchin gave out instructions to all who came for them from every part of Moscow. His intimates had never seen the count so gloomy and irascible.

"Your illustriousness, a messenger from the Chancery Department: the director asks instructions" .... "from the Consistory" .... "from the Senate" .... "from the University" .... "from the Foundling Asylum" .... "the suffragan has sent to" .... "wants to know" .... "What orders are to be given to the fire brigade?" .... "the superintendent of the prison" .... "the director of the Lunatic Asylum."

Thus all night long without cessation men came to the count for their orders. To all these queries the count gave curt and surly answers, which show that any regulations of his were now unnecessary, that all the preparations which he had so carefully elaborated some one had now rendered nugatory, and that this *some one* would have to shoulder all the responsibility for what was now taking place.

"Well, tell that blockhead that it is his business to guard his papers," he replied to the query from the Chancery Department. "Well, now, what is that rot about the fire brigade? If they have horses, let 'em go to Vladimir!" .... "Don't leave them for the French."

"Your illustriousness, the overseer of the Lunatic Asylum is here; what orders do you give to him?"

"What orders? Let 'em all out, that 's all.... let the lunatics loose in the city. When lunatics are at the head of our armies, God means for these to be out!"

When asked what to do with the convicts who were in the jail, the count wrathfully shouted to the inspector: "What? Did you expect me to give you a couple of battalions as escort, when there are n't any to be had? Let 'em out; that 's all."

"Your illustriousness, there are the politicals, Mieshkof and Vereshchagin."

"Vereshchagin! Is n't he hanged yet?" cried Rostopchin — "bring him to me."

CHAPTER XXV

By nine o'clock A.M., when the troops were already on the way across Moscow, no one any longer came to ask the count what dispositions were to be made. All who could leave had left on their own responsibility; those who remained behind decided for themselves what it was necessary for them to do.

The count commanded his horses to be brought round to take him to Sokolniki, and he was sitting in his cabinet with folded arms, scowling, sallow, and taciturn.

To every administrator in quiet, stormless times, it seems that only by his efforts the population committed to his care lives and moves, and in this consciousness of his indispensable services he finds the chief reward for his labors and efforts.

It is easy to see that, as long as the historical sea is calm, the pilot-administrator in his fragile craft, who holds by his boat-hook to the ship of State, and while moving, must imagine that it is by his efforts the ship which he is steering moves. But only let a storm arise, the sea grow tempestuous and toss the ship itself, and then any such illusion is impossible. The ship drives on in its own prodigious, independent course, the boat-

hook is not sufficient for the tossing ship, and the pilot is suddenly reduced from the position of director, the fountain-head of force, to a humiliated, useless, and feeble man.

Rostopchin realized this, and this was what vexed his soul.

The chief of police, who had been stopped by the throng, came to the count at the same time as his aide, who brought word that the horses were ready. Both were pale; and the chief of police, having reported the accomplishment of his commission, informed the count that in the dvor was a vast throng of people desiring to see him.

Rostopchin, not answering a single word, got up and with swift strides passed into his luxurious, brilliant drawing-room, went to the balcony door, took hold of the latch, then dropped it again and crossed to the window, from which the whole throng could be seen.

The tall young fellow with a sullen face was standing in the front row, gesticulating and making some remark. The bloody-faced blacksmith with angry eyes stood next him. Through the closed windows could be heard the roar of their voices.

"Carriage ready?" asked Rostopchin, leaving the window.

"It is, your illustriousness," said the aide.

Rostopchin again went to the balcony door.

"Now what do they want?" he asked of the chief of police.

"Your illustriousness, they declare that they have come by your orders, ready to go out against the French; they are shouting something about treason! But it is a riotous mob, your illustriousness. I escaped with my life. Your illustriousness, may I be bold enough to suggest...."

"Be good enough to withdraw; I know what is to be done, without your advice," cried Rostopchin, savagely. He stood by the balcony door, looking down at the throng. "This is what they have brought Russia to! This is the way they have treated me!" brooded

Rostopchin, feeling uncontrollable rage rising in his heart against whoever might be considered as the cause of what had taken place. As often happens with hot-tempered men, he was overmastered by rage, but he was still in search of some scapegoat on whom to vent it.

"Look at that populace, the dregs of the people," he said to himself in French, as he gazed down at the mob. "The plebs stirred up by *their* folly! They must have a victim," came into his head, as he gazed at the tall young fellow gesticulating his arms. And this idea came into his head precisely for the reason that he himself wanted a victim, an object for his wrath.

"Carriage ready?" he demanded a second time.

"It is, your illustriousness. What orders do you give in regard to Vereshchagin? He is waiting at the stairs," replied the aide.

"Ah!" cried Rostopchin, as if struck by some unexpected thought.

And, quickly throwing the door open, he went with resolute steps out on the balcony. The talking suddenly hushed; hats and caps were doffed, and all eyes were turned on the count.

"Good-morning, boys!" cried the count, hurriedly, and in a loud voice. "Thank you for coming. I will be down directly, but, first of all, we must settle the account with a villain. We must punish the villain who is the cause of Moscow's ruin. Wait for me!"

And the count retired from view, slamming the door behind him.

An approving roar of satisfaction ran through the throng.

"Of course he'll settle with all villains!".... "You talk about the French!".... "He'll bring things to order!" said the people, as if reproaching each other for their little faith.

In a few minutes an officer came hastily out of the rear door, gave some order, and a line of dragoons was formed. The throng eagerly rushed from the balcony toward the steps. Rostopchin, coming out on the porch,

angrily, with swift steps, looked around him, as if searching for some one.

"Where is he?" asked the count.

And, at the instant the words left his mouth, he saw coming around the corner of the house, between two dragoons, a young man, with a long, thin neck, and with one-half of his head shaven, though the hair had begun to grow again. This young man was dressed in a tattered foxskin short tulup lined with blue cloth — it had once been a stylish garment — and dirty, hempen convict drawers, stuffed into fine boots, covered with mud and run down at the heels. On his slender, weak legs, he dragged along heavy iron shackles, which made his gait difficult and irresolute.

"Ah!" exclaimed Rostopchin, hastily turning his eyes away from the young man in the foxskin jacket, and pointing to the lower step of the porch.

"Stand him there!"

The young man, with clanking chains, heavily dragged himself to the spot indicated; and, after pulling up with his finger his jacket collar, which pinched him, and twice stretching out his long neck and sighing, he folded in front of his belly submissively his slender hands, which were not those of a man accustomed to work.

Silence prevailed for several seconds, until the young man had fairly taken his position on the steps. Only in the rear of the crowd, where the people were trying to press forward, were heard grunts and groans and jostling and the shuffling of moving feet.

Rostopchin, waiting until the prisoner was in the designated place, frowned, and passed his hand over his face.

"Boys!" cried he, in a voice ringing out with metallic clearness, "this man, Vereshchagin, is the scoundrel who has lost us Moscow!"

The young man in the foxskin jacket stood in a submissive attitude, with his wrists crossed on his abdomen, and slightly stooping. He hung his head with its mutilation of shaven hair; his thin young face wore a hopeless expression. At the first words spoken by the

count, he slowly raised his head and glanced at the count, as if wishing to say something, or, at least, to get his eye. But Rostopchin looked not at him. On the young man's long, slender neck, behind his ear, a vein stood out like a whipcord, tense and livid, and his face suddenly flushed.

All eyes were fastened on him. He returned the gaze of the throng, and, as if he found some cause for hope in the expression of the faces, he gave a timid and pitiful smile, and, again dropping his head, shifted his feet on the step.

"He is a traitor to his Tsar and his country; he has sold himself to Bonaparte; he alone out of all the Russians has shamed the name of Russian, and by him Moscow has been destroyed," cried Rostopchin in a steady, sharp voice; but suddenly he gave a swift glance at Vereshchagin, who continued to stand in the same submissive attitude. This glance seemed to set him beside himself. Raising his hand, he shouted, stepping almost down to the crowd:—

"Take the law into your own hands! I give him over to you!"

The throng made no answer, and merely pressed together more and more densely. To be crushed together, to breathe in that infected atmosphere, to be unable to stir, and to expect something unknown, incomprehensible, and terrible, was above human endurance. The men standing in the front row, who saw and heard all that was taking place before them with startled, wide-staring eyes and gaping mouths, exerted all their force, and resisted with their backs the forward thrust and pressure of the rear ranks.

"Kill him!.... let the traitor perish and not shame the name of a Russian!" yelled Rostopchin. "Kill him! I order it!"

The mob, hearing not the words but the venomous sounds of Rostopchin's voice, groaned, and moved forward, then instantly stood still again.

"Count!" exclaimed, amid the momentary silence which had instantly ensued, Vereshchagin's timid, but

at the same time theatrical, voice, — "Count, there is one God over us ...." said Vereshchagin, lifting his head; and again the thick vein on his slender neck filled out with blood, and the red flush spread over his face and died away. He had not said what he meant to say.

"Kill him! I order it!" shouted Rostopchin, suddenly growing as pale as Vereshchagin.

"Draw sabers!" commanded the officer to the dragoons, himself unsheathing his saber.

Another and still more violent billow rolled through the crowd, and, running up to those in the front rows, it seemed to lift them, and, reeling, broke against the very steps of the porch. The tall young fellow, with a petrified expression of face, and with his hand arrested in mid-air, stood almost next Vereshchagin.

"Cut him down!" came the whispered command of the officer to the dragoons; and, suddenly, one of the dragoons, his face distorted with rage, gave Vereshchagin a blow on the head with his dull broadsword.

"Ah!" cried Vereshchagin, who gave a short cry of amazement, and looked around in terror and as if he could not understand why this was done to him. The same groan of amazement as before ran through the throng. "O Lord — O Gospodi!" exclaimed some voice.

But, instantly following the cry of amazement uttered by Vereshchagin, he gave a piteous shriek of pain, and that shriek was his undoing.

The barrier of humane feeling stretched to the highest tension, and holding back the mob, suddenly broke. The crime was begun, and it had to be accomplished. The lugubrious groan of reproach was swallowed up in a fierce and maddened roar of the mob. Like the seventh and last wave which wrecks the ship, this final, irresistible billow, impelled from the rear, was borne through to those in front, overwhelmed them, and swallowed up everything.

The dragoon who had used his sword was about to repeat his blow. Vereshchagin, with a cry of horror,

warding off the stroke with his arm, leaped among the people. The tall young fellow, against whom he struck, grasped his slender neck with his hands, and with a savage yell fell together with him under the trampling feet of the frenzied crowd.

Some beat and mangled Vereshchagin; others, the tall young fellow. And the cries and yells of the surging multitude and of the men who were trying to rescue the tall young fellow only the more excited the virulence of the mob. It was long before the dragoons were able to extricate the tall factory hand, who was half beaten to death, and covered with blood. And it was long, in spite of all the hot haste with which the throng strove to finish the work which they had begun, before those men who were beating, trampling, and mangling Vereshchagin were able to kill him; but the throng pressed them on every hand, and at the center it was like a solid mass rocking and swaying from side to side, and gave them no chance either to finish with him or to let him go.

"Finish him with an ax, hey?" .... "They 've crushed him well." .... "The traitor! he sold Christ." .... "Is he alive yet?" .... "He 's a tough one!" .... "He gets his deserts." .... "Try it with a bar!" .... "Is n't he dead yet?"

Only when the victim ceased to struggle, and his shrieks gave way to the measured, long death-rattle, did the mob begin hastily to avoid the spot where lay the corpse covered with gore. Each one came up, gave a look at what had been done, and, full of horror, remorse, and amazement, pressed back.

"O Lord, men are like wild beasts! wonder any one was spared!" exclaimed some voice in the crowd.

"And a young fellow too!" .... "Must be a merchant's son." .... "What a mob!" .... "They say he 's the wrong one." .... "What do you mean .... the wrong one?" .... "O Lord!" .... "Some one else was beaten to death too!" .... "They say he just escaped with his life!" .... "Oh, what people!" .... "Ain't it a sin to be afraid of?"

These remarks were made by the same men, as with painfully pitiful faces they looked at the dead body with the face smeared with blood and begrimed with dust, and the long, slender neck half backed off.

A zealous police official, thinking it unbecoming to have a corpse encumbering his excellency's yard, ordered the dragoons to drag it forth into the street. Two dragoons seized the body by the mutilated legs and hauled it out. The blood-stained, dust-begrimed, dead, shaven head, rolling on the long neck, was dragged along thumping on the ground. The mob surged away from the corpse.

At the moment that Vereshchagin fell, and the mob with a savage yell burst forward and rushed over him, Rostopchin turned suddenly pale, and, instead of going to the rear stairs, where his horses were waiting for him, he, without knowing where or wherefore, started with sunken head and swift steps along the corridor that led to the rooms on the ground floor. The count's face was pallid, and he could not keep his lower jaw from trembling as if he had an ague.

"Your illustriousness, this way.... where are you going?.... this way if you please!" exclaimed a trembling, frightened voice behind him.

Count Rostopchin was in no condition to answer, and, obediently wheeling about, he took the direction whither he was called. At the rear entrance stood his calash. Even here the distant roar of the excited mob reached his ears. Count Rostopchin hastily sprang into the carriage, and ordered the coachman to drive to his suburban house at Sokolniki.

When they reached the Miasnitskaya, and the yells of the mob were no longer heard, the count began to feel qualms of conscience. He remembered now with dissatisfaction the excitement and terror which he had displayed before his subordinates. "*La populace est terrible, elle est hideuse,*" he said to himself in French. "They are like wolves, which can be appeased only with flesh."

"*Count, there is one God over us!*"

Vereshchagin's words suddenly recurred to him, and a disagreeable feeling of chill ran down his back. But this feeling was only momentary, and Count Rostopchin smiled a scornful smile at himself.

"I had other obligations," he said to himself. "The people had to be appeased. Many other victims have perished, and are perishing for the public weal."

And he began to consider the general obligation which he had toward his family, the capital committed into his keeping, and his own safety — not as Feodor Vasilyevitch Rostopchin — he understood that Feodor Vasilyevitch Rostopchin would sacrifice himself for the public good — but as the governor-general and the repository of power, and the authorized representative of the Tsar.

"If I were only Feodor Vasilyevitch, my line of conduct would have been very differently drawn, — *aurait été tout autrement traçé*, — but as I was, I was in duty bound to preserve my life and the dignity of the governor-general."

Slightly swaying on the easy springs of his equipage, and no longer hearing the terrible sounds of the mob, Rostopchin grew calmer physically, and, as always happens, simultaneously as physical calm returned, his reason furnished him arguments for moral tranquillity.

The idea that soothed Rostopchin was not new. Never since the world began and people began to slaughter one another has man committed crime against his fellow without soothing himself with this idea. This idea is the public good — the hypothetical weal of other men.

The man not carried away by his passions never knows what this weal is, but the man who has committed a crime always knows very well what constitutes it. And Rostopchin now knew.

He not only did not reproach himself for what he had done, but he even found reason for self-congratulation that he had so happily succeeded in taking advantage of this fortuitous circumstance for punishing a criminal, and at the same time pacifying the mob.

"Vereshchagin was tried and condemned to death,"

said Rostopchin to himself — though Vereshchagin had only been condemned by the senate to hard labor. "He was a spy and a traitor; I could not leave him unpunished, and, besides, I killed two birds with one stone — I offered a victim to pacify the people, and I punished an evil-doer."

By the time he reached his suburban house, and began to make his domestic arrangements, he had become perfectly calm.

At the end of half an hour the count was driving behind swift horses across the Sokolnichye Pole, with his mind perfectly oblivious to what had happened, and thinking only of events to come. He was on his way now to the Yauzsky Bridge, where he had been told Kutuzof was to be found.

Count Rostopchin was preparing mentally the angry and caustic reproaches with which he intended to load Kutuzof for so deceiving him. He would give that old court fox to understand that the responsibility for all the misfortunes which would flow from the abandonment of the capital, from the destruction of Russia (as Rostopchin supposed it to be), would redound upon his old gray head, which was so entirely lacking in brains. While Rostopchin was thinking over what he should say to him, he angrily straightened himself up in his calash, and looked fiercely about him on all sides.

The Sokolnichye Pole was deserted. Only at one end, near the poorhouse and lunatic aslyum, could be seen a few groups of men in white raiment and several individuals of the same sort, who were hastening across the "field," shouting something and gesticulating.

One of these men ran so as to cut off Count Rostopchin's calash. The count and his coachman and the dragoons all gazed with a dull sense of terror and curiosity at these liberated lunatics, and especially at the one who was running toward them.

The lunatic, unevenly bounding along on his long, thin legs, and with his white khalat flying out behind him, was running with all his might, not taking his eyes from the count, yelling something in a hoarse voice and

signaling for the carriage to stop. His gloomy and impassioned face, overgrown with uneven blotches of beard, was haggard and sallow. His dark, agate-colored eyes, with their saffron whites, rolled frenziedly.

"Stop! Hold on, I say!" he cried in piercing tones, and panting, he began again to shout with extravagant intonations and gestures.

He came up with the calash, and ran along by the side of it.

"Thrice have they killed me, thrice have I risen from the dead. They have stoned me, they have crucified me. I shall rise again.... I shall rise again.... I shall rise again. They have torn my body to pieces. They have overthrown the kingdom of God. Thrice shall I tear it down, and thrice shall I build it again!" he yelled, raising his voice higher and higher.

Count Rostopchin suddenly paled, just as he had paled when the mob threw itself on Vereshchagin. He looked away. "Dri.... drive faster!" he called to the coachman in a trembling voice. The calash sprang forward with all the speed of the horses; but still for a long time the count could hear, growing more and more distant, that senseless, despairing cry, while before his eyes all he could see was the amazedly frightened, bloody face of the "traitor" in the fur jacket.

This vision was now so vivid that Rostopchin felt it was deeply etched into the very substance of his heart. He now clearly realized that he should never outlive the bloody trace of this recollection; but that, on the contrary, this terrible remembrance, the longer he lived, even to the end of his days, would grow more and more cruel, more painful.

He heard, so it seemed to him, even now the ring of his own words: "Kill him! If you don't, you shall answer to me for it with your heads!"

"Why did I say those words?" he asked himself, almost despairingly. "I need not have said them," he thought, "and then *nothing* would have happened."

He saw the face of the dragoon that gave the blow change from terror to ferocity, and the glance of silent,

timid reproach which that young man in the foxskin jacket gave him.

"But I did it not for myself. I was obliged to perform that part. The populace.... the traitor.... the public good...." he said to himself.

The troops were still crowding the bridge over the Yauza. It was sultry. Kutuzof, with contracted brows and dismal, sat on a bench near the bridge, and was playing with his whip in the sand, when a calash drove up to him in hot haste. A man wearing a general's uniform and a plumed hat, and with wandering eyes expressing a mixture of wrath and terror, got out, and, approaching Kutuzof, began to say something to him in French.

This was Count Rostopchin.

He told Kutuzof that he had come to him because Moscow and the capital were no more, and the army was all that was left.

"It would have been different if your serene highness had not told me you would not abandon Moscow without giving battle; then this would not have happened at all," said he.

Kutuzof glanced at Rostopchin, and, apparently not taking in the full significance of the words addressed to him, he seemed to be exerting all his energies to read the peculiar expression that was written in the face of the man addressing him.

Rostopchin grew confused, and stopped speaking. Kutuzof shook his head slightly, and, not taking his inquisitive glance from Rostopchin's face, he said in a low tone: —

"No, we are not giving up Moscow without a struggle!"

Whether Kutuzof was thinking of something entirely aloof when he said those words, or said them on purpose, knowing their absurdity, at all events Rostopchin made no reply, and hastily turned away from him. And, strange enough! the governor-general of Moscow, the haughty Count Rostopchin, taking a whip in his hand, went to the bridge, and began to shout, and hurry along the teams which were blocked together there.

CHAPTER XXVI

At four o'clock in the afternoon, the troops under Murat entered Moscow. In front rode a detachment of Würtemberg hussars; next followed the king of Naples in person, mounted, and surrounded by a large suite.

Near the center of the Arbat, in the vicinity of the church of Nikola Yavlennui,[1] Murat reined in, and waited for a report from the van as to the state of the city fortress, "*le Kremlin.*" Around Murat gathered a small knot from among the citizens that had remained in Moscow. All gazed with shy perplexity at this long-haired, foreign "nachalnik," so gorgeously bedizened with feathers and gold.

"Say! that one's their tsar, ain't he?" queried low voices.

The interpreter approached the knot of men.

"Hats off!" .... "Hats!" men were heard saying as they in the throng admonished one another.

The interpreter addressed himself to an old porter, and asked if it were far to the Kreml. The porter, hearing the strange Polish accent with which the man spoke, and not comprehending that he was speaking to him in Russian, did not understand what was said to him, and slipped behind the others.

Murat beckoned up the interpreter, and commanded him to ask where the Russian army was. One of the citizens made out what was asked, and several voices suddenly began to reply to the interpreter. A French officer came galloping back from the van, and reported to Murat that the fortress gates were closed, and that probably there was an ambuscade.

"Very good," said Murat, and, addressing one of the gentlemen of his suite, he commanded him to have four light field-pieces brought up, and to batter down the gates.

The artillery set forth on the gallop from the column

[1] St. Nicholas of the Miraculous Apparition.

that was just behind Murat, and crossed the Arbat. On reaching the end of the Vozdvizhenka, or Holy-Rood Street, the artillery stopped, and deployed on the square. Several French officers took command of the cannon, aiming them, and scrutinizing the Kreml through their field-glasses.

The bells began to ring for vespers in the Kreml, and this sound confused the French. They supposed that it was an alarum. Several of the infantry soldiers ran toward the Kutafya gates. Beams and planks barricaded the gates. Two musket-shots rang sharply out from behind the gates as soon as the officer and his detachment started to approach. The general, standing by the cannon, shouted some command to the officer, and the officer and one of the soldiers hastened back to him. Three more musket-shots rang out from the gates. One shot wounded a French soldier in the leg, and a strange yell from a few throats was heard behind the barricade.

From the faces of the French — general, officers, and men — simultaneously, as if at word of command, vanished their former expression of gayety and calm, and in its place came an obstinate, concentrated expression of readiness for battle and suffering. For all of them, from marshal down to the most insignificant soldier, this place was no longer the Vozdvizhenka, Mokhovaya, Kutafya, and Troitskiya gates, but it was the new locality of a new battle-field, in all probability destined to be deluged with blood; and all prepared for this battle.

The yells from the gates ceased. The cannon were pointed. The artillerists blew up their lighted slow-matches. The officer gave the command: *feu!* fire! and two hissing sounds of canister-shot followed one after the other. The grape clattered on the stones of the gateway, on the beams and the barricade, and two puffs of smoke floated away over the square.

A few seconds later, when the echoes of the reports had died out along the stone walls of the Kreml, a strange noise was heard over the heads of the French.

An enormous flock of jackdaws arose above the walls, and cawing, and flapping their countless wings, circled around in the air. At the same instant a single human yell was heard in the gates, and through the smoke appeared the figure of a hatless man in a kaftan. He held a musket, and aimed it at the French. "*Feu!*" cried the artillery officer a second time, and at exactly the same instant rang out one musket-shot and two cannon-shots.

Smoke again concealed the gates.

Behind the barricade no one any longer moved, and the French infantry soldiers and their officers again approached the gates. At the gates lay three men wounded and four dead. Two men in kaftans were in full flight down along the walls to Znamenka.

"*Enlevez-moi ça* — Clear 'em away," said the officer, indicating the beams and the corpses; and the French, finishing the wounded, flung the corpses down behind the fence. "*Enlevez-moi ça*" was all that was said about them, and they were flung away, and afterwards were removed so as not to foul the air. Only Thiers consecrates to their memory a few eloquent lines: —

> These wretches had taken possession of the sacred stronghold, seized firearms from the arsenal, and attacked the French. A few of them were put to the sword, and the Kreml was purged of their presence.[1]

Murat was informed that the way was clear. The French poured through the gates, and began to set up their camp in the Senatskaya Square. The soldiers flung chairs out of the windows of the senate-house into the square, and used them as fuel for their fires.

Other divisions crossed through the Kreml, and took up their stations along the Moroseïka, Lubyanka, Pokrovka. Still others settled themselves in the Vozdvizhenka, Znamenka, Nikolskaya, and Tverskaya. Finding nowhere any hospitality, the French settled down, not

[1] *Ces misérables avaient envahi la citadelle sacrée, s'étaient emparé des fusils de l'arsenal, et tiraient (ces misérables) sur les français. On en sabra quelques-uns, et on purgea le Kremlin de leur presence.*

in "quarters," as they usually would in a city, but, as it were, in a camp pitched inside the city limits.

The French, though ragged, hungry, weary, and reduced to one-half of their original numbers, entered Moscow in regular military order. It was a jaded, exhausted, but still martial and redoubtable army.

But it was such only until the moment when the soldiers of that army were distributed in their lodgings. As soon as the men of the various regiments began to scatter among the rich and deserted mansions, then the martial quality disappeared forever, and the men were neither citizens nor soldiers, but were changed into something betwixt and between, called marauders.

When, five weeks later, these same men marched out of Moscow, they were still no longer troops. They were a throng of marauders, each one of whom brought or carried away with him a quantity of articles which seemed to him precious or necessary.

The object of each of these men, as they left Moscow, was not, as formerly, to prove themselves warriors, but to preserve what they had obtained. Like the monkey which has thrust its paw into the narrow neck of the jug, and grasped a handful of nuts, and will not open its fist lest it lose its prize, thus destroying itself, — the French, on leaving Moscow, were evidently doomed to perish, in consequence of lugging their plunder with them, since to relinquish what they had taken as plunder was as impossible as it was impossible for the monkey to let go of its handful of nuts.

Ten minutes after each regiment of the French host made its entry into any given quarter of Moscow, there was not left a single soldier or officer. Men in capotes and gaiters could be seen in the windows of the houses, boldly exploring the rooms. In cellars and store-rooms, the same men were making free with provisions and stores. In the yards the same men were tearing open or breaking down the barn and stable doors. They kindled fires in kitchens, and with sleeves rolled up they baked, kneaded, and cooked, they frightened or con-

fused or wheedled women and children. There were a host of these men everywhere in the shops and in the houses; but army there was none.

On that day, order after order was issued by the French commanders, with the object of preventing the troops from scattering about through the city — stern rescripts against offering violence to the inhabitants, or marauding, and insisting on a general roll-call at evening; but, in spite of such precautions, the men, who just before had constituted an army, wandered about through the rich, deserted city, which still abounded in comforts and enjoyments.

As a famished herd of cattle go huddled together over a barren field, but instantly become uncontrollable and scatter as soon as they come into rich pasture-lands, so did this army separate and scatter irreclaimably through the opulent city.

There were no citizens in Moscow, and the soldiers were absorbed in it (like water in sand), and, bursting all restraint, radiated out in every direction from the Kreml, which was their first objective point.

Cavalrymen, coming to some merchant's mansion, abandoned with all its treasures, and finding stabling sufficient for their own horses and others besides, nevertheless proceeded to take possession of the one adjoining, because it seemed better still.

In many cases, a man or group of men would take possession of several houses, and scratch the name of the claimant in chalk on the doors, and quarrel and even come to blows with men of other regiments.

Such soldiers as failed to find accommodations ran along the streets inspecting the city, and when word was given out that the whole city was abandoned, they made haste to find and take whatever was valuable. Officers went to collect their men and were involuntarily drawn into the same proceedings.

In the Karetnui Riat, or carriage mart, there were shops full of equipages; and here the generals crowded, selecting calashes and coaches.

Such inhabitants as were left invited the French com-

manders to lodge in their houses, thereby hoping to escape from being plundered.

There was an abundance of wealth, and there seemed to be no end to it. Everywhere, in a circle from the place first occupied by the French, there were places, as yet unknown and unexplored, where, as it seemed to the French, there must be still greater riches. And Moscow even more and more absorbed them into itself. Just as the consequence of pouring water upon dry earth is that the water disappears and the dry earth as well, so in exactly the same way the consequence of a hungry army pouring into a well-furnished, abandoned city was its destruction, and the destruction of the opulent city, and filth follows; conflagrations and marauding follow.

The French attributed the burning of Moscow to the savage patriotism of Rostopchin — *au patriotisme féroce de Rostopchine;* the Russians, to the savagery of the French. In last analysis, responsibility for the burning of Moscow was not due and cannot be attributed to any one person or to any number of persons.

Moscow was burned because it was in a condition when every city built of wood must burn, independently of the question whether they had or had not one hundred and thirty wretched fire-engines. Moscow had to burn because its inhabitants had deserted it, and as inevitably as a heap of shavings on which live coals are dropped must burn.

A wooden city, which has its conflagrations almost every day in spite of the police and the proprietors, careful of their houses, could not fail to burn when the inhabitants were gone and their places taken by soldiers, who smoked their pipes, made camp-fires of senators' chairs in the Senatskaya Square, and cooked their meals there twice a day.

Even in times of peace, when troops are quartered in certain places in villages, the number of fires is immediately increased. How much greater must the probabilities of conflagration be in a deserted city built of wood and occupied by a foreign army!

Le patriotisme féroce de Rostopchine and the savagery of the French were not to blame for this. The burning of Moscow was due to the soldiers' pipes, to the cook-stoves, the camp-fires, to the negligence of hostile troops, when houses were occupied by men not their owners.

Even if there were incendiaries (which is very doubtful, since there was no reason for setting fires, and to do such a thing would have been hard and risky), they could not be considered as the cause of the conflagration, since it would have taken place without them.

However flattering it was for the French to blame Rostopchin's savage patriotism, and for the Russians to blame the villain Bonaparte, or, in later times, to place the heroic torch in the hands of their own people, it is impossible not to see that such an immediate cause of the conflagration had no real existence, because Moscow had to burn, as every wooden town, every factory, and every house would be burned when abandoned by its owners and strangers had taken possession and were cooking their victuals in it.

Moscow was burned by its citizens, — that is true; not, however, by the citizens who remained, but by those who went away.

Moscow, occupied by the enemy, did not remain intact like Berlin, Vienna, and other cities, simply because the inhabitants did not come forth to offer the French the bread and salt — *Khlyeb-sol* — of hospitality, and the keys of the city, but left it.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE *soaking*-up of the French into Moscow, spreading out star-wise, reached the quarter where Pierre was now living, only in the evening of September 14.

After the two days which Pierre had spent solitary, and in such an unusual manner, he had got into a state of mind that bordered on insanity. His whole being was possessed by one importunate idea. He himself knew not how or when it came about, but this idea

had such mastery of him that he remembered nothing of the past, had no comprehension of the present, and what he saw and heard seemed as if it had happened in a dream.

Pierre had left his home simply and solely to escape from the complicated coil of social demands which held him, and from which he could not, in his situation at the time, tear himself away. Under the pretext of wishing to arrange the late owner's books and papers, he had gone to Iosiph Alekseyevitch's house simply because he was in search of some alleviation from the demands of life; and his recollections of Iosiph Alekseyevitch were connected in his mind with that world of eternal, tranquil, and solemn thoughts which were diametrically opposed to the confused coil in which he felt himself entangled.

He sought a quiet refuge, and actually found it, in Iosiph Alekseyevitch's library. When, in the dead silence of the room, he sat down and leaned his elbows on his late friend's dust-covered writing-table, the recollections of the last few days began one by one to rise before him, calmly, and in their proper significance, especially that of the battle of Borodino, and that irresistible sense of his own insignificance and falseness in comparison with the truth, simplicity, and forcefulness which had so impressed him in that class of men he called *They*.

When Gerasim aroused him from his brown study, the thought occurred to Pierre that he was to take a part in the supposed popular defense of Moscow. And, with this end in view, he had immediately sent Gerasim to procure for him a kaftan and pistol, and explained to him his intention of concealing his identity and remaining in Iosiph Alekseyevitch's house.

Afterward, in the course of the first day spent alone and idly, — for, though he several times tried, he could not put his mind on the Masonic manuscripts, — the thought of the cabalistic significance of his name in connection with that of Bonaparte's occurred vaguely to him; but this thought which he had before con-

ceived, that *l' Russe Besuhof* was predestined to overthrow the power of the *Beast*, now came to him only as one of the illusions which thronged his imagination, without logical connection, and vanished without leaving any trace.

When, after the purchase of the kaftan, — with the purpose merely of taking part in the popular defense of Moscow, — Pierre met the Rostofs, and Natasha had said to him: "What are you going to do? stay behind in Moscow? .... Akh! how nice that would be!" the thought had flashed through his mind that truly it would be good, even if Moscow were captured, for him to remain in Moscow and fulfil his predestination.

On the following day, with the sole idea not to spare himself, and not to keep aloof from anything in which *they* took part, he went to the Tri Gorui barrier. But when he reached home again, convinced that no attempt was to be made to defend Moscow, the consciousness suddenly came over him that what had hitherto seemed merely a possibility had now become absolutely imperative and unavoidable. It was his duty to remain in Moscow *incognito*, to fire at Napoleon and to kill him: either he must perish himself, or put an end to the misery which afflicted all Europe, and was caused, as Pierre reasoned, by Napoleon alone.

Pierre knew all the particulars of the German student's attempts on Bonaparte's life in Vienna in 1809, and he was aware that the student had been shot. And the danger to which he was about to expose his life in carrying out his purpose filled him with still stronger zeal.

Two feelings of equal intensity irresistibly attracted Pierre to execute his project. The first was the feeling that sacrifice and suffering were demanded from him as a penalty for the consciousness of the general wretchedness — that feeling which, on the seventh, had impelled him to go to Mozhaïsk and even into the very thick of the conflict, and now drove him from his home to sleep on a hard divan, and to share

Gerasim's meager fare, instead of enjoying the comforts and luxuries to which he was accustomed.

The second was that vague, exclusively Russian scorn for all things conventional, artistic, human, for all that is counted by the majority of men to be the highest good in the world.

It was in the Slobodsky palace that Pierre had for the first time in his life experienced this strange and bewitching feeling, when he suddenly arrived at the consciousness that wealth and power and life — everything that men get and cherish with such passionate eagerness, even if it is worth anything — are of no consequence compared to the enjoyment which is the concomitant of their sacrifice.

It is this feeling that impels the volunteer to drink up his last kopek, the drunkard to smash mirrors and glasses without any apparent cause, although he knows that it will cost him his last coin to pay for them ; the feeling which impels a man, committing (in the common acceptation of the word) crazy actions, to put forth all his personal force and strength, thereby testifying to the existence of a higher justice outside of human conditions and ruling life.

From that very day when Pierre for the first time experienced this feeling in the Slobodsky palace, he had been constantly under its influence ; but now only he found full satisfaction for it. Moreover, at the present moment, Pierre was kept up to his intention, and deprived of the possibility of renouncing it, by what he had already done in that direction. His flight from home, and his kaftan, and his pistol, and his announcement to the Rostofs that he should stay in Moscow, all would be meaningless — nay, it would be contemptible and ridiculous, Pierre knew that by instinct — if, after all, he should do what the others had done, and leave Moscow.

Pierre's physical condition, as was always the case, corresponded with his moral. The coarse, unusual food, the vodka which he had been drinking those days, the abstinence from wine and cigars, the dirty, unchanged linen, the two almost sleepless nights which he had

spent on the short, pillowless divan, all this had reduced Pierre to a state not far removed from lunacy.

It was already two o'clock in the afternoon; the French had already entered Moscow. Pierre knew it, but, instead of acting, he thought only of his enterprise, considering all its minutest details. In his imagination he did not dwell with such keenness of vision on the act itself of firing the shot, or on the death of Napoleon, but he imagined with extraordinary vividness, and with a melancholy delight, his own ruin and his heroic courage.

"Yes, one for all! I must accomplish it or perish!" he said to himself. "Yes, I will go up to him .... and then suddenly .... with a pistol .... or would not a dagger be better?" — mused Pierre. — "However, it is immaterial. — 'Not I, but the hand of Providence punishes thee!' .... I will exclaim." Pierre was rehearsing the words which he should utter as he killed Napoleon. — "'Well, then, take me, punish me,'" Pierre went on to say, still further imagining the scene, and drooping his head with a melancholy but firm expression of countenance.

While Pierre, standing in the middle of the room, was thus musing, the library door was suddenly flung open, and the figure of Makar Alekseyevitch appeared on the threshold, absolutely changed from his former attitude of wild shyness.

His khalat was flung open. His face was flushed and distorted. He was evidently drunk. Seeing Pierre, he was for the first moment confused; but, remarking signs of confusion in Pierre, he immediately expressed his satisfaction, and came into the middle of the room, tottering on his thin legs.

"They 're scared!" he exclaimed in a hoarse, confidential voice. "I tell you: 'We won't surrender.' That 's what I say .... Right? .... Hey, mister?"

He deliberated for a moment; then, suddenly catching sight of the pistol on the table, he grasped it with unexpected quickness and ran into the corridor.

Gerasim and the dvornik, who had followed at Makar Alekseyevitch's heels, stopped him in the entry and tried

to take away the pistol. Pierre came out into the corridor, and looked with pity and disgust on the half-witted old man. Makar Alekseyevitch, scowling with the effort, clung to the pistol, and screamed in his hoarse voice something that he evidently considered very solemn.

"To arms! Board 'em![1] You lie! you shan't have it," he yelled.

"There, please, that 'll do. Have the goodness to put it up, please. Now please, barin...." said Gerasim, cautiously taking Makar Alekseyevitch by the elbows and trying to force him back to the door.

"Who are you? Bonaparte?" screamed Makar Alekseyitch.

"That is not right, sir. Please come into your room; you are all out of breath. Please let me have the pistol."

"Away with you, you scurvy slave! Touch me not! Do you see this?" yelled Makar Alekseyitch, brandishing the pistol. "Board 'em!"

"Look out!" whispered Gerasim to the dvornik. They seized Makar Alekseyitch by the arms and dragged him to the door.

The room was filled with the confused sounds of the scuffle and the hoarse, drunken sounds of the panting voice.

Suddenly a new and penetrating scream of a woman was heard from the steps, and the cook ran into the entry.

"Here they are! Oh, ye saints of my sires!.... Oh, God! here they are! Four of them on horseback!"..... she cried.

Gerasim and the dvornik let go of Makar Alekseyitch's arms, and in the silence which suddenly ensued the pounding of several hands was heard on the outside door.

[1] *Na abordage!*

CHAPTER XXVIII

PIERRE, deciding for himself that, until the time came for the fulfilment of his project, it was best not to disclose his identity, or his knowledge of French, stood in the half-opened door leading into the corridor, intending instantly to go and hide himself as soon as the French entered. But the French came in, and Pierre had not stirred from the door; an indefinable curiosity seized him.

There were two of them. One was an officer, tall, gallant-looking, and handsome; the other evidently a soldier, or his servant, short and stubbed, lean and sunburned, with sunken cheeks and a stupid expression of face. The officer, resting his weight on a cane, and limping a little, came forward. Having advanced a few steps, the officer, as if deciding that the rooms were good, halted, and turned round to some soldiers who appeared in the doorway, and in a tone of command shouted to them to put up their horses. Having attended to this, the officer, with a gallant gesture, lifting high his elbow, twisted his mustache and then touched his cap.

"*Bonjour la compagnie!*" he cried cheerily, with a smile, and glancing round.

No one made any answer.

"*Vous êtes le bourgeois?* — Are you the master of the house?" asked the officer, addressing Gerasim. Gerasim, with a scared, questioning look, stared at the officer.

"*Quarteer, quarteer — logement!*" exclaimed the officer, surveying the little man from top to toe, with a condescending and benevolent smile: "The French are jolly boys. *Que diable! Voyons!* Don't get touchy, old man!" he added, slapping the startled and silent Gerasim on the shoulder. "*A ça! Dites donc, on ne parle donc français dans cette boutique?* — Tell me, is n't French spoken in this establishment?" he added, glancing around and catching Pierre's eyes. Pierre slunk aside from the door.

The officer again addressed himself to Gerasim. He tried to make the old man show him the rooms in the house.

"Barin gone .... no understand! .... my .... you .... your" .... stammered Gerasim, striving to make his words more comprehensible by speaking in broken Russian.

The French officer, with a smile, waved his hands in front of Gerasim's nose, giving him to understand that he did not understand him, and he limped again to the door where Pierre was standing. Pierre started to go away in order to hide from him, but just at that instant he saw through the open door of the kitchen Makar Alekseyitch peering out, with the pistol in his hand. With the cunning of a madman, Makar Alekseyitch gazed at the Frenchman, and, raising the pistol, aimed.

"Board 'em!" cried the drunken man, and cocked the pistol.

The French officer, hearing the shout, turned round, and at that instant Pierre flung himself on the drunkard. But, before Pierre had time to seize and throw up the pistol, Makar Alekseyitch got his fingers on the cock and a sharp report rang out, deafening them all and filling the passage with gunpowder smoke. The Frenchman turned pale and sprang back to the door.

Pierre seized the pistol and flung it away and ran after the officer, and (then forgetting his intention of not revealing his knowledge of French) began to speak with him in French.

"You are not wounded?" he asked, with solicitude.

"I think not," replied the officer, examining himself. "But I had a narrow escape that time," he added, pointing at the broken plastering on the wall. "Who is that man?" he demanded, giving Pierre a stern look.

"I am really greatly distressed at what has just happened," said Pierre, speaking fluently, and entirely forgetting the part he was going to play. "He is crazy, an unfortunate man who did not know what he was doing."

The officer turned to Makar Alekseyitch and seized him by the collar. Makar Alekseyitch, thrusting out

his lips, swayed as if he were sleepy, and stood leaning against the wall.

"Brigand! you shall answer for this!" said the Frenchman, taking off his hand. "It's in our nature to be merciful after victory, but we do not forgive traitors," he added, with a look of gloomy solemnity on his face, and with a graceful, energetic gesture.

Pierre continued in French to urge the officer not to be too hard on this half-witted drunkard. The Frenchman listened in silence, without a change in his scowling face, then suddenly turned to Pierre with a smile. He looked at him for a few seconds without speaking. His handsome face assumed a tragically sentimental expression, and he held out his hand: "*Vous m'avez sauvé la vie! Vous êtes français!* — You have saved my life! You are French!" he said. For a Frenchman this inference was beyond question. To do a magnanimous action was alone possible to a Frenchman, and to save the life of *Monsieur Ramball, capitaine du 13me leger,* was unquestionably the greatest deed of all.

But, reasonable as this inference was or the conviction which the officer based upon it, Pierre felt it incumbent upon him to disclaim it.

"*Je suis russe,*" he said rapidly.

"Tititi! tell that to others," said the Frenchman, smiling and raising a warning finger. "By and by you can tell me all about it. *Charmé de rencontrer un compatriote. Eh bien!* What shall we do with this man?" he added, already addressing Pierre as if he were his brother.

Even though Pierre was not a Frenchman, having once granted him that appellation, — the highest in the world, — he could never disavow it, said the French officer's whole tone, and the expression of his face.

In reply to the last question, Pierre once more explained who Makar Alekseyitch was, explained that just before their arrival this witless drunkard had got hold of the loaded pistol, and they had just been trying to get it away from him; finally, he begged him to let his behavior pass without punishing him.

The Frenchman swelled out his chest and made a regal gesture with his hand: —

"*Vous m'avez sauvé la vie. Vous êtes français. Vous demandez sa grâce? Je vous l'accorde. Qu'on emmène cet homme!* — You ask me to pardon him. I will. Take this man away!" exclaimed the French officer, rapidly and energetically, and, linking his arm with that of Pierre, the man whom for having saved his life he admitted into fellowship with the French, he went with him into the house.

The soldiers who had been in the dvor, when they heard the pistol-shot, hastened into the entry, asking what was up, and expressing their readiness to punish the offenders; but the officer sternly repressed them.

"You shall be called when you are needed," said he.

The soldiers flocked out. The man who had meantime explored the larder came back to the officer and reported finding soup and roast mutton, and asked if he should bring it.

"*Capitaine, ils ont de la soupe et du gigot de mouton dans la cuisine,*" said he. "*Faut-il vous l'apporter?*"

"*Oui, et le vin!*" said the captain.

CHAPTER XXIX

As the French officer and Pierre went in together, Pierre felt that it was his duty once more to assure the captain that he was not French, and that he wanted to go; but the French officer would not even hear to such a thing. He was so extremely polite, courteous, and good-natured, and so genuinely grateful for having had his life preserved, that Pierre had not the heart to refuse him, and therefore sat down with him in the dining-room, which happened to be the first which they entered.

At Pierre's asseveration that he was not a Frenchman, the captain, evidently not comprehending how it could enter the heart of man to refuse such a flattering designation, shrugged his shoulders, and declared that if

he were resolutely bent on passing for a Russian, he might do so, but still, nevertheless, he was eternally bound to him by the feeling of gratitude for saving his life.

If this man had been gifted with the slightest capacity for entering into the feelings of others, and had guessed Pierre's sentiments, Pierre would undoubtedly have left him; but this man's impermeability to everything except his own personality quite won Pierre.

"*Français ou prince russe incognito*," said the Frenchman, scrutinizing Pierre's fine but soiled linen, and the ring on his finger, "I owe you my life, and I offer you my friendship. A Frenchman never forgets an insult or a favor. That is all I have to say."

In the tones of this officer's voice, in the expression of his face, in his gestures, there was so much affability and good-breeding (in the French use of the terms), that Pierre, giving back unconsciously smile for smile, pressed the proffered hand. "*Capitaine Ramball du* 13*me leger, décoré pour l'affaire du* 19*me*," he went on to say, introducing himself with a smile of exuberant self-satisfaction curling his lips under his mustaches. "Would you not tell me, now, with whom I have the honor of conversing so agreeably instead of being in the ambulance with that madman's pistol-ball in me?"

Pierre replied that he could not tell him his name, and reddened as he tried to think of some name, to invent some reason for not giving his own; but the Frenchman hastily interrupted him.

"I beg of you!" said he. "I appreciate your scruples; you are an officer.... an officer of rank, perhaps. You have borne arms against us.... it is not my affair. I owe my life to you. That is enough for me. I am wholly at your service. You are a gentleman?" he added, with just a shade of question.

Pierre nodded assent.

"Your given name, please; I ask nothing more. Monsieur Pierre, you say.... excellent! — That is all that I wish to know."

When the mutton and omelet, the samovar, vodka, and wine which the French had obtained from a Rus-

sian cellar and brought with them, had been set on the table, Ramball invited Pierre to share in this repast, and instantly he himself fell to, ravenously and hastily attacking the viands like a healthy hungry man, chewing lustily with his sound, strong teeth, constantly smacking his lips, and exclaiming, "*Excellent, exquis!*"

His face grew flushed and sweaty. Pierre was hungry, and participated with great satisfaction in this dinner.

Morel, the servant, brought a saucepan full of warm water, and set in it a bottle of red wine. He also brought a bottle of kvas which he had found in the kitchen, and wanted to experiment with.

This beverage was already known to the French, and had received a name. They called kvas *limonade de cochon*, — pig's lemonade, — and Morel had taken possession of this *limonade de cochon* which he had found in the kitchen.

But as the *capitaine* possessed wine that had been plundered somewhere as he passed through the city, he left the kvas to Morel, and devoted himself to a bottle of Bordeaux. He wrapped the bottle up to the neck in a napkin, and poured the wine out for himself and Pierre. Hunger alleviated and the wine enlivened the captain more and more, and during all the dinner-time he chattered without cessation.

"Yes, my dear Mr. Pierre, I owe you a handsome taper for having saved me from that .... that madman. .... You see I have balls enough in my body as it is. There's one" — he touched his side — "received at Wagram, and two at Smolensk," — he indicated the scar on his cheek. "And this leg, you see, can't walk. I received that on the seventh, in the great battle of the Moskva. Ye gods! that was fine! You ought to have seen it! It was a deluge of fire. You blocked out a tough job for us! I should n't blame you for boasting about it! by the Devil, I should n't! And on my word, in spite of the cough which I contracted, I should be willing to begin it all over again. I pity those who did n't see it!"

"I was there!" said Pierre.

"What! really? Well, then, so much the better," said the Frenchman. "You are glorious enemies, all the same. The great redoubt held her own, by all the powers. And you made us pay dear for it. I got in it three times, just as sure as you see me. Three times we were right on the guns, and three times we were knocked over like pasteboard soldiers! Oh, it was fine, Mr. Pierre! Your grenadiers were superb, by heavens! Six times running I saw them close up ranks and march out as if they were going to a review! Fine fellows! Our king of Naples, who is a perfect dab at such things, cried, 'Bravo!' Ah! ha! good soldiers — quite our match!" said he, with a smile, after a moment's silence. "So much the better, so much the better, Mr. Pierre! Terrible in battle.... gallant with the fair ones!" — he winked and smiled, — "that 's the Frenchman, Mr. Pierre, ain't that so?"[1]

The captain was so naïvely and good-naturedly jovial, frank, and self-satisfied that Pierre himself almost winked as he looked at him.

Apparently the word "gallant" reminded the captain of the state of Moscow.

"By the way, tell me now, is it true all the ladies have left Moscow? A strange notion! What had they to be afraid of?"

[1] "*Oui, mon cher M. Pierre, je vous dois une fière chandelle de m'avoir sauvé — de cet enragé. — J'en ai assez, voyez-vous, de balles dans le corps. En voilà une à Wagram et deux à Smolensk. — Et cette jambe, comme vous voyez, qui ne veut pas marcher. C'est à la grande bataille du 7 à la Moscowa que j'ai reçu ça. Sacré Dieu, c'était beau! Il fallait voir ça; c'était un deluge de feu. Vous nous avez taillé une rude besogne; vous pouvez vous en vanter, nom d'un petit bonhomme! Et, ma parole, malgré la toux, que j'ai gagné, je serais prêt à recommencer. Je plains ceux qui n'ont pas vu ça.*" — "*J'y ai été.*" — "*Bah, vraiment! eh bien, tant mieux. Vous êtes de fiers ennemis, tout de même. La grande redoute a été ténace, nom d'un pipe! Et vous nous a' fait crânement payer. J'y suis allé trois fois, tel que vous me voyez. Trois fois nous étions sur les canons et trois fois on nous a culbutié et comme des capucins de cartes. Oh! c'était superbe, M. Pierre! Vos grenadiers ont été superbes, tonnerre de Dieu! Je les ai vu six fois de suite serrer les rangs et marcher comme à une revue. Les beaux hommes! Notre roi de Naples, qui s'y connait, a crié: 'Bravo!' Ah! ah! soldats comme nous autres! Tant mieux, tant mieux, M. Pierre! Terribles en batailles — galants avec les belles, voilà les Français, M. Pierre, n'est ce pas?*"

"Would n't the French ladies leave Paris if the Russians marched in?" retorted Pierre.

"Ha! ha! ha!" The Frenchman burst into a gay, hearty laugh, and slapped Pierre on the shoulder. "Ah! that is a good one," he went on to remark. "*Paris?.... Mais Paris, Paris*"....

"*Paris la capitale du monde!*" said Pierre, finishing his sentence.

The captain looked at Pierre. It was a habit of his in the middle of a sentence to hesitate and give one a steady look from his laughing, friendly eyes.

"There, now, if you had not said that you were Russian, I would have wagered you were Parisian. You have something about you".... and, having said this compliment, he again paused and looked.

"I have been at Paris. I spent some years there," said Pierre.

"Ah! that is very evident. Paris! A man who does n't know Paris is a barbarian. You can tell a Parisian by the smell two leagues off! *Ça se sent à deux lieux.* Paris is Talma, la Duchesnois, Potier, la Sorbonne, *les boulevards!*" and, perceiving that his conclusion was somewhat inconsequential, he made haste to add: "There is only one Paris in the world. You have been in Paris, and you remain Russian! Well, I do not esteem you the less for it."

Under the influence of the wine which he had drunk, and after the days spent in solitude with his somber thoughts, Pierre could not help experiencing a certain satisfaction in talking with this jolly and good-tempered gentleman.

"To return to your ladies: they are said to be pretty. What a crazy notion to go and bury themselves in the steppes, when the French army is at Moscow! What a chance they have missed! Your muzhiks! that 's another thing! but you are civilized beings, and ought to know us better than that. We have captured Vienna, Berlin, Madrid, Naples, Rome, Warsaw — all the capitals of the world. We are feared, but we are loved. There's no harm in knowing men like us. And then

the emperor...." he began, but Pierre interrupted him.

"*L'empereur,*" repeated Pierre, and his face suddenly assumed a gloomy expression of confusion — "*Est ce que l'empereur?*" ....

"The emperor! He is generosity, clemency, justice, order, and genius itself! That's what the emperor is! I, Ramball, tell you so. I, the very person before you, was his enemy eight years ago! My father was a count and an *émigré*.... But this man was too much for me. He conquered me. I could not resist the spectacle of the glory and grandeur with which he was loading France. When I understood what he wanted, when I saw that he was making a perfect bed of laurels for us, do you know, I said to myself: 'There's a sovereign for you,' and I gave myself to him. And that's the whole story. Oh, yes, my dear sir, he is the greatest man of the ages past or to come."

"Is he at Moscow?" asked Pierre, stammering, and with a guilty countenance.

The Frenchman looked at Pierre's guilty face, and smiled. "No, he will make his entrance to-morrow,"[1] said he, and went on with his stories.

Their conversation was interrupted by a noise of many voices at the gate, and by Morel coming in to explain to the captain that some Würtemberg hussars had made their appearance and wanted to stable their

[1] "*Pour en revenir à vos dames, on les dit bien belles. Quelle fichue idée d'aller s'enterrer dans les steppes, quand l'armée française est à Moscou! Quelle chance elles ont manqué, celles-là! Vos moujiks, c'est autre chose; mais vous autres gens civilisés, vous devriez nous connaître mieux que ça. Nous avons pris Vienne, Berlin, Madrid, Naples, Rome, Varsovie — toutes les capitales du monde. — On nous craint, mais on nous aime. Nous sommes bons à connaître. — Et puis l'empereur. — L'empereur! C'est la générosité, la clémence, la justice, l'ordre, le génie: voilà l'empereur! C'est moi, Ramball, qui vous le dit. Tel que vous me voyez, j'étais son ennemi, il y a encore huit ans. Mon père a été comte émigré. — Mais il m'a vaincu, cet homme. Il m'a empoigné. Je n'ai pas pu resister au spectacle de grandeur et de gloire dont il couvrait la France. Quand j'ai compris ce qu'il voulait, quand j'ai vu qu'il nous faisait une litière de lauriers, voyez-vous, je me suis dit: Voilà un souverain. Et je me suis donné à lui. Oh, oui, mon cher, c'est le plus grand homme dez siècles passées et à venir.*" — "*Est-il à Moscou?*" — "*Non, il fera son entre demain.*"

horses in the same dvor, which was preëmpted by the captain's horses.

The difficulty arose principally from the fact that the hussars did not understand what was said to them.

The captain commanded the old non-commissioned officer to be brought into his presence, and, in a stern voice, he began to question him: To what regiment did he belong? Who was his chief? and, By what authority he permitted himself to take possession of quarters that were preëmpted?

In reply to the first two questions the German, whose knowledge of French was but slender, named his regiment and his superior; but in reply to the last, which he did n't understand, he began to explain, in German interlarded with a few words of broken French, that he was the billeter of his regiment, and that he had been ordered by his colonel to take possession of all the houses in the row.

Pierre, who knew German, interpreted for the captain what the Würtemberger said, and he repeated the captain's answer in German to the hussar. When at last he understood what was meant, the German yielded, and withdrew his men. The captain went to the steps and gave some orders in a loud voice.

When he returned to the room, Pierre was still sitting in the same place as before, with his hands clasped on top of his head. His face expressed suffering. He was actually suffering at that moment. When the captain went out and Pierre was left alone, he suddenly came to his senses, and realized the position in which he found himself. Cruelly as he felt the fact that Moscow was captured and that these fortunate victors were making themselves at home in the city, and patronizing him, still it was not this which chiefly tormented Pierre at the moment. He was tortured by the consciousness of his own weakness. The few glasses of wine he had drunk, the conversation with this good-natured man, had destroyed that darkly determined mood in which Pierre had been living for a day or two, and which was indispensable for the fulfilment of his purpose.

Pistol and dagger and kaftan were ready. Napoleon would make his *entrée* on the morrow. Pierre felt that it was right and profitable to kill the "evil-doer," but he felt that now he should not accomplish his purpose.

Why?

He knew not, but he had the presentiment that he should not carry out his intention. He struggled against this consciousness of his weakness, but vaguely felt that he should not get the mastery of it, that his former dark thoughts about vengeance, assassination, and self-sacrifice had scattered like dust at the first contact with his fellow-men.

The captain, slightly limping and whistling some tune, came back into the room.

The Frenchman's chatter, which had before amused Pierre, now annoyed him. And the tune that he was whistling, and his gait, and his habit of twirling his mustache, — all now seemed offensive to Pierre.

"I will go instantly, I will have nothing more to say to him," thought Pierre. He thought this, but still he kept his seat in the same place. A strange feeling of weakness rooted him to his place; he felt the desire, but he was unable to get up and go.

The captain, on the contrary, seemed very merry. He paced two or three times up and down the room. His eyes flashed, and his mustaches slightly worked, as if he were smiling all by himself at some merry conceit of his. "*Charmant!*" he suddenly exclaimed, "*le colonel de ces Wurtembourgeois! c'est un allemand: mais brave garçon, s'il en fut. Mais allemand!* — He 's a German, but he 's a good fellow, all the same."

He sat down opposite Pierre. "*À propos, vous savez donc l'allemand, vous?* — So you know German, do you?"

Pierre looked at him and made no reply.

"*Comment dites-vous asile en allemand?*"

"*Asile,*" repeated Pierre, "asylum in German? — *Unterkunft!*"

"*Comment dites-vous?*" again asked the captain, quickly, with a shade of distrust in his voice.

"*Unterkunft!*" repeated Pierre.

"*Onterkoff*," said the captain, and looked at Pierre for several seconds with mischievous eyes. "*Les allemands sont de fières bêtes, n'est ce pas!* — Germans are beastly conceited, are n't they! — *M. Pierre?*" he added by way of conclusion. "*Eh bien, encore une bouteille de ce Bordeau Moscovite, n'est ce pas? Morel! va nous chauffer encore une petite bouteille, Morel!* — Warm up another bottle for us!" gayly cried the captain.

Morel brought candles and another bottle of wine. The captain looked at Pierre by the light of the candles, and was evidently struck by his new friend's distracted face. With genuine concern and sympathy expressed in his eyes, he went over to Pierre and bent down over him.

"*Eh bien, nous sommes tristes*," said he, touching Pierre's arm. "Have I hurt your feelings? No, truly, have n't you something against me?" he insisted. "Perhaps it 's due to the state of things."

Pierre made no answer, but looked affectionately into the Frenchman's eyes. This expression of sympathy was grateful to him.

"On my word of honor, without reference to my gratitude to you, I feel a genuine friendship for you. Can I do anything for you? I am entirely at your service. It is for life or for death! I tell you this with my hand on my heart!" said he, slapping himself on the chest.

"No, thank you," said Pierre.

The captain kept his eyes on him, just as he looked at him when he was learning what the German for "refuge" was, and his face suddenly beamed.

"Ah! in that case, I drink to our friendship," he gayly cried, pouring out two glasses of wine.

Pierre took his, and drained it. Ramball drank his, again pressed Pierre's hand, and then leaned his elbows on the table in thoughtful, melancholy pose: "Yes, my dear friend, see the caprices of fortune!" he began. "Who would ever have said that I was going to be a soldier and captain of dragoons in the service of Bona-

parte, as we called him a little while ago! And yet, here I am in Moscow with him. I must tell you, my dear fellow," he continued, in the solemn and measured voice of a man who is getting ready to spin a long yarn: "I must tell you our name is one of the most ancient in France...."

And, with the easy-going and simple frankness of a Frenchman, the captain told Pierre the story of his ancestors, his childhood, youth, and manhood, giving all the particulars of his ancestry, his estates, and his relationships. "*Ma pauvre mère*," of course, played an important *rôle* in this story.

"But all that is only the stage setting of life; the real thing is love. Love! is n't that so, Mr. Pierre?" said he, growing more animated. "Have another glass."[1]

Pierre drank it up, and poured out for himself still a third glass.

"*Oh, les femmes, les femmes!*" and the captain, with oily eyes, gazing at Pierre, began to talk about love and about his gallant adventures. He had enjoyed a very great number of them, as it was easy to believe from a glance in the officer's handsome, self-satisfied face, and the enthusiastic eagerness with which he talked about women.

Although all of Ramball's adventures had that characteristic of vileness in which the French find the exclusive charm and poetry of love, still the captain told his stories with such honest conviction that he was the only one who had ever experienced and understood

[1] "*Vous ai-je fait de la peine? Non, vrai, avez-vous quelque chose contre moi? Peut-être rapport à la situation? Parole d'honneur, sans parler de ce que je vous dois, j'ai de l'amitié pour vous. Puis-je faire quelque chose pour vous? Disposez de moi! C'est à la vie et à la mort. C'est la main sur le cœur que je vous le dis.*" — "*Merci!*" — "*Ah! dans ces cas je bois à notre amitié. Oui, mon cher ami, voilà les caprices de la fortune! Qui m'aurait dit que je serai soldat et capitaine de dragons au service de Bonaparte comme nous l'appellions jadis. Et cependant me voilà à Moscou avec lui. Il faut vous dire, mon cher, que notre nom est l'un des plus anciens de la France. — Mais tout ça ce n'est que la mise-en-scène de la vie; le fond c'est l'amour. L'amour! N'est ce pas, M. Pierre? — Encore un verre!*"

all the delights of love, and he gave such alluring descriptions of women that Pierre listened to him with curiosity.

It was evident that *l'amour* which the Frenchman so loved was not that low and simple sensual passion which Pierre had once experienced for his wife, nor yet that romantic flame which was kindled in his heart by Natasha, — both of which kinds of love Ramball held in equal contempt, — one being, according to him, *l'amour des charretiers*, carter's love; the other, *l'amour des nigauds*, booby's love: *l'amour* which the Frenchman worshiped consisted preëminently in unnatural relations toward women, and in combinations of incongruities which gave the chief charm to the passion.

Thus the captain related a touching story of his love for a bewitching marquise of thirty-five, and, at the same time, for a charming innocent maiden of seventeen, the daughter of the bewitching marquise. The struggle of magnanimity between mother and daughter, ending with the mother sacrificing herself and proposing that the daughter should become her lover's wife, even now, though it was a recollection brought up from a long-buried past, moved the captain.

Then he related an episode in which the husband played the lover's part, while he — the lover — played the part of husband, and then several comical episodes from his *souvenirs d'Allemagne*, where "*asile*" was *Unterkunft*, where *les maris mangent de la choux croute* — where husbands eat sauer-kraut, and where *les jeunes filles sont trop blondes!*

Finally, his latest episode in Poland, which was still fresh in the captain's recollections, for he told it with eager gestures and a flushed face, consisted in his having saved a Polyak's life (as a general thing, in the captain's narrations, the episode of life-saving was an important feature), and this Polyak had intrusted to him his most fascinating, bewitching wife — "*Parisienne de cœur*" — while he himself entered the French service. The captain was fortunate, the bewitching Pole wanted to run away with him, but, moved by generosity, he had

restored the wife to the husband, saying: "*Je vous ai sauvé la vie et je sauve votre honneur!*" In pronouncing these words, the captain rubbed his eyes, and gave himself a little shake, as if to drive away his weakness at such a touching recollection.

While listening to the captain's yarns, Pierre, as was apt to be the case, late in the evening, and under the influence of the wine, took in all that the captain had to say, comprehended it all, and, at the same time, connected it with a whole series of personal recollections, which somehow suddenly began to rise up in his mind. As he listened to these stories of love, his own love for Natasha occurred to him, with unexpected suddenness, and as he unrolled, in his imagination, the pictures of this love, he mentally compared them with Ramball's.

Thus, when he followed that story of the struggle between love and duty, he saw, with wonderful vividness, in all its details, his last meeting with the object of his love, near the Sukharef tower.

At that time the meeting had not made any special impression upon him; he had not once since thought of it. But now it seemed to him that this casual meeting had something very significant and poetic.

"Piotr Kiriluitch! Come here! I recognized you!"

He now heard her saying those words; he had before him a vision of her eyes, her smile, her traveling-hood, a lock of hair escaping from it, — and something very touching and tender connected itself with the whole scene.

Having finished his tale about the bewitching *Polka*, the captain asked Pierre if he had ever experienced anything like self-sacrifice for love, or jealousy of a woman's husband.

Aroused by this question, Pierre raised his head, and felt it incumbent upon him to pour out the thoughts that filled his mind. He began to explain in what a different manner he understood love for a woman. He declared that in all his life he had loved and should love only one woman, and that this woman could never be his.

"*Tiens!*" exclaimed the captain.

Pierre explained that he loved this woman when he was very young; but he did not then dare to aspire to her, because she was too young, while he was an illegitimate son without name. Afterward, when he had received a name and fortune, he could not think of her, because he loved her too much, regarded her too far above all the world, and accordingly too far above himself.

When he reached this part of his confession, Pierre turned to the captain, and asked him if he understood him.

The captain made a gesture, as much as to say that if he did not understand him, still he would beg him to proceed: "*L'amour platonique, nuages,*" he muttered.

Either from the wine which he had drunk, or from the need that he felt of pouring out all his heart, or from the thought that this man would never know any of the personages of his story, or from everything combined, Pierre's tongue became unloosened. And with thick utterance, and bleary eyes looking into space, he related his whole story; about his marriage and the history of Natasha's love for his best friend, and the change that had taken place in her, and all his simple relations to her. And, under a little pressure from Ramball, he disclosed what at first he had concealed, his position in society, and even told him his name.

What amazed the captain more than anything else was the fact that Pierre was very rich, that he had two palaces in Moscow, and that he had given up everything, and, instead of fleeing from Moscow, had remained in the city, concealing his name and rank.

It was already very late that night when they went out into the street. It was mild and bright. At the left of the house already gleamed the ruddy glare of the first fire, that on the Petrovka, which was the beginning of the conflagration of Moscow.

At the right, high up in the sky, stood the young, slender sickle of the moon, and over against the moon could be seen that brilliant comet which was connected in Pierre's mind with his love.

At the gates stood Gerasim, the cook, and two Frenchmen, laughing and talking, each in a language incomprehensible to the other.

They were gazing at the ruddy glow which could be seen across the city.

There was nothing terrible in a small fire at a distance in the vast city.

As he looked up at the high, starry heavens, at the moon, at the comet, and at the glare of the conflagration, Pierre experienced an agreeable emotion.

"Now, how beautiful this is! What more is needed?" he asked himself.

And suddenly, when he remembered his resolve, his head grew giddy, he felt so badly that he had to cling to the fence not to fall.

Without saying good-night to his new friend, Pierre, with tottering steps, left the gates, and, returning to his room, lay down on his divan, and instantly fell asleep.

CHAPTER XXX

The glare of the first fire that broke out, on the fourteenth of September, was witnessed from various roads and with various feelings by the escaping and departing citizens and the retreating troops.

The Rostofs were spending that night at Muitishchi, about twenty versts from Moscow. They had started so late on the thirteenth, the road was so encumbered with trains and troops, so many things had been forgotten, for which men had to be sent back, that they had determined to spend the night at a place five versts from Moscow.

On the next morning they awoke late, and again there were so many delays that they got no farther than Bolshiya Muitishchi. At ten o'clock the Rostof family and the wounded men whom they had brought with them were all quartered among the dvors and cottages of the great village. The servants, the Rostofs' drivers, and the denshchiks of the wounded men, having arranged

for their comfort, had eaten their suppers, fed their horses, and were come out on the steps.

In a neighboring cottage lay a wounded aide to Rayevsky, with a broken wrist; and the terrible anguish which he felt made him groan piteously all the time, and these groans sounded terribly in the darkness of the autumn night. The first night this aide had been quartered at the same place with the Rostofs. The countess declared that she could not close her eyes on account of his groaning, and at Muitishchi she had taken a worse room so as to be farther away from this wounded man.

The night was dark, and one of the servants had noticed, from behind the high body of a carriage standing near the gate, a small glare of a second conflagration. One had already been noticed some time before, and all knew that that had been the village of Maluiya Muitishchi, set on fire by Mamonof's Cossacks.

"Look at that, boys! another fire!" said the denshchik. The attention of all was attracted to the glare.

"Oh, yes, they say Maluiya Muitishchi has been set on fire by Mamonof's Cossacks."

"They? No! that 's not Muitishchi; it 's farther off. See there! That must be Moscow!"

Two of the men came down from the porch, went behind the carriage, and climbed up on the rack.

"It 's too far to the left for Muitischi — 'way round on the other side."

Several men came and joined the others.

"See how it flares up!" said one. "Yes, gentlemen, that fire 's in Moscow — either in the Sushchevskaya or in the Rogozhskaya."

No reply was made to this conjecture. And for some time all these men looked in silence at the distant flames of this new conflagration, which seemed to be spreading.

An old man, the count's valet (*Kammerdiener*, as they called him), Danilo Terentyitch, came out to the crowd and shouted to Mishka: —

"What are you staring at, you blockhead? — The count is calling, and no one there; go put his clothes away."

"I only came out after some water," said Mishka.

"Now, what do you think, Danilo Terentyitch — is your idea that fire's in Moscow?" asked one of the lackeys.

Danilo Terentyitch made no reply, and again they all stood for a long time silent.

The glare spread and wavered over a wider and wider stretch of the horizon.

"God have mercy! The wind and the drought!" said a voice at last.

"Just look! how far it has gone! O Lord! I think I can see the jackdaws! Lord, have mercy on us sinners!"

"They 'll put it out, never fear!"

"Who 's to put it out?" Danilo Terentyitch's voice was heard asking. He had not spoken till then. His tone was calm and deliberate. "Yes, that is Moscow, boys," said he. "Our white-walled matush...."

His voice broke, and he sobbed like an old man.

And as if all were waiting for this, before they could realize the meaning which this glare that they saw had for them, sighs were heard, ejaculations from prayers, and the old kammerdiener's sobs.

CHAPTER XXXI

The kammerdiener returned to the house, and informed the count that Moscow was burning.

The count put on his dressing-gown and went out to look. With him went Sonya and Madame Schoss, who had not yet undressed. Natasha and the countess were alone in their room. Petya was now parted from his family; he had gone on ahead with his regiment, which had its rendezvous at Troïtsa.

The countess wept when she heard that Moscow was on fire. Natasha, pale, with fixed eyes, was sitting on a bench under the holy pictures — in the same place where she had taken her seat when they first came in — and paid not the slightest attention to her father's

report. She listened to the aide's incessant groaning, which could be heard three houses off.

"Akh! how horrible!" exclaimed Sonya, coming in from out of doors, chilled and scared. "I think all Moscow is on fire; it 's a terrible blaze! Natasha, come here and look. You can see it now from this window!" she exclaimed, evidently wishing to rouse her cousin from her thoughts.

But Natasha looked at her as if not comprehending what she wanted, and again she turned her eyes toward the stove.

Natasha had been in that state of petrifaction since early that morning, from the moment when Sonya, to the amazement and annoyance of the countess, without any reason for doing so, had felt obliged to tell Natasha that Prince Andreï was wounded, and was with them in their train. The countess was more angry with Sonya than she had ever been before. Sonya had wept and begged for forgiveness, and now, as if she were striving to atone for her error, she was assiduous in waiting on her cousin.

"Look, Natasha! what a terrible fire it is!" said Sonya.

"What fire?" asked Natasha. "Oh, you mean Moscow?"

And, evidently wishing not to offend Sonya by refusing, but to get rid of her, she turned her head to the window, and glanced out in such a way that she evidently could see nothing, and immediately resumed her former position.

"But you did n't see, did you?"

"Yes, truly, I did!" exclaimed Natasha, in a tone that implied her desire to be left in peace.

Both the countess and Sonya understood that for Natasha, Moscow, or the burning of Moscow, or anything else, in fact, had no significance.

The count had again withdrawn behind the partition and gone to bed. The countess went up to Natasha, smoothed her head with the back of her hand, as she used to do when her daughter was ill, then she touched her

forehead with her lips, to see whether she were feverish, and kissed her.

"Are you chilly? You are all of a tremble! You had better go to bed!" said she.

"Go to bed? Oh, yes, very good! I will go to bed. I will in a moment," said Natasha.

Since Natasha had been told that morning that Prince Andreï was severely wounded and was traveling with them, she had only at first asked, Where?.... how?.... is he dangerously wounded? and could she see him?

But when she was told that it was impossible for her to see him, that he was severely wounded, but that his life was not in danger, she, evidently putting no faith in what they told her, and convinced that no matter what questions she asked she would receive the same answer, had ceased to ask questions or even to speak. All the way, Natasha had sat motionless in her corner of the carriage, with wide, staring eyes, with that expression which the countess knew so well, and dreaded; and now she sat in the same way on the bench. She was planning some scheme, she was coming to some decision, or else had already made up her mind, — this the countess knew; but what it was she knew not, and this alarmed and tormented her.

"Natasha, undress! Come, darling, get into bed with me." (The countess was the only one who had a regular bed; Madame Schoss and the two young ladies slept on the floor, on straw.)

"No, mamma, I will lie here on the floor!" said Natasha, testily, and, going to the window, she threw it open. The aide's groaning was heard more distinctly through the open window. She thrust her head out into the damp night air, and the countess saw how her slender neck was swollen with her repressed sobs and throbbed against the window-frame. Natasha was aware that Prince Andreï was not groaning. She knew that Prince Andreï was in the same row of cottages where they were, in the next izba, with only a wall between; but this terrible incessant groaning made her sob. The countess exchanged glances with Sonya.

"Go to bed, darling, go to bed, sweetheart!" said the countess, giving Natasha a gentle touch on the shoulder. "Go to bed now."

"Oh, yes, ... yes, I will go to bed at once .... at once," said Natasha, hastily beginning to undress, and breaking the strings of her petticoats. After taking off her dress and putting on her dressing-jacket, she curled up her feet and sat down on the bed that had been prepared on the floor, and, pulling her short, thin braid down over her shoulder, she began to braid it over again.

Her long, slender fingers swiftly, deftly unbraided it, then braided it up again and tied it with a ribbon. Natasha's head turned as usual first to the window and then in the other direction, but her eyes, feverishly opened, gazed fixedly straight ahead.

When her preparation for the night was accomplished, she quietly dropped down on the sheet spread over the hay, on the side next the door.

"Natasha, you take the middle!" said Sonya.

"No, I 'll stay here," replied Natasha. "Do lie down," she added, in a tone of annoyance. And she buried her face in the pillow.

The countess, Madame Schoss, and Sonya hastily undressed and went to bed. The night lamp alone was left burning in the room. But out of doors it was light as day from the fire at Maluiya Muitishchi, two versts distant; and from across the street at the tavern which Mamonof's Cossacks were rifling came the drunken shouts of men, and the aide's groans were incessant.

Natasha listened for a long time to all these sounds without and within, and did not stir. At first she heard her mother's muttered prayer, and sighs, the creaking of the bed as she moved, Madame Schoss's well-known piping snore, Sonya's gentle breathing. Then the countess spoke to Natasha. Natasha made no reply.

"I think she 's asleep, mamma," softly replied Sonya.

The countess, after a little interval of silence, spoke again, but this time no one answered her.

Soon after, Natasha heard her mother's measured breathing.

Natasha did not move, though her little bare foot, peeping out from under the bed-covering, was chilled by the uncarpeted floor.

A cricket, as if proud of watching over all, chirped in a crevice. A cock crowed at a distance, and was answered by another nearer. The shouts had ceased in the tavern; the only other sound was the aide's incessant groaning. Natasha sat up in bed.

"Sonya, are you asleep?.... Mamma?" she whispered.

No one answered.

Natasha slowly and cautiously arose, crossed herself, cautiously set her light, slender, bare foot on the cold, dirty floor. The boards creaked. She ran nimbly as a kitten for a few steps, and took hold of the cold latch of the door.

It seemed to her as if something heavy were knocking with regular strokes on all the walls of the izba. It was her heart beating and almost bursting with terror and love.

She opened the door, crossed the threshold, and set foot on the damp, cold earth of the passageway. The all-enveloping coolness refreshed her. She touched a sleeping man with her bare foot, stepped over him, and opened the door into the izba where Prince Andreï was lying. It was dark in this room. On a bench in the corner, just back of the bed, whereon something lay, stood a tallow candle, which in burning had taken the form of a great mushroom.

Natasha, ever since that morning, when she learned about Prince Andreï's wound and that he was with them, had made up her mind that she must see him. She knew not why this was necessary, but she knew that the interview would be painful, and therefore she was all the more certain that it was inevitable.

All that day she had lived in the sole hope of being able to see him that night. But now, when the moment had actually come, she was filled with horror at the thought of what she was going to see. How was he mutilated? How much of him was left? *Was*

he like the aide's incessant groans? Yes, he must be. In her imagination he was the very embodiment of these horrible groans.

When she caught sight of an ill-defined mass in the corner, and took his knees thrust up under the bed-clothes for his shoulders, she imagined some horrible body, and in her terror she paused. But an unexpected force compelled her forward. She cautiously took one step, then another, and found herself in the middle of the small room filled with luggage. On the bench in the corner under the holy pictures lay another man, — this was Timokhin, — and on the floor lay two other men, — these were the doctor and the valet.

The valet sat up and whispered something. Timokhin, suffering from pain in his wounded leg, was not asleep, and stared with all his eyes at this strange apparition of a young girl in her white nightgown, dressing-sack, and nightcap.

The sleepy and startled words of the valet, "What do you want? Who is it?" merely caused Natasha to step the more quickly to what was lying in the corner. However terribly unlike the form of man that body was, she still must see it. She passed by the valet; the candle flared up, and she clearly saw Prince Andreï with his arms stretched out over the spread, and looking just as she had always known him.

He was the same as ever. But the flushed face, his gleaming eyes gazing at her with ecstasy, and especially his delicate, boyish throat, relieved by the opened shirt-collar, gave him a peculiarly innocent, babyish appearance such as she had never seen in him.

She went to him, and threw herself on her knees with the swift, pliant grace of youth.

He smiled, and extended to her his hand.

CHAPTER XXXII

A WEEK had passed since Prince Andreï had come to himself in the field lazaret of Borodino. Almost all of this time he had been in a state of unconsciousness. His feverish condition, and the inflammation of his intestines, which had suffered a lesion, were, in the opinion of the surgeon who attended him, destined to carry him off. But on the seventh day he ate a morsel of bread and drank some tea with appetite, and the doctor remarked that his fever had diminished.

Prince Andreï had regained his consciousness in the morning. The first night after they left Moscow had been pretty warm, and Prince Andreï had not been moved from his calash; but at Muitishchi he himself had asked to be taken into a house and given some tea. The anguish caused by moving him into the izba caused Prince Andreï to groan aloud, and to lose consciousness again. When they had placed him on the camp-bed, he lay for a long time motionless, with closed eyes. Then he had opened them, and asked in a whisper: —

"May I have tea?"

Such a memory for the small details of life had amazed the surgeon. He felt of his pulse, and, to his surprise and regret, discovered that his pulse was better. The doctor remarked it with regret, because from his experience he was certain that Prince Andreï could not live, and that if he were to live on he would only have to die a little later in terrible agony.

The red-nosed major of his regiment, Timokhin, had been also brought to Moscow with him, wounded in the leg in the same battle of Borodino. They were accompanied by the surgeon, the prince's valet, his coachman, and two denshchiks.

They had handed Prince Andreï his tea. He drank it eagerly, looking with feverish eyes straight ahead at the door, apparently trying to understand and remember something.

"I don't want any more. Is Timokhin there?" he asked. Timokhin crept along on the bench toward him.

"I am here, your illustriousness."

"How is the wound?"

"Mine? It's all right. But you?"

Prince Andreï again lay thinking, as if trying to remember something.

"Can't you get me the book?" he asked.

"What book?"

"The New Testament."

"The New Testament? I haven't one."

The doctor had promised to get one for him, and began to inquire of the prince how he felt. Prince Andreï answered reluctantly but intelligibly to all the doctor's questions, and then said that he would like a bolster, for he felt uncomfortable, and his wound was very painful. The doctor and valet took off the cloak which covered him, and, scowling at the putrid odor of the gangrene spreading through the wound, began to examine the terrible place.

The surgeon had found the state of things very unsatisfactory, made some different disposition of the bandages, and turned the wounded man over, so that it made him groan again; and the agony caused in turning him back again had caused him to lose consciousness; he had begun to be delirious. He kept insisting that they should fetch for him as quickly as possible the book that he had wanted, and place it in such and such a place.

"What would it cost you?" he asked. "I haven't one — please get me one! — let me have it for a little minute!" he had pleaded, in a pitiful voice.

The doctor went into the entry to wash his hands.

"Akh! it's terrible, truly!" he had said to the valet, who was pouring water for him over his hands. "Only look at him for a moment. Why, it's such agony that I am amazed that he endures it."

"Well, we have to take what is sent us! O Lord Jesus Christ!" ejaculated the valet.

Prince Andreï, for the first time, had realized where

he was and what was the matter with him, and remembered that he had been wounded, and how, when the carriage stopped at Muitishchi, he had asked to be taken into the izba. His mind grew confused again from the pain, but he had come to himself, for a second time, in the izba, as he was drinking the tea; and then once more, as he went over all his experience, he more vividly than anything else recalled that moment at the field lazaret when, at sight of the sufferings of the man whom he so hated, new thoughts, that gave promise of happiness, came to him.

And these thoughts, though obscure and vague, had now again taken possession of his mind. He remembered that a new happiness had come to him, and that this happiness was somehow connected with the Gospel. Therefore he had asked for the New Testament.

But the new position in which his wound had been placed, and the turning him over, had again confused his thoughts; and when, for the third time, he awoke to a consciousness of life, it was in the absolute silence of night.

All were asleep around him. A cricket was chirping in another room; some one was shouting and singing in the street; cockroaches were rustling over the table, the holy pictures, and the walls; a fat fly came blundering against his pillow, and buzzed around the tallow candle with the mushroom arrangement that stood near him.

His mind was not in its normal condition. The healthy man ordinarily thinks, feels, and remembers a countless collection of objects at one and the same time; but he has the power and strength to choose one series of thoughts or phenomena, and to give to this series all his attention.

The man in health, no matter how deep may be his thoughts, can put them aside at a moment's notice in order to speak a courteous word to any one coming in, and then immediately resume them again.

Prince Andreï's mind was not in a normal condition in this respect. All its forces were more keen and ac-

tive than ever, but their activity was entirely outside of his will. They were simultaneously under the control of the most heterogeneous thoughts and visions.

Sometimes his mind began suddenly to work, and with an energy, clearness, and subtlety such as it had never shown when he was in health. And then just as suddenly, in the midst of this fabrication of his brain, some unexpected vision would interpose and interrupt, and he would not have the strength to return to it.

"Yes, a new happiness not to be taken from man was revealed to me," he said to himself, as he lay in the semi-obscurity of the quiet izba, and looked up with feverishly wide-open and fixed eyes. "A happiness to be found outside of material forces, outside of exterior, material influences, the happiness of the spirit alone, of love. Every man can understand it, but God alone can adjudge it and prescribe it. But how does God prescribe this law? Why did the Son?"....

And suddenly the course of his thoughts was broken off, and Prince Andreï heard, but he could not tell whether he really heard it or whether it was his delirium, — he heard a low lisping voice constantly rehearsing in measured rhythm: "*i piti — piti — piti*" — and then again "*i ti-ti*," and then "*i piti — piti — piti*," and then once more "*i ti-ti*."

At the same time, while this whispered music was ringing, Prince Andreï felt that over his face, over the very center of it,was rising a strange sort of airy edifice of delicate little needles or shavings. He felt — but this was trying to him — that it was necessary for him to keep in perfect equilibrium, so that the growing edifice might not crumble; but nevertheless it fell down, and then slowly rose again to the sounds of this whispered, rhythmic music.

"It is growing, it is growing! it is stretching up and growing!" said Prince Andreï to himself.

At the same time that he heard the whispered music, and with the perception of that upstretching and rising edifice of needles, Prince Andreï could see by fits and

starts the ruddy circle of the candle-light, and could hear the rustling of the cockroaches and the buzzing of the fly which blundered against his pillow and his face. And whenever the fly struck his face it produced a burning sensation; but at the same time he was amazed because when it touched the domain occupied by that structure of needles it did not affect it.

Then, moreover, there was something else singular. This was something white by the door; it was a statue of the sphinx, which also crushed him.

"But maybe that is my shirt on the table," thought Prince Andreï, "but these are my legs, and that is the door, but why does that structure rise up and stretch out so, and that *piti — piti — piti i ti-ti i piti — piti — piti?* — That is enough .... please stop," begged Prince Andreï, as if addressing some one. And suddenly again his thoughts and feeling became extraordinarily clear and distinct.

"Yes, love," he thought, with perfect distinctness, "but not that love which loves for a purpose, for a personal end, but that love which I for the first time experienced when, dying, I saw my enemy, and could still love him. I experienced the feeling of love which is the very substance of the soul, and which needs no object. And even now I experience that blessed feeling. To love one's neighbors, to love one's enemies. Always to love — to love God in all his manifestations. To love one's friends is human love; but to love one's enemies is divine. And this is what made me experience such bliss when I felt that I loved that man! What has become of him? Is he living, or ....

"Love in its human form may pass over into hate; but divine love cannot change. Nothing, not even death, can destroy it. It is the very substance of the soul. But how many people have I hated in my life! And none have I ever loved more warmly or hated more bitterly than her!"

And he vividly pictured Natasha, not as she had formerly seemed to his imagination, through her charming personality alone; but, for the first time, in her spiri-

tual nature. And he understood her feelings, her suffering, her shame, and her repentance.

He now for the first time realized all the cruelty of his renunciation, saw the cruelty of his break with her.

"If I might only see her once again .... once again look into her eyes, and tell her ...."

"*I piti — piti — piti — i ti-ti i piti — piti — bumm !*" went the fly. ....

And his attention was suddenly diverted to that other world of delirious activity in which such strange things took place. In this world, just the same as before, that edifice arose and crumbled not, the candle burned with its red halo, the same shirt-sphinx[1] lay by the door; but, in addition to all this, there was a squeaking sound, there was the odor of a cooling breeze, and a new white sphinx appeared, standing in front of the door. And this sphinx had a pallid face, and the sparkling eyes of that same Natasha of whom he had but just been thinking.

"Oh! how trying this incessant hallucination is!" said Prince Andreï to himself, striving to banish this vision from his imagination. But the face still stood in front of him in all the vividness of reality; nay, this face approached him.

Prince Andreï was anxious to return to the former world of pure thought, but he could not, and the delirium compelled him into its thraldom. The low whispering voice continued its rhythmic lisping, something like a weight oppressed him, and the strange vision stood in front of him.

Prince Andreï summoned all his energies so as to become master of himself; he moved, and suddenly in his ears there was a humming, his eyes grew clouded, and, like a man plunged in water, he lost consciousness.

When he came to his senses, Natasha, the veritable living Natasha, whom of all people in the world he had been most anxious to love with that new, pure, divine love just revealed to him, was before him, on her knees!

[1] *Rubashka-sfinks.*

He realized that this was the living, actual Natasha; and he felt no surprise, but only a gentle sense of gladness.

Natasha, on her knees before him, held back her sobs and gazed at him timidly but intently; she could not stir. Her face was pale and motionless; only the lips quivered slightly.

Prince Andreï drew a sigh of relief, smiled, and stretched out his hand.

"You?" he asked. "What happiness!"

Natasha, still on her knees, with swift but cautious movement bent over to him, and, cautiously taking his hand, bent her face down to it and began to kiss it, scarcely touching it with her lips.

"Forgive me!" she murmured, lifting her head and gazing at him. "Forgive me!"

"I love you!" said Prince Andreï.

"Forgive...."

"What have I to forgive?" asked Prince Andreï.

"For.... give me for.... what I.... did!" continued Natasha, almost inaudibly, in a broken whisper, and she began to kiss his hand faster than before, scarcely touching it with her lips.

"I love thee better, more dearly than before," said Prince Andreï, lifting her face with his hand so that he might look into her eyes.

Those eyes, overflowing with blissful tears, looked at him timidly, compassionately, and with the ecstasy of love. Natasha's face was thin and pale, the lips swollen; it had no trace of beauty; it was frightful. But Prince Andreï did not notice that; he saw her sparkling eyes, and they were beautiful.

Voices were heard behind them. Piotr, the prince's valet, now thoroughly awake, aroused the doctor. Timokhin, who had not been asleep at all on account of the pain in his leg, had not noticed what had been going on, and, solicitously covering himself, curled himself up on the bench.

"What does this mean?" asked the doctor, sitting up. "Please go, young lady!"

At the same time the maid sent by the countess to fetch her daughter knocked at the door.

Like a somnambulist awakened in the midst of her dream, Natasha left the room, and, returning to her own izba, fell sobbing on her bed.

From that day forth, during all the rest of the Rostofs' journey, at all their halts and resting-places, Natasha stayed by the wounded Bolkonsky's side, and the doctor was forced to confess that he had never expected to see in a young girl such constancy or such skill in nursing a wounded man.

Terrible as it seemed to the countess to think that the prince might (or, as the doctor said, probably would) die during the journey, in her daughter's arms, she had not the heart to refuse Natasha.

Though, in consequence of the now reëstablished relationship between the wounded prince and Natasha, it occurred to them that in case he recovered the engagement might be renewed, no one — Natasha and Prince Andreï least of all — spoke about it.

The undecided question of life and death hanging over, not Bolkonsky alone, but over Russia as well, kept all other considerations in the background.

CHAPTER XXXIII

Pierre awoke late on the fifteenth of September. His head ached; his clothes, in which he had slept without undressing, hung heavy on him, and his mind was burdened by a dull consciousness of something shameful which he had done the night before.

This shameful act was his talk with Captain Ramball.

It was eleven o'clock by his watch, but it seemed peculiarly dark out of doors. Pierre got up, rubbed his eyes, and, seeing the pistol with its carved handle, which Gerasim had replaced on the writing-table, Pierre remembered where he was, and what was before him on that day.

"But am I not too late?" he queried. "No, probably *he* would not make his *entrée* into Moscow later than twelve o'clock."

Pierre did not allow himself to think what was before him, but he made all the greater haste to act.

Having adjusted his attire, Pierre took up the pistol and made ready to go. But then the thought for the first time occurred to him how he should carry his weapon through the street otherwise than in his hand. It was hard to hide the great pistol even under the flowing kaftan. Nor was it possible to keep it out of sight in his belt or under his arm. Moreover, the pistol had been discharged, and Pierre had not had time to reload it.

"Well, the dagger is just as good," said he to himself, though more than once, while deliberating over the accomplishment of his undertaking, he had come to the conclusion that the chief mistake made by the student in 1809 consisted in his trying to kill Napoleon with a dagger.

But as Pierre's chief end consisted not so much in fulfilling the scheme which he planned as it did in proving to himself that he had not renounced his purpose, and was doing everything to fulfil it, Pierre hastily seized the blunt and notched dagger in its green sheath, which he had bought together with the pistol at the Sukharef tower, and concealed it under his waistcoat.

Having belted up his kaftan and pulled his hat down over his eyes, Pierre, trying to make no noise and to avoid the captain, crept along the corridor and went into the street.

The fire which he had looked at so indifferently the evening before had noticeably increased during the night. Moscow was burning in various directions. At one and the same time the carriage-market, the district across the river,[1] the Gostinnui Dvor, the Povarskaya, the boats on the Moskva river, and the timber-yards by the Dorogomilovsky bridge were on fire.

Pierre's route took him by cross-streets to the Povar-

[1] The *Zamoskvoretchye.*

skaya, and thence along the Arbat to Saint Nikola Yavlennoi, where, in his imagination, he had determined should be the place for the execution of his project. Most of the houses had their doors and window-shutters nailed up. The streets and alleys were deserted. The air was full of smoke and the smell of burning. Occasionally he met Russians with anxiously timid faces, and Frenchmen of uncitified, military aspect, who walked in the middle of the street. All looked with amazement at Pierre. The Russians were impressed not only by his great height and stoutness, but by the strange, gloomily concentrated and martyr-like expression of his face and figure, and they stared at him because they could not make out to what rank of life he belonged. The French followed him in amazement because Pierre, unlike the other Russians, paid absolutely no attention to them, instead of looking at them in trepidation or curiosity.

At the gates of one house three Frenchmen, trying to talk to some Russian servants, who could understand nothing of what they said, stopped Pierre and asked him if he knew French.

Pierre shook his head and went on his way. In another cross-street the sentinel mounted by a green caisson challenged him, and it was not until Pierre heard his threatening call repeated, and the click of his musket, which the sentinel took up, that he realized that he must go round on the other side of the street.

He heard nothing and saw nothing of what was going on around him. With a sense of nervous haste and horror, he took with him, like something terrible and alien to him, that project of his, and feared — taught by his experience of the night before — that something would distract him. But it was not Pierre's destiny to reach his destination in the same frame of mind. Moreover, even if there had occurred nothing to detain him, his project could not now have been carried out, for the reason that Napoleon, some four hours previously, had passed through the Dorogomilovsky suburb, across the Arbat, into the Kreml, and now was seated in the gloomiest frame of mind in the imperial cabinet of

the Kreml palace, issuing detailed and urgent orders in regard to the measures to be taken at once for quenching the fires, preventing pillage, and reassuring the inhabitants.

But Pierre knew nothing about this: wholly absorbed in the actual, he was tormenting himself as men do who recognize that their undertaking is impossible, not because of its difficulties, but because it is so entirely unsuited to their nature. He was tormented by his fear that at the decisive moment he should weaken, and in consequence of it lose his self-respect.

Although he saw nothing and heard nothing, he instinctively took the right road and made no mistake in following the cross-streets that led him into the Povarskaya.

But in proportion as Pierre approached the Povarskaya the smoke grew denser and denser, and he even began to feel the heat from the fire. Occasionally, he could see tongues of flame behind the roofs of the houses. More people were found on the streets, and these people were more excited and anxious. But Pierre, though he was conscious that something extraordinary was going on around him, did not realize that he was approaching the conflagration.

As he followed along a foot-path that skirted a large open space, bordered on one side by the Povarskaya, on the other by the park attached to Prince Gruzinsky's mansion, Pierre suddenly heard near him the pitiful shrieks of a woman. He stopped as if wakened out of a dream, and raised his head.

On one side of the foot-path, on the dry, dusty grass, was piled up a heap of household furniture: feather-bed, samovar, sacred pictures, and trunks. On the ground, next the trunks, sat a lean, elderly woman, with long, projecting upper teeth. She was dressed in a black cloak and a cap. This woman rocked herself to and fro, and was muttering as she wept and sobbed. Two little girls, ten or twelve years old, dressed in short, dirty skirts and little cloaks, gazed at their mother with an expression of perplexity on their pale, frightened faces.

A little boy of seven, in a chuïka and cap altogether too big for him, was weeping in his old nurse's arms. A dirty, bare-legged servant-girl was sitting on a trunk, and, having let down her pale blond plait, was pulling out the scorched hairs, smelling of them as she did so. The husband of the family, a short, round-shouldered little man, in undress uniform, with wheel-like little side-whiskers, and love-locks brushed smoothly from under his cap, with impassive face, was sorting the trunks piled one on top of the other, and trying to get some clothes out.

The woman almost threw herself at Pierre's feet when she saw him.

"Oh, good father! Oh, orthodox Christian! Help, save her!.... Oh, dear sir![1].... Whoever you are, help!" she cried, through her sobs. "My little daughter!.... my daughter!.... My youngest daughter has been left behind!.... She is burning up! Oh! oh! oh! oh, why did I nurse thee?.... Oh! oh! oh!"

"There! that 'll do, Marya Nikolayevna," expostulated her husband, in a mild voice, but evidently merely so as to make a good impression on the stranger. "Sister must have got her. If not, it 's all over with her by this time," he added.

"Monster! Villain!" angrily screamed the woman, suddenly ceasing to weep. "There 's no heart in you! You have no pity for your own child! Any other man would have snatched her from the fire. But you are a monster.... and not a man, and not a father.... But you, sir, you are noble!" cried the woman, addressing Pierre, speaking rapidly, and sobbing. "The row was on fire; ours caught. The girl cried: 'We are on fire.' We tried to save what we could. Whatever we could lay our hands on, we carried out.... This here is what we saved.... The holy picture[2] and our wedding-bed — all the rest was lost. We got the children, all but Katitchka! Oh! oh! oh! oh, Lord!" and again she burst into tears. "My darling little one! she 's burnt up! she 's burnt up!"

[1] *Galubchik.* [2] *Bozhye blagoslovenye:* literally, God's benediction.

"But where was it, where was she left?" asked Pierre.

By the expression of his excited face, the woman realized that this man might help her.

"Batyushka! Father!" she cried, clasping him around the legs. "Benefactor! set my heart at ease!.... Aniska, go, you nasty hussy! show him the way," she cried to the girl, and angrily opened her mouth, by this action still more exposing her long teeth.

"Lead the way, lead the way .... I .... I .... I will do what I can," stammered Pierre, in a panting voice.

The dirty-looking girl came out from behind the trunk, put up her braid, and, with a sigh, started off down the foot-path, with her stubbed, bare feet.

Pierre had, as it were, wakened suddenly to life after a heavy swoon. He raised his head higher, his eyes were filled with the spark of life, and, with rapid strides, he followed the girl, passed her, and hurried along the Povarskaya. The whole street was shrouded in clouds of black smoke. Tongues of flame here and there darted out from it. A great throng of people were packed together in front of the fire. In the middle of the street stood a French general, and he was saying something to those around him. Pierre, accompanied by the girl, was going toward the place where the general stood, but French soldiers halted him.

"*On ne passe pas* — You cannot pass!" cried a voice.

"This way, uncle,"[1] cried the girl; "we'll go round by this side-street, through Nikulini."

Pierre turned back, and almost ran as he hastened in her footsteps, so as to overtake her. The girl scurried along, turned down a cross-street at the left, and, passing by three houses, turned into the gates of a house at the right.

"There it is .... right there!" cried the girl, and, running across the yard, she opened a wicket door in the deal fence, and, stepping back a step, pointed out to Pierre a small wooden "wing," where the flames were burning bright and hot. One side was already fallen

[1] *Dyadinka*, diminutive of *dyadya*.

in; the other was burning, and the flames were bursting out from the broken windows and from under the roof.

When Pierre reached the wicket he was suffocated by the heat, and involuntarily drew back.

"Which .... which is your house?" he asked.

"Oh! oh! okh!" howled the girl, as she pointed to the wing. "That one there; that was our home.[1]

"Are you burnt up, O Katitchka! our treasure! my darling little mistress! Oh! okh!" howled Aniska, at the sight of the fire, feeling that it was necessary for her to express also her feelings.

Pierre edged toward the burning wing, but the heat was so powerful that he was obliged to make a wide circle around the building, and he came out next a large house which was as yet burning only on one side of the roof. A great crowd of Frenchmen were swarming around it.

Pierre could not at first understand what these Frenchmen were doing, who appeared to be dragging something, but, when he saw one of them strike a peasant with the flat of his saber, and take away from him a foxskin shuba, Pierre had a dim idea that pillaging was going on there; still the idea merely flashed through his mind.

The noise of the crackling and the crash of falling walls and ceilings, the hissing and snapping of the flames, and the excited cries of the people, the spectacle of billowing, whirling clouds of smoke now thick and black, now dotted with gleaming sparks, now lighted up with solid, sheaf-shaped red and golden-scaled flames lapping the walls, the sense of the heat and the smoke, and the swiftness of motion, all served to produce upon Pierre the usual exciting effect of fires. This effect was peculiarly powerful upon him, because suddenly, at the sight of this fire, he felt himself liberated from the oppression of his thoughts. He felt young, gay, agile, and resolute. He ran round the wing from the burning house, and tried to force his way into that part of it that was still standing,

[1] She calls *kvartira* (quarters) *fatera*.

when suddenly he heard, over his very head, several voices shouting, immediately followed by the rush and metallic ring of some heavy body falling near him.

Pierre looked round and saw, in the windows of the house, some Frenchmen who had just flung out a chest of drawers, full of some metallic articles. Other French soldiers, standing below, were running to the chest of drawers.

"Well, what does this fellow want here?"[1] cried one of the Frenchmen, seeing Pierre.

"A child in this house? Have n't you seen a child?" asked Pierre, in French.

"Hold! What 's he prating about! Go to the devil!" replied a voice; and one of the soldiers, evidently fearing that it was Pierre's intention to rob them of the silver and bronzes that were in the drawers, came up to him in a threatening manner.

"A child?" cried the Frenchman from above. "I heard something squealing in the garden. Perhaps 't was the poor man's little brat. Must be humane, you know."

"Where is he? Where is he?" asked Pierre.

"There! There!" cried the Frenchman from the window, pointing to the garden behind the house. "Wait, I 'm coming right down." And, in fact, in a moment the Frenchman, a black-eyed fellow with a spot on his cheek, and in his shirt-sleeves, sprang out from the window of the first story, and, giving Pierre a slap on the shoulder, ran with him down into the garden. "Hurry up, boys," he cried to his comrades. "Beginning to grow warm."

Running behind the house, on the sand-strewn path, the Frenchman gave Pierre's arm a pull and pointed to the circle. On a bench lay a little maiden of three years, in a pink dress.

"There 's your brat. Ah! a little girl! So much the better," said the Frenchman. "Good-by, old fellow. Must be humane. We are all mortal, you see."[2]

[1] "*Eh bien! qu'est ce qu'il veut, celui-là?*"

[2] "*Un enfant dans cette maison? N'avez-vous pas vu un enfant?*" — "*Tiens! qu'est ce qu'il chante, celui-là? Va te promener.*" — "*Un*

And the Frenchman with the spot on his cheek hurried back to his comrades.

Pierre, choking with delight, started back to the girl, and was going to put the little one in his arms. But the little one, pale like her mother, and sick with the scrofula, — a disagreeable-looking child, — seeing the strange man, set up a screech and tried to run away. Pierre, however, seized her, and took her in his arms. She screamed in a desperately angry voice, and with her slender little arms struggled to tear herself away from Pierre, and to bite him with her slobbery mouth. Pierre was seized by a feeling of horror and repulsion, such as he would have felt at contact with any nasty little animal. But he forced himself not to throw the child down, and hastened with her back to the great house. He found it impossible to return the same way; the girl, Aniska, had disappeared, and Pierre, with a feeling of pity and disgust, holding to his heart as tenderly as he could the passionately screaming and wet little girl, ran through the garden to find another exit.

CHAPTER XXXIV

When Pierre, making his way round by yards and alleys, brought his burden back to Prince Gruzinsky's garden, on the corner of the Povarskaya, he did not at first recognize the place which he had left when he went after the child — it was so swarming with people and with household furniture. Besides the Russian families taking refuge here with their treasures, there were also many French soldiers, in various garb.

Pierre paid no attention to them. He was in haste to find the chinovnik's family, so as to restore the little

enfant? J'ai entendu piailler quelque chose au jardin. Peut-être c'est son moutard au bonhomme. Faut être humain, voyez vous." — "Où est-il? Où est-il?" — "Par ici! Par ici! Attendez! je vais descendre. Dépêchez-vous, vous autres. Commence à faire chaud. — Voilà votre moutard. Ah, une petite! — tant mieux. Au revoir, mon gros. Faut être humain. Nous sommes tous mortels, voyez-vous!"

girl to her mother, and then go and rescue some one else. It seemed to him that he had still very much to do, and as speedily as possible. Heated with the fire and his exertion in running, Pierre at that moment experienced more keenly than ever that feeling of youth, energy, and resolution which had taken possession of him when he started to rescue the child.

The little girl was calmer now, and, clinging to Pierre's kaftan, she sat on his arm, and like a little wild animal looked around her.

Pierre occasionally looked down at her and smiled. It seemed to him that he saw something touchingly innocent in that scared and sickly little face.

Neither the chinovnik nor his wife was to be seen in the place where they had been before. Pierre, with rapid strides, wandered round among the people, scrutinizing the various faces that he met.

His attention was accidentally attracted to a Georgian or Armenian family, consisting of a handsome man of very advanced age, with a face of Oriental type, and dressed in a new dyed tulup and new boots, an old woman of the same type, and a young woman. This very young woman seemed to Pierre the perfection of Oriental beauty, with her dark brows delicately arched, and her long face of remarkable freshness of complexion and genuine but expressionless beauty. Amid the indiscriminate heap of household articles on the green, she, in her rich satin mantle and bright lilac kerchief covering her head, reminded one of a delicate hot-house flower flung out into the snow. She sat on a parcel behind the old woman, and with her motionless, big, dark, oblong eyes, shaded by long lashes, looked at the ground.

Evidently she was conscious of her beauty, and it filled her with alarm. This face struck Pierre, and, in spite of his haste as he passed along the fence, several times he glanced round at her.

On reaching the fence and still not finding those of whom he was in search, Pierre paused and looked around.

Pierre's figure, with the child in his arms, was now

even more remarkable than before, and a number of Russians, both men and women, gathered round him.

"Have you lost any one, dear man?" .... "You are a noble, aren't you?" .... "Whose child is that?" were among the questions put to him.

Pierre explained that the child belonged to a woman in a black mantle, who had been sitting in that very spot with her children; and he asked if no one knew who she was, and where she had gone.

"It must be the Anferofs," said an old deacon, addressing a pock-marked woman. "Lord, have mercy! Lord, have mercy!" he added, in his usual bass.

"Where are the Anferofs?" asked the woman. "The Anferofs started early this morning. This may be Marya Nikolayevna's or the Ivanofs'."

"He said a woman, but Marya Nikolayevna is a lady,"[1] said a household serf.

"Surely you must know her — long teeth, a thin woman," said Pierre.

"Certainly, it's Marya Nikolayevna. They went into the garden as soon as these wolves came down on us," said the peasant woman, pointing to the French soldiers.

"O Lord, have mercy!" again ejaculated the deacon.

"Go down yonder, then. You'll find them. She's there. She was all beat out; she was crying," said the peasant woman. "She is over there. You'll find her."

But Pierre heard not what the woman said. For several seconds he had been watching anxiously what was going on a few steps away. He was looking at the Armenian family and a couple of French soldiers who had approached them. One of these soldiers, a little, nimble man, wore a blue overcoat belted with a rope. He had a nightcap on his head, and was barefooted.

The second, who especially attracted Pierre's attention, was a long, lank, round-shouldered, white-haired man, slow in his movements, and with an idiotic expression of countenance. He was clad in a frieze

[1] *Baruinya.*

capote, with blue trousers, and Hessian boots which had come to holes.

The little bootless Frenchman in the blue overcoat had gone up to the Armenians, and, after making some remark, had seized the old man by the legs, and the old man had immediately begun to pull off his boots in great haste.

The other one had taken up his position in front of the pretty Armenian girl, and, with his hands thrust deep in his pockets, was staring at her in perfect silence, without moving.

"Take it, take the child!" exclaimed Pierre, addressing the peasant woman in imperative tones, holding out the little girl. "Take her and give her back to them!" he cried, and set the screaming child on the ground, and then turned once more to look at the Frenchmen and the Armenian family.

The old man was, by this time, barefooted. The little Frenchman had appropriated his second boot, and was knocking the two together. The old man with a sob made some remark, but Pierre merely glanced at him; his whole attention was attracted to the Frenchman in the capote, who, slowly swaggering, had by this time approached the young woman, and, drawing his hands from his pockets, was just taking her by the neck.

The beautiful Armenian girl continued sitting in the same impassive posture, with her long lashes drooping, and apparently neither saw nor felt what the soldier was doing to her.

By the time Pierre had taken the several steps that separated him from the Frenchmen, the lank marauder in the capote had already snatched her necklace from the Armenian girl's neck, and the young woman, clasping her hands around her throat, uttered a piercing shriek.

"*Laissez cette femme!*—Let this woman alone!" roared Pierre in a furious voice, clutching the lank, stooping soldier by the shoulder, and flinging him off. The soldier fell flat, picked himself up, and ran away. But his comrade, throwing down his booty of boots,

drew his cutlass, and advanced threateningly against Pierre. "See here! None of your nonsense!" he cried.

Pierre was in that rapt state of fury which, when it came upon him, made him oblivious of everything, and multiplied his strength tenfold. He threw himself upon the barefooted Frenchman, and, before the fellow had time to use his cutlass, he had knocked him over, and was belaboring him with his fists.

The people gathered around with an approving yell, but just at that instant appeared around the corner a mounted squad of French uhlans. The uhlans came up to Pierre and the Frenchman at a trot, and surrounded them. Pierre remembered nothing of what followed. He only remembered that he was pounding some one, that he himself was pounded, and that, finally, he became conscious that his arms were bound; that a crowd of French soldiers were standing round him, and searching his clothes.

"He has a dagger, lieutenant," were the first words that Pierre comprehended.

"Aha, armed!" said the officer, and he turned to the barefooted soldier who had been taken at the same time with Pierre.

"Very good; you shall tell all this at the court-martial," said the officer. And immediately he turned to Pierre.

"*Parlez-vous français, vous?*"

Pierre glared around him with bloodshot eyes, and made no reply. Evidently, his face must have seemed very terrible, because the officer gave a whispered order, and four other uhlans detached themselves from the squad and stationed themselves on each side of Pierre.

"*Parlez-vous français?*" asked the officer a second time, keeping at a respectful distance from him. "Bring the interpreter."

A little man in the dress of a Russian civilian came forth from the ranks. Pierre instantly knew by his attire and his accent that he was a Frenchman from some Moscow shop.

"He does not look like a man of the common people," said the interpreter, eying Pierre.

"Oh, ho! it seems to me he has the appearance of being one of the incendiaries," said the officer. "Ask him who he is," he added.

"Who are you?"[1] demanded the interpreter. "You should reply to the authorities," said he.

"I will not tell you who I am. I am your prisoner. Take me away," suddenly exclaimed Pierre, speaking in French.

"Ah, ha!" exclaimed the officer, scowling. "Come on."

A crowd had gathered around the uhlans. Closest of all to Pierre stood the pock-marked peasant woman with the little girl. When the squad started she sprang forward.

"Where are they taking you, my good friend?"[2] she demanded. "The little girl! what shall I do with the little girl if she is n't theirs?" insisted the woman.

"What does this woman want?" asked the officer.

Pierre was like one drunk. His rapt state of mind was still more intensified at the sight of the little girl whom he had saved.

"What does she want?" he exclaimed. "She has brought my daughter, whom I just saved from the flames," he explained. "Adieu!" and he himself, not knowing why he should have told this aimless falsehood, marched off with resolute, enthusiastic steps, surrounded by the Frenchmen.

This patrol of French horsemen was one of those sent out by Durosnel's orders, to put a stop to pillaging and especially to apprehend the incendiaries who, according to the general impression prevalent that day among the French, were the cause of the conflagrations. After riding up and down several streets, the squad had gathered in some half-dozen Russians — a shop-keeper, two seminarists, a muzhik, and a man-servant — and a few marauders.

[1] The interpreter says *Ti kto?* instead of *Tui kto?*
[2] *Galubchik tui moi*, little pigeon thou mine.

But of all the suspects the most suspicious of all seemed Pierre. When they were all taken to the place of detention, — a great mansion on the Zubovsky Val, — where the guardhouse was established, Pierre was given a special, separate room, under a strong guard.

PART TWELFTH

CHAPTER I

IN Petersburg at this time in the highest circles was raging with greater virulence than ever before the complicated battle between the parties of Rumyantsof, the French, Marya Feodorovna, the tsesarevitch, and others, absorbing, as always, the energies of the court drones. But Petersburg life went on in its old channels —tranquil, sumptuous, engrossed only in phantoms and reflections of life; and any one in the current of this life needed to exercise great energy to recognize the peril and the difficult position in which the Russian nation was placed. There were the same levees and balls, the same French theater, the same court interests, the same official interests, and the same intrigues.

Only in the very highest circles were any efforts made to realize the difficulties of the actual situation. It was told in a whisper how differently the two empresses behaved in such trying circumstances. The Empress Maria, concerned for the safety of the charities and educational establishments of which she was the patroness, made her arrangements to have all these institutions transferred to Kazan, and the effects of these institutions had already been removed.

The Empress Elizabeth,[1] on the other hand, when the question arose, what she wished done, deigned to reply with that genuine Russian patriotism characteristic of her, that she had no orders to give in regard to the governmental institutions, since that was the province of the sovereign; while, as far as what de-

[1] Yelizavieta Alekseyevna, the consort of the emperor, in contradistinction to the empress dowager, Marya Feodorovna.

pended upon her personally, she was pleased to declare that she should be the last to leave Petersburg.

On the seventh of September, the same day as the battle of Borodino, Anna Pavlovna gave a reception, the flower of which was to be the reading of a letter from his eminence the metropolitan, sent to the sovereign together with a sacred picture of his holiness Saint Sergii. This letter was considered a model of patriotic, spiritual eloquence. It was to be read by Prince Vasili himself, who was renowned for his skill as a reader. (He had even read at the empress's!) His art of reading consisted in pouring out the words, now in a loud tone and now in a sweet tone, now giving a desperate roar, now a tender murmur, absolutely independent of the significance of the words, so that it was wholly a matter of chance whether the roar or the murmur fell on one word or another.

This reading, like everything that happened at Anna Pavlovna's receptions, had a political significance. This particular evening there were to be present a number of important persons whom it was necessary to put to shame for attending the French theater, and to stir to a patriotic state of mind.

Already a considerable number of guests had gathered, but Anna Pavlovna did not yet see in her drawing-room all whose presence was deemed necessary, and accordingly she still delayed the reading and permitted general conversation.

The chief item of news that day in Petersburg was the Countess Bezukhaya's illness. The countess had been unexpectedly taken ill several days before; she had missed several assemblies of which she was the adornment, and rumor had it that she received no one, and that, instead of the famous Petersburg doctors who had usually prescribed for her, she had intrusted her case to an Italian doctor, who was treating her by some new and extraordinary method.

All knew perfectly well that the charming countess's illness arose from the difficulty of marrying two husbands at once, and that the Italian's treatment consisted

in the removal of these difficulties; but in Anna Pavlovna's presence no one even dared to think about this; it was as if it were not known by any one.

"They say the poor countess is very ill. The doctor says it is angina pectoris."

"Angina? Oh, that is a terrible illness."

"They say the rivals are reconciled, thanks to this angina." The word *angine* was pronounced with great unction.

"The old count, I am told, is very pathetic. He wept like a child when the doctor told him that it was a dangerous case."

"Oh, it would be a terrible loss! She 's a bewitching creature!"

"You were speaking of the poor countess," said Anna Pavlovna, joining the group. "I sent to hear how she was. They informed me that she was a little better. Oh, unquestionably she is the most charming woman in the world," said Anna Pavlovna, with a smile at her own enthusiasm. "We belong to different camps, but that does not prevent me from esteeming her as she deserves. She is very unhappy," added Anna Pavlovna.

Supposing that Anna Pavlovna by these words slightly lifted the veil of mystery that shrouded the countess's illness, one indiscreet young man allowed himself to express his amazement that physicians of repute had not been called, but that a charlatan, who might very easily administer dangerous remedies, was treating the countess.

"You may be better informed than I am," suddenly said Anna Pavlovna, with a cutting tone, to the inexperienced young man. "But I have been told on very good authority that this doctor is a very learned and very skilful man. He is private physician to the queen of Spain."

And having thus annihilated the young man, Anna Pavlovna turned to Bilibin, who, in another circle, having wrinkled up his skin, and evidently made ready to smooth it out again preliminary to getting off a witticism, was speaking about the Austrians.

"I find it charming," said he, referring to a diplomatic document which had been sent to accompany some Austrian standards captured by Wittgenstein — the hero of Petropolis, *le héros de Pétropol*, as he was called in Petersburg.

"What, what is that?" said Anna Pavlovna, turning to him with a view to causing a silence, so that the *mot*, which she had already heard, might be more effective.

And Bilibin repeated the following authentic words of the diplomatic despatch which he himself had drawn up.

"'The emperor returns the Austrian flags,'" said Bilibin, "'friendly flags gone astray, which he found off the usual route.'"

"Delightful, delightful!" exclaimed Prince Vasili.

"The route to Warsaw, perhaps," said Prince Ippolit, unexpectedly, in a loud voice.

All looked at him without understanding what he meant by that. Prince Ippolit also looked round with a complacent smile. He had just as little idea as the rest had of what the words he had spoken meant. All through his diplomatic career, he had more than once observed that a few words thus unexpectedly thrown in seem very smart, and at every chance he made such remarks, the first that came to his tongue. "It may turn out well," he thought, "but even if it is n't a success, still they will be able to make something out of it."

In fact, the awkward silence that ensued was broken by the appearance of the insufficiently patriotic individual whom Anna Pavlovna was expecting and hoped to convert, and she, with a smile, and threatening Prince Ippolit with her finger, beckoned Prince Vasili to the table, and, placing two candles and the manuscript before him, invited him to begin.

General silence: —

"*Most gracious Sovereign and Emperor*," declaimed Prince Vasili, sternly, and gave his audience a look as much as to ask, 'Who had anything to say against that?' But no one spoke. "*Our chief capital city, Moscow, the new Jerusalem, receives ITS Christ*," — he gave a sudden emphasis on the pronoun *ITS*. "*Like*

as a mother embracing her fervently devoted sons, and catching sight through the gathering murk of the splendid glory of thy realm, she sings in her rapture, 'Hosanna! Blessed is he that cometh!'"

Prince Vasili uttered these final words in a voice suggestive of tears.

Bilibin attentively gazed at his finger-nails; and several evidently felt abashed, and seemed to be asking, 'What have we done amiss?' Anna Pavlovna, in a whisper, went on with the next sentence like an old woman repeating the prayer at communion:—"*If the insolent and brazen Goliath,*" she began.

Prince Vasili read on:—

"*If the insolent and brazen Goliath from the confines of France bring his homicidal horrors upon the lands of Russia, humble faith, that sling of the Russian David, shall smite unexpectedly the head of his bloodthirsty pride. This image of Saint Sergii, the ancient zealot of our country's good, is sent to your imperial majesty. I regret that my failing powers prevent me from rejoicing in the sight of your beloved face. Earnest prayers I shall raise to heaven: may the Almighty increase the generation of the righteous, and fulfil your majesty's pious hopes.*"

"*Quel force! Quel style!*" were the encomiums passed upon reader and author alike.

Animated by this discourse, Anna Pavlovna's guests for a long time still discussed the condition of the country, and made various predictions about the result of the battle which it was known was to be fought about that time.

"*Vous verrez*—you will see," exclaimed Anna Pavlovna. "We shall have news to-morrow; it's the sovereign's birthday. I have a happy presentiment."

CHAPTER II

Anna Pavlovna's presentiment was in fact justified.

On the following day, during the Te Deum chanted at the palace in honor of the emperor's birthday, Prince Volkonsky was called out from the chapel and handed an envelop from Prince Kutuzof. This contained Kutuzof's report written from Tatarinovo on the day of the battle. Kutuzof wrote that the Russians had not fallen back a step, that the French had lost far more than ours, that he made his report in all haste from the field of battle, without having had time, as yet, to receive all details.

Of course it was a victory. And instantly, without dismissing the audience, a thanksgiving was sung to the Creator for His aid and for the victory.

Anna Pavlovna's presentiment was justified; and throughout the city there reigned, all the morning, joyfully festive enthusiasm. All considered the victory complete, and many went so far as to talk about Napoleon himself being a prisoner, and of his overthrow and the choice of a new sovereign for France.

Remote from the scene of action, and in the midst of court life, it was thoroughly difficult to realize events in all their completeness and force. Involuntarily, events in general group themselves around some special incident. Thus, in the present instance, the chief joy of the courtiers was included not so much in the fact that the Russians had won a victory, as in the fact that the news of this victory had arrived precisely on the sovereign's birthday. It was a sort of successful surprise.

In Kutuzof's report mention was also made of the losses suffered by the Russians, and especially singled out for mention were Tutchkof, Bagration, Kutaïsof. Accordingly, also, the melancholy side of the occurrence, as it presented itself there, in the Petersburg world, was made concrete in the one fact of Kutaïsof's death. All knew him; he was a favorite with the sov-

ereign; he was young and interesting. On this day all who met said to each other: —

"How wonderfully it all came about! Right in the midst of the mass! And what a loss, Kutaïsof! Akh! what a pity!"

"What did I tell you about Kutuzof?" now exclaimed Prince Vasili, with the pride of a prophet. "I always said that he was the only one capable of beating Napoleon."

But on the following day no news was received from the army, and the general voice began to be anxious. The courtiers suffered from the painful state of ignorance in which the sovereign was left.

"What a position for the sovereign!" said the courtiers; and before the third day had passed they already began to pass judgment on Kutuzof, who was regarded as the cause of the sovereign's uneasiness.

Prince Vasili on that day ceased to boast of his *protégé* Kutuzof, and maintained a discreet silence when the commander-in-chief was mentioned.

Moreover, on the evening of this same day, as if all things conspired together to alarm and disquiet the inhabitants of Petersburg, another terrible piece of news was announced. The Countess Elena Bezukhaya suddenly died of that terrible disease which her friends found it so pleasant to name.

Officially, in all the great coteries it was declared that the Countess Bezukhaya had died of a terrible attack of *angine pectorale*, but in select circles details were forthcoming: how *le médecin intime de la reine d'Espagne* had prescribed for Ellen small doses of some medicine so as to bring about certain effects; and how Ellen, worried because the old count had some suspicion of her, and because her husband, to whom she had written (that miserable, depraved Pierre), did not reply to her, suddenly took an overdose of the drug prescribed, and died in agony before help could be got to her. It was said that Prince Vasili and the old count had at first blamed the Italian; but the Italian had showed them such letters from the late unfortunate countess that they had instantly let him go.

Gossip in general was confined to these three unhappy events: the ignorance in which the sovereign was left, the loss of Kutaïsof, and Ellen's death.

On the third day after Kutuzof's despatch had been received, a landed proprietor arrived at Petersburg from Moscow, and soon the whole city was ringing with the news that Moscow was abandoned to the French.

This was terrible! What a position it placed the sovereign in! Kutuzof was a traitor, and Prince Vasili, while receiving *visites de condoléance* for the death of his daughter, speaking of that same Kutuzof whom he had but shortly before been praising (it was pardonable that in his grief he should forget what he said before), declared that it was idle to expect anything else from a blind and lewd old man.

"I am only amazed that the fate of Russia should have been intrusted to such a man!"

This news being as yet unofficial, there was still room for doubt, but on the following day the following despatch came from Count Rostopchin:—

Prince Kutuzof's aide brought me a letter wherein he demands of me police officers to conduct the army to the Riazan road. He protests his regret at abandoning Moscow. Your majesty, Kutuzof's act decides the fate of the capital and of your empire. Russia will thrill when she learns of the abandonment of that city, which is the focus of the greatness of Russia, where lie the ashes of your ancestors. I follow the army. I have sent everything away. It remains for me only to weep for the misfortune of my fatherland.

On receiving this letter, the sovereign sent Prince Volkonsky with the following rescript to Kutuzof:—

Prince Mikhaïl Iliaronovitch! Since September 9 I have had no report from you. Meantime I have received, by the way of Yaroslavl, under date of September 13, from the governor-general of Moscow, the melancholy tidings that you and the army have decided to abandon Moscow. You may imagine the effect which these tidings produced upon me, and your silence deepens my amazement. I send General-Adjutant Prince Volkonsky with this to learn from you the condition of the army and what reasons compelled you to such a melancholy decision.

CHAPTER III

NINE days after the abandonment of Moscow, a messenger from Kutuzof arrived in Petersburg with the official confirmation of the abandonment of Moscow. This courier was the Frenchman Michaud, but, though a foreigner, yet a Russian in heart and soul — as he himself declared.

The sovereign immediately gave the courier audience in his cabinet in his palace on the Kamennui Ostrof. Michaud, who had never seen Moscow before this campaign, and could not speak Russian, nevertheless felt greatly agitated when he appeared before "*notre très-gracieux souverain*" (as he expressed it in a letter) with the tidings of the burning of Moscow — the flames of which lighted up his way. Though the source of Mr. Michaud's chagrin must have been very different from that from which the grief of the Russian people proceeded, Michaud drew such a melancholy face, as he was ushered into the sovereign's cabinet, that the sovereign instantly asked him: —

"Are you bringing me bad news, colonel?"

"Very bad, sire," replied Michaud, with a sigh, and dropping his eyes, "*l'abandon de Moscou!*"

"Can they have surrendered my ancient capital without a battle?" exclaimed the emperor, an angry flush suddenly rising in his face.

Michaud respectfully delivered the message with which he had been intrusted by Kutuzof; to wit, that it was a sheer impossibility to accept an engagement at Moscow, and that as but one choice was left, to lose both the army and Moscow, or Moscow alone, the field-marshal had felt it his duty to choose the latter alternative.

The sovereign listened in silence, not looking at Michaud.

"Has the enemy entered the city?" he demanded.

"Yes, your majesty, and it is a heap of ashes by this time. When I left it, 't was all on fire," said Michaud, resolutely; but when he glanced at the emperor,

Michaud was horror-struck at what he had said. The sovereign was breathing with quick, labored respirations; his lower lip trembled, and his handsome blue eyes for an instant overflowed with tears.

But this lasted only a moment. The sovereign suddenly scowled as if he was annoyed at himself for his weakness. And, raising his head, he turned to Michaud, with a steady voice: —

"I see, colonel, from all that is happening to us," said he, "that Providence demands great sacrifices of us.... I am ready to submit to His will; but tell me, Michaud, how did you leave the army which saw my ancient capital thus abandoned without striking a blow? Did you see no signs of discouragement?"

Michaud, seeing this calmness of his "very gracious sovereign," instantly recovered his own presence of mind; but he was not yet ready to reply to the emperor's straightforward and unequivocal question, which demanded a straightforward answer.

"Your majesty, will you allow me to speak freely, like a loyal soldier?" he asked, for the sake of gaining time.

"Colonel, that is what I always demand," said the emperor. "Conceal nothing from me; I wish to know absolutely how matters stand."

"Your majesty," said Michaud, with a shrewd but scarcely perceptible smile on his lips, having now collected himself sufficiently to formulate his answer in a graceful and respectful *jeu de mots:* "Your majesty, I left the whole army, from the chiefs down to the last soldier, without exception, in a state of terrible, desperate fear."....

"How is that?" interrupted the sovereign, darkly frowning. "Will my Russians allow themselves to be cast down by misfortune?.... Never!"

This was all that Michaud wished so as to complete his *jeu de mots.*

"Your majesty," said he, with a sprightly but respectful expression, "their only fear is that your majesty, through kindness of heart, will be persuaded to

make peace. They are burning to fight," said the accredited representative of the Russian people, "and to prove to your majesty by the sacrifice of their lives how devoted they are." ....

"Ah!" said the sovereign, reassured, and with an affectionate gleam flashing from his eyes, as he tapped Michaud on the shoulder, "you relieve me, colonel."

The sovereign then dropped his head and remained for some time lost in thought.

"Very well! Return to the army," said he, drawing himself up to his full height, and turning to Michaud with a gentle but majestic gesture. "And tell our brave men, tell all my good subjects everywhere you go, that when I have no soldiers left, I will place myself at the head of my beloved nobles and of my worthy peasants, and thus I will exhaust the last resources of my empire. It will furnish me yet with more than my enemies think," said the sovereign, growing more and more moved. "But if ever it were written in the decrees of Divine Providence," he went on to say, raising to heaven his beautiful, kindly eyes, gleaming with emotion, "that my family should cease to reign on the throne of my ancestors, then, after having exhausted all the means that are in my power, I will allow my beard to grow to here," — the sovereign placed his hand half-way down his chest, — "and I will go and eat potatoes with the humblest of my peasants sooner than sign the shame of my country and of my beloved nation, whose sacrifices I can appreciate."

Having said these words in a voice full of emotion, the sovereign suddenly turned round, evidently to hide from Michaud the tears that filled his eyes, and walked to the end of his cabinet. After standing there a few moments, he came back to Michaud with long strides, and gave his arm a powerful squeeze below the elbow. His handsome, kindly face was flushed, and his eyes flashed with decision and wrath: —

"Colonel Michaud, forget not what I have said to you here; perhaps some day we shall recall it with pleasure — either Napoleon or I," said the sovereign, laying his

hand on his chest. "We can no longer reign together. I have learned to know him; he shall never deceive me again!"

And the sovereign, with a frown, relapsed into silence.

Michaud, though a foreigner, yet a Russian in heart and soul, felt at that solemn moment "*enthousiasmé*" by all that he had just heard (as he said afterwards), and in the expressions that followed, he uttered not only his own feelings but also the feelings of the Russian people, whose representative he considered himself.

"Sire!" said he, "your majesty at this moment seals the glory of the nation and the safety of Europe."

The sovereign with an inclination of the head dismissed Michaud.

CHAPTER IV

At the time when Russia was half conquered, and the inhabitants of Moscow were fleeing to distant provinces, and levy after levy of the militia was rising for the defense of the fatherland, we, who were not alive at the time, involuntarily imagine that all the men of Russia, from small to great, were solely occupied in sacrificing themselves, in saving the country, or in bewailing its ruin.

Stories and descriptions of that period, all without exception, speak of self-sacrifice, love for the fatherland, the desperation, sorrow, and heroism of the Russians.

In reality this was not so at all. It merely seems so to us from the fact that we are occupied with the general historical interest of the time, and fail to see all those personal human interests which occupied men and women. But, in reality, those personal interests seemed to the men of that day so much more significant than the general interests, that the general interests were never felt at all, and were scarcely regarded. The majority of the men of that time paid no attention at all to the general course of events, and were merely guided by

the personal interests of that time. And those very men were the most important factors of that time.

Those who strove to comprehend the general course of events, and were anxious by their self-sacrifice and heroism to take part in it, were the most useless members of society. They saw everything in a wrong sense; and all that they did, in spite of their good intentions, proved to be profitless waste, like the regiments organized by Pierre and Mamonof, which pillaged the Russian villages, or like the lint picked by high-born young ladies, which never reached the wounded, and so on.

Even those who, in their fondness for subtilities and the expression of their feelings, talked about the actual state of Russia, involuntarily gave to their speeches the stamp of their impressions, or pretenses, or falsehoods, or profitless criticisms and animosities against men who were blamed for that for which no one could really be held responsible.

In historical events more strictly than elsewhere holds the prohibition against tasting the fruit of the tree of knowledge. Only unconscious activity brings forth fruit, and a man who plays a part in any historical event never realizes its significance. If he tries to realize it, he is astounded by its inutility.

The significance of the event which was at that time taking place in Russia was proportionately incomprehensible according to the part which any man took in it. In Petersburg and the provinces remote from Moscow, ladies and men in militia uniforms mourned over Russia and the capital, and talked about self-sacrifice and other such things; but in the army which was retreating from Moscow, almost nothing was said or thought about Moscow; and as they looked at the conflagration no one dreamed of wreaking vengeance on the French, but they thought of the next quarter's pay, about the next halting-place, about Matrioshka the sutling-wench,[1] and the like.

Nikolaï Rostof, without any pretense of self-sacrifice, but fortuitously, the war having surprised him while he was still in the service, took a genuine and continuous

[1] *Marketantka.*

part in the defense of his country, and accordingly looked without despair and without somber forebodings on what was then happening in Russia.

If any one had asked him what he thought about the condition of Russia at the time, he would have replied that it was not for him to think about it, that Kutuzof and the others were for that, but he had heard that more regiments were mobilizing, and that there would be still more fighting, and that if nothing happened it would not be astonishing if in a couple of years he were given a regiment.

It was because he took this view of affairs that he not only felt no regret at being deprived of participation in the last engagement, having received word that he was appointed commander of a remount expedition to Voronezh after horses for his division, but was even perfectly delighted, and took no pains to hide it from his comrades, who were generous enough to sympathize with him.

A few days before the battle of Borodino, Nikolaï received his money and papers, and, sending a hussar on in advance, he started for Voronezh by post relays.

Only a man who has experienced this, that is, who has spent several months in succession in the atmosphere of military campaign life, can comprehend the delight which Nikolaï experienced when he passed beyond the region affected by the foraging parties, provision trains, and ambulances of the army; when he ceased to see soldiers, army wagons, the dirty traces of a camp, and caught sight of villages, with peasant men and women, landholders' mansions, fields with grazing cattle, post-station-houses with their sleepy agents, he felt such joy as if he saw it all for the first time in his life.

One thing especially kept him in a perpetual state of surprise and delight, and this was the sight of young and healthy women, who did not each have a dozen officers tagging after her all the time, and women who found it a flattering novelty to have an officer, as he passed by, joke with them.

In the most jovial frame of mind, Nikolaï reached

Voronezh at evening, put up at the inn, ordered all that he had so long been in want of at the front, and on the next day, after getting a clean shave, and putting on his long unused dress uniform, he went to pay his respects to the city officials.

The commander of the militia was a civil general, an old man who evidently took great delight in his military title and rank. He received Nikolaï sternly, — thinking that this was proper in a military man of his importance, — and questioned him in a very significant way, approving or disapproving as if it was his special prerogative, and as if he was the judge of how the general course of the war was directed.

Nikolaï was so happy that this merely amused him.

From the commander of the militia he went to the governor. The governor was a lively little man, very friendly and simple-hearted. He told Nikolaï of several establishments where he might obtain horses, recommended to him a horse-dealer in the city and a landed proprietor twenty versts from the city who kept good horses, and he promised him any sort of coöperation.

"Are you Count Ilya Andreyevitch's son? My wife used to be very good friends with your mother. On Thursdays I always have a reception: to-day is Thursday; do me the favor to come informally," said the governor, as Nikolaï took his leave.

Immediately on leaving the governor's, Nikolaï took post-horses, and, accompanied by his quartermaster, drove rapidly the twenty versts so as to see the stud owned by the landed proprietor.

Nikolaï found everything jolly and comfortable during this his first visit at Voronezh, and, as is usually the case when a man is in a good frame of mind, everything was easily and satisfactorily settled.

The landed proprietor whom Nikolaï went to see was an old bachelor, formerly a cavalryman, a connoisseur of horses, a huntsman, the master of spiced vodka[1] a hundred years old, of old Hungarian, and of beautiful horses.

[1] *Zapekanka:* vodka and honey boiled with spices.

Nikolaï, in two words, bought, for six thousand rubles, seventeen stallions, "assorted," as he expressed it, "for the show pieces of his remount." After a good dinner, and drinking considerable of admirable Hungarian, Rostof, exchanging kisses with the proprietor, with whom he was already on the most intimate terms of friendship, drove back over the horrible road (which, however, did not affect his spirits), constantly urging his postilion to do his very best to get him back to the governor's in time for the reception.

Having changed his clothes, scented himself, and wet his hair down with cold water, Nikolaï, though rather late, but with the proverb "better late than never" ready for use, appeared at the governor's.

It was not a ball, and it was not formally announced that there would be dancing; but Katerina Petrovna, as all knew, would play some *valses* and *écossaises* on the clavichord, and there might be some dancing; and all the guests took this for granted, and came in ball costumes.

Provincial life in 1812 was pretty much the same as ever, with this only difference, that it was unusually gay in the little city, owing to the presence of a number of wealthy families from Moscow, and to the fact that, as in everything that was done in Russia at this time, there was unprecedented luxury observable (the sea being but knee-deep to drunken men), while the small talk that is a necessity among people, and which, hitherto, had been concerned merely with the weather and petty gossip, now turned on the state of Moscow, the war, and Napoleon.

The society which met at the governor's was the best society of Voronezh.

There were any number of ladies, there were several of Nikolaï's Moscow acquaintances; but there was not a man who could in any way compare with the Georgievsky cavalier, the gallant hussar, the good-natured, well-bred Count Rostof!

Among the men was an Italian, who had been an officer in the French army, and was now a prisoner, and

Nikolaï felt that this prisoner's presence still further enhanced his consequence as a Russian hero. It was a kind of a trophy! Nikolaï felt this, and it seemed to him that this was the way they all regarded the Italian, and so he treated him cordially, but with a certain dignity and reserve.

As soon as Nikolaï entered the room in his hussar's uniform, diffusing around him an odor of perfumes and of wine, and he himself said, and heard others say, again and again, the words *vaut mieux tard que jamais*, — better late than never, — he became the center of the gathering; all eyes were fixed on him, and he immediately felt that the position of general favorite which he had taken in the province was exceedingly appropriate to him, and pleasant, and, after such long deprivation, really intoxicating in its agreeableness. Not only at the post-stations, the taverns, and the residence of the landed proprietor, were the servant-maids flattered by his attentions, but here, at the governor's reception, it seemed to Nikolaï that there was an inexhaustible array of young married women and pretty girls who were impatient to have him give them a share of his attention.

The ladies and young girls coquetted with him, and the old people, from the very first moment, took it on themselves to find a wife for this madcap young hussar, and bring him to his senses. Among the latter was the governor's wife herself, who received Rostof like a near relative, and called him "Nicolas" and addressed him with the familiar *tui*, "thou."

Katerina Petrovna, as was expected, began to play her *valses* and *écossaises*, and the dancing began, and, by his graces in this accomplishment, Nikolaï still more captivated all the governmental society. He surprised every one by his peculiarly free and easy manner of dancing. Even Nikolaï was somewhat surprised at himself by his manner of dancing that evening. He had never danced so at Moscow, and he would have been disposed to call such extravagance of freedom unbecoming, and "bad form," had he not felt the necessity on him of surprising them

all by something extraordinary, something which they must be taught to regard as the proper thing in capitals, but as yet unknown in the provinces.

All that evening, Nikolaï devoted the most of his attentions to a blue-eyed, plump, and pretty little blonde, the wife of one of the governmental officials. With that naïve persuasion with which young men flatter themselves that other men's wives were created especially for their diversion, Rostof stayed by this lady, and treated her husband in a friendly, somewhat *conspiratical* way, as if it were to be quite taken for granted, though as yet nothing had been said about it, that they would get along splendidly, that is, Nikolaï with this man's wife!

The husband, however, it seemed, did not share in this persuasion, and did his best to treat Rostof with marked coldness. But Nikolaï's unaffected frankness was so unbounded, that more than once the husband was obliged, in spite of himself, to give way to Nikolaï's geniality.

Toward the end of the evening, however, in proportion as his wife's face grew more and more flushed and excited, her husband's face grew ever more and more set and melancholy, as if there was a common fund of vivacity shared by the two so that in proportion as it waxed in the wife, it waned in the husband.

CHAPTER V

Nikolaï, with a beaming smile on his lips, sat in his easy-chair, leaning over as near as possible to the pretty blondinka, whispering mythological compliments into her ear.

Briskly shifting his legs in their tight riding-trousers, exhaling the odor of perfumes, and contemplating his lady and himself, and the handsome shape of his calves under his top-boots, Nikolaï was telling the pretty blonde that it was his plan, while he was there at Voronezh, to run away with a certain lady.

"Who is she?"

"Charming, divine! Her eyes" — Nikolaï looked closely at his neighbor — "are blue; her lips, coral; her complexion" — he gave a significant look at her shoulders — "her form, Diana's!"....

The husband joined them, and asked his wife gloomily what she was talking about.

"Ah! Nikita Ivanuitch," exclaimed Nikolaï, politely rising. And, as if he were anxious for Nikita Ivanuitch to share in his jokes, he confided to him his intention of eloping with a certain pretty blonde.

The husband smiled chillingly, the wife rapturously. The governor's worthy wife came up to them with a disapproving look on her face.

"Anna Ignatyevna is desirous of seeing you, *Nicolas*," said she, and by the tone in which she mentioned the name Anna Ignatyevna, Rostof instantly realized that Anna Ignatyevna was a very important individual. "Come, let us go, Nicolas. You permit me to call you so, don't you?"

"Oh, yes, *ma tante*. But who is she?"

"Anna Ignatyevna Malvintseva. She had heard of you through her niece.... how you rescued her!.... Can you guess?"....

"But was she the only one I rescued there?" said Nikolaï.

"Her niece, the Princess Bolkonskaya. She is here with her aunt in Voronezh. Oho! how he reddens! What does that mean, now?"....

"I could not imagine,.... there, there, *ma tante!*"

"Pretty good, pretty good! Oh, what a boy you are!"

The governor's wife led him to a tall and very stately old lady with a blue toque, who had just finished a hand at cards with the most consequential personages of the city. This was Madame Malvintseva, the Princess Mariya's aunt on her mother's side, a rich, childless widow, who had always lived in Voronezh. She stood settling her card account when Rostof was brought to her. She blinked her eyes with a stern and important

expression, gave him a glance, and went on berating the general who had won her money.

"Very glad to see you, my dear," said she, extending her hand. "Pray come and see me."

After speaking a few words about the Princess Mariya and her late father, whom, evidently, Madame Malvintseva had not loved, and asking a few questions as to what news Nikolaï had to give about Prince Andreï, who also seemed not to enjoy her good graces, she dismissed him, repeating her invitation to visit her.

Nikolaï promised, and again reddened as he took his leave of the widow.

At the remembrance of the Princess Mariya, Rostof experienced a feeling of bashfulness, even of fear, which he could not understand.

After leaving Madame Malvintseva, Rostof intended to return to the dancing again, but the little gubernatorsha laid her plump little hand on his sleeve, and said that she wanted to have a talk with him, and led him into the divan-room, which was instantly evacuated by those who were in it and who did not want to be in her way.

"You must know, *mon cher*," said the governor's wife, with a serious expression on her good little face, "I have found exactly the right wife for you; do you want me to arrange the match?"

"Who is it, *ma tante?*" asked Nikolaï.

"I propose the princess. Katerina Petrovna advises Lili; but that's not my idea — I say the princess. What do you say? I am sure your *maman* would be very thankful. Truly, she is a charming girl, and, after all, she is not so very plain!"

"Indeed, she is n't!" exclaimed Nikolaï, in an injured tone. "As for myself, *ma tante*, I do as a soldier should: I never offer myself, and I never refuse anything," said Nikolaï, before he had time to think what he was saying.

"But remember! This is no joke."

"What is no joke?"

"Yes, yes," said the governor's wife, as if speaking to herself. "And see here, *mon cher*, you are quite too

attentive to that other lady, *la blonde.* Really, her husband is to be pitied."

"Oh, no; he and I are very good friends," replied Nikolaï, who, in his simplicity of soul, never once dreamed that such a gay way of whiling away time could be aught else than gay to any one.

"What foolish nonsense did I speak to the governor's wife?" Nikolaï suddenly asked himself while at supper. "She is trying to make a match .... but Sonya?" ....

And on bidding the governor's wife good-night, when she with a smile said to him, "Now remember ...." he drew her to one side.

"*Ma tante*, I have something which I really ought to tell you ...."

"What can it be, my boy? Come in and let us sit down here."

Nikolaï suddenly felt a desire and an irresistible impulse to confide in this almost perfect stranger all his private thoughts — thoughts which he would never have told his mother, his sister, his friend. Afterwards, when he remembered this outburst of needless, inexplicable frankness, which nevertheless had very important consequences, it seemed to him as it always seems to people — that he had acted very foolishly; this outburst of frankness, together with other trivial circumstances, had for him and for his whole family portentous results.

"This is what I mean, *ma tante. Maman* has for a long time been anxious for me to marry a rich young lady. But the idea of marrying for money has always been extremely repugnant."

"Oh, yes, I understand," assented the governor's wife.

"But the Princess Bolkonskaya: that is another thing. In the first place, I will tell you honestly, she pleases me very much; I like her extremely. And besides, after meeting her in such a way, in such a terrible position, the thought has often occurred to me that it was fate. You may remember, *maman* long, long ago thought about this, before I ever happened to meet her, and somehow it happened so; we never met. And then

when my sister Natasha was engaged to her brother, why, of course, then it became out of the question to think of marrying her.[1] And now, just as Natasha's engagement is broken off, it must needs happen that I meet her; well, it 's all .... this is the trouble .... I have never told any one about this, and I shall never speak of it again. Only to you."

The governor's wife gave his elbow an encouraging pressure.

"You know Sophie, my cousin. I love her, and I have promised to marry her, and I shall marry her. .... And so you see there is nothing to be said about this other matter," explained Nikolaï, disconnectedly and reddening.

"*Mon cher! mon cher!* how can you have such ideas? Why, you know Sophie has nothing, and you yourself have told me that your papa's affairs were in a wretched state. And your *maman?* This would kill her, surely! Then, Sophie, if she is a girl with any heart, what a life it would be for her! Your mother in despair, your property all dissipated! .... No, *mon cher*, you and Sophie must see things as they are."

Nikolaï made no reply. It was pleasant for him to hear this reasoning.

"Still, *ma tante*, this cannot be," said he, with a sigh, after some little silence. "Then, do you suppose the princess would marry me? and besides, she is in mourning. How can such a thing be thought of?"

"What? do you suppose I would have you marry her instantly? *Il y a manière et manière!* — there are ways and ways!" said the governor's wife.

"What a match-maker, *ma tante!*" said Nikolaï, kissing her plump hand.

[1] The marriage sacrament according to the Greek Church makes marriage relationship blood relationship.

CHAPTER VI

The Princess Mariya, on arriving at Moscow after her meeting with Rostof, had found there her nephew and his tutor, and a letter from Prince Andreï, who enjoined on them to go immediately to Voronezh, to her Aunt Malvintseva.

The labors consequent on this move, her anxiety for her brother, the regulation of her life in her new home, new acquaintances, the education of her nephew, — all this tended to quench in the Princess Mariya's heart that seductive longing which had tormented her during her father's illness, and after his death, and especially after her meeting with Rostof.

She was unhappy.

The impression of her father's loss, associated in her mind as it was with the ruin of Russia, now, after a month spent in the conditions of a calm, equable life, grew more and more vivid to her. She was anxious; the thought of the perils to which her brother was exposed — the only man who was closely related to her — constantly tormented her.

She was occupied with the instruction of her nephew, but she felt all the time that she was peculiarly unfitted for it. Nevertheless in the depths of her soul there was a certain sense of quietude arising from the consciousness that she had crushed out the personal hopes and dreams that had sprung up in her heart, and were connected with the appearance of Rostof.

When, on the day following her reception, the governor's wife went to call upon Madame Malvintseva, after a private conversation with her in regard to her scheme (making the reservation that, though under present circumstances it was impossible to think of a formal courtship, still the young people might be brought together and made acquainted), and when, after receiving the aunt's approval, the gubernatorsha spoke in the Princess Mariya's presence of Rostof, praised him, and told how he had reddened at the mere mention of the prin-

cess's name, the Princess Mariya experienced a feeling not of pleasure but of pain; her inward calm had entirely vanished, and again arose her desires, doubts, self-reproaches, and hopes.

During the two days that intervened between hearing this news and her interview with Rostof, the Princess Mariya did not cease to think how she ought to behave toward him. At one moment she made up her mind that she would not go into the drawing-room when he came to call on her aunt, that it was not becoming for her to receive callers when she was in deep mourning; then again she thought that it would be rude after all that he had done for her; then it occurred to her that the governor's wife and her aunt must have some designs on her and Rostof, — their glances, and certain words they had dropped, it seemed to her, confirmed this supposition, — then she said to herself that nothing but her inborn depravity made her have such thoughts; they could not help remembering that, in her situation, she not having yet taken off her "weepers," such a wooing would be an insult to her, as well as to her father's memory.

Assuming that she should go down to meet him, the Princess Mariya tried to imagine the words which he would say to her, and which she should say to him, and at one moment these words seemed undeservedly cold, at the next they seemed to possess too great significance.

More than all else she was apprehensive that on meeting him she should show that bashfulness which she was certain would take possession of her, and betray her as soon as she saw him.

But when on Sunday, after mass, the lackey announced at the drawing-room door that Count Rostof had come, the princess showed no symptoms of confusion; only a faint tinge of color suffused her cheeks, and her eyes shone with a new, luminous light.

"You have seen him, auntie?"[1] asked the Princess Mariya in a tranquil voice, surprised herself that she could be outwardly so calm and natural.

[1] *Tiotushka;* diminutive of *tiotka.*

When Rostof entered the room, the princess for a moment dropped her head, as if for the purpose of allowing the guest time to exchange greetings with her aunt, and then at the very moment that Nikolaï came toward her, she raised her head, and with radiant eyes met his glance.

With a movement full of grace and dignity, she arose with a joyful smile, offered him her slender, delicate hand, and spoke to him in a voice which for the first time vibrated with new, deep, womanly tones.

Mlle. Bourienne, who was in the drawing-room, looked at the Princess Mariya in wonder and perplexity. She herself, though a most accomplished coquette, could not have manœuvered better on meeting a man whom she wished to fascinate.

"Either black is becoming to her, or really she has grown pretty; I certainly never remarked it so before," said Mlle. Bourienne to herself.

If the Princess Mariya had been in a position to think at that moment, she would have been even more amazed than was Mlle. Bourienne at the change that had taken place in her. From the instant that she saw that kind face, so beloved, a new power of life took possession of her, and compelled her, irrespective of her own will, to speak and to act. Her face from that moment that Rostof entered was suddenly transformed.

Just as the complicated artistic work on the sides of a painted or carved lamp-shade comes out with sudden and unexpected details of beauty when a light is lighted in it, though before it had seemed coarse, dark, and meaningless, so was the Princess Mariya's face unexpectedly transformed. For the first time all that pure, spiritual, inward travail which she had gone through for so many years was laid open to the light. All that inward travail, which had left her so dissatisfied with herself, — her suffering, her yearnings after the right, her submission, love, self-sacrifice, — all this now shone forth in her luminous eyes, in her gentle smile, in every feature of her tender face.

Rostof saw all this so clearly that it seemed to him

he had known her all his life. He felt that the being before him was different, was better, than all that he had hitherto met, and, what was more important, was better than himself.

Their conversation was extremely simple and insignificant. They talked about the war, involuntarily, like every one else, exaggerating their grief at the event; they talked about their last meeting, whereupon Nikolaï tried to turn the conversation to something else; they talked about the good gubernatorsha, about their parents.

The Princess Mariya did not speak of her brother, deflecting the subject to another topic as soon as her aunt spoke about Andreï. It was evident that, while there might be some pretense in her expressions of grief in the miseries of Russia, her brother was an object too near to her heart, and she would not and could not talk about him. Nikolaï remarked this, for, with a keenness of observation that was not at all characteristic of him, he remarked all the little shades of the princess's nature to the effect of greatly intensifying his conviction that she was a being entirely out of the common.

Nikolaï, exactly the same as the princess, had changed color and become confused when her name was mentioned in his presence, and even when he thought about her; but in her presence he felt perfectly unhampered, and by no means confined himself to the set speeches which he had made ready in advance, but spoke whatever came into his head.

During Nikolaï's short call there were, as always happens where a number of people are together, moments of silence, and during one of these Nikolaï made up to Prince Andreï's little son, petted him, and asked him if he would like to be a hussar. He took hold of the boy's hands, spun him around, and glanced at the Princess Mariya. Her tender, happy, and timid eyes followed the little lad whom she loved while he was in the arms of the man whom she loved. Nikolaï also remarked this look, and evidently understanding its significance,

he flushed with gratification, and with good-natured jollity began to kiss the little fellow.

The Princess Mariya, owing to her mourning, was not going into society, and Nikolaï felt that it was unbecoming for him to repeat his call on them; but the governor's wife, nevertheless, continued her task of match-maker, and, taking occasion to repeat to Nikolaï all the flattering things that the Princess Mariya had said about him, and *vice versa*, she insisted that he should declare himself to the princess.

In order to bring about this explanation, she arranged a meeting between the young people at the archbishop's, before mass.

Although Rostof had told the governor's wife that he would not come to any explanation with the Princess Mariya, still he promised to be present.

Just as at Tilsit he had not allowed himself to doubt whether what had been enjoined on all was good or not, so now, after a short but genuine struggle between his wish to arrange his life in his own way and a peaceful submission to circumstances, he chose the latter alternative, and gave himself up to that power which, as he could not help feeling, was irresistibly drawing him away. He knew that, having plighted his troth to Sonya, if he confessed his feelings for the Princess Mariya, it would be nothing else than base. And he knew that he would never do anything base. But he knew also (not so much knew it as felt it in the depths of his heart) that if he gave himself up into the control of men and of circumstances and let them guide him, he not only would do nothing wrong, but would rather do something very, very important, so important that nothing like it would ever again recur to him in his life.

After his meeting with the Princess Mariya, although his manner of life continued to be the same outwardly, still all his former pleasures lost for him their zest, and he frequently found himself thinking of the Princess Mariya; but he never thought of her as he had always, without exception, thought of the various young ladies

whom he had met in society, nor even as he had for long and sometimes even enthusiastically thought of Sonya.

Like almost every pure young man, when he thought about any young lady as his possible wife, he strove to make her fit the condition of marital existence, as he imagined it — the white capote, the wife behind the samovar, his wife's carriage, wee bits of children, *maman* and papa, their relations to her, and so forth, and so forth; and these representations of the future gave him pleasure.

But when he thought about the Princess Mariya, whom they were trying to make a wife for him, he could not make the representations of his future married life in any way concrete. Even when he tried everything seemed incoherent and false. All that remained in his mind was a kind of dread.

CHAPTER VII

The terrible news of the battle of Borodino, of our losses in dead and wounded, and the still more terrible tidings of the loss of Moscow, were received in Voronezh toward the end of September.

The Princess Mariya, learning only from the bulletin that her brother was wounded, and having no definite information about him, determined to go in search of him. This was what Nikolaï heard. He himself had not seen her again.

On learning of the battle of Borodino and the abandonment of Moscow, Nikolaï, while not giving himself up to feelings of despair, anger, or desire for vengeance or the like, still suddenly began to feel bored and out of place at Voronezh; his conscience almost reproached him, and he felt awkward. All the talk that he heard seemed to him hypocritical; he knew not what judgment to pass on events, and he was conscious that not until he returned to his regiment would things become clear to him again. He made haste to accomplish his purchase of horses, and oftentimes without any just

cause became impatient with his servant and the quartermaster.

Several days before Rostof's departure, a solemn service was held in the cathedral, in honor of the victory that had been won by the Russian troops, and Nikolaï was present. He was standing a little behind the governor, and, though his gravity was worthy of the occasion, he was thinking of the most varied subjects, even while he listened to the service. When the Te Deum was ended, the governor's wife called him to her.

"Have you seen the princess?" she asked, with her head indicating a lady in black who stood behind the choir.

Nikolaï instantly recognized the Princess Mariya, not so much by her profile, a glimpse of which could be seen under her hat, as by that feeling of shyness, fear, and pity which instantly came over him. The Princess Mariya, evidently absorbed in her thoughts, was crossing herself for the last time before she should leave the church.

Nikolaï looked into her face with amazement. It was the same face which he had seen before, there was the same general expression of gentle, inward, spiritual travail; but now it was lighted up by a very different sort of light. It had a touching expression of sorrowfulness, entreaty, and hope.

As had been the case with Nikolaï before when he was in her presence, he, without waiting for the gubernatorsha's advice to join her, without asking himself whether it were right or proper for him to address her there in the church, instantly went to her and said that he had heard of her sorrow, and that he sympathized with her with all his heart. She had hardly caught the first sound of his voice, when suddenly a bright light flashed into her face, giving witness at one and the same time of her sorrow and her joy.

"I only wanted to tell you this, princess," said Rostof, "that if Prince Andreï Nikolayevitch were not alive, it would be instantly announced in the bulletins, since he is a regimental commander."

The princess looked at him, not comprehending his words, but delighting in the expression of sympathy and sorrow in his face.

"And I have known so many cases where a wound caused by a splinter (in the bulletins it said by a shell) was either fatal immediately, or, if not, very trifling," said Nikolaï. "You must hope for the best, and I am certain...."

The Princess Mariya interrupted him:—

"Oh, this would be so hor...." she began, but her emotion overmastered her, and, without completing the word, she bent her head with a graceful motion (like everything that she did in his presence), and, giving him a grateful look, rejoined her aunt.

The evening of that same day, Nikolaï accepted no engagements out, but remained at his lodgings in order to square up certain accounts with the horse-dealers.

Having completed his business, it being too late to go anywhere, but too early to retire for the night, Nikolaï long walked up and down his solitary room, thinking over his life, which was an unusual thing for him to do.

The Princess Mariya had produced on him an agreeable impression when he saw her near Smolensk. The fact that he had met her then in such extraordinary circumstances, and that she was the very one whom his mother had once recommended to him as an eligible heiress, caused him to regard her with peculiar interest.

When he came to see her again at Voronezh, this impression was not only agreeable, but it was powerful. Nikolaï was struck by that peculiar moral beauty which he for the first time observed in her.

He was ready to take his departure, however, and it had not occurred to him to regret the fact that in leaving Voronezh he was depriving himself of the chance of seeing the princess. But his meeting with her that morning at church (Nikolaï was conscious of this) had sunk deeper into his heart than he could have foreseen, and deeper than he would have wished for his peace of mind.

That pale, gentle, sorrowful face, those luminous eyes,

those quiet, graceful movements, and, above all, that profound and sweet expression of sorrow pervading all her being, troubled him and aroused his sympathy.

Rostof could not endure to see in men the expression of a lofty spiritual life, — that was the reason he did not like Prince Andreï, — he scornfully called it philosophy, *day-dreaming;* but in the Princess Mariya, especially in that sorrow which brought forth all the depth of that spiritual world so marvelous to Rostof, he felt an irresistible attraction.

"She must be a marvelous girl! A real angel!" said he to himself. "Why am I not free? Why was I in such haste with regard to Sonya?"

And involuntarily he began to institute a comparison between the two: the poverty in one, the abundance in the other, of those spiritual gifts which Nikolaï himself had not, and which therefore he prized so highly.

He tried to imagine what would be if he had been free. How would he have made his proposal to her, and if she had become his wife! But no, he could not imagine it.

A strange feeling of dread came over him, and nothing clear presented itself to his imagination. Now he had long ago drawn the picture of his future with Sonya, and it was all clear and simple, for the reason that it had been thought out, and he knew all that was in Sonya; but it was impossible to formulate any scheme of life with the Princess Mariya, because he did not understand her, but only loved her.

His visions of Sonya had something about them that was jolly and frivolous. But it was always hard and rather terrible to think of Princess Mariya.

"How she was praying!" he mused, following his recollections. "It was evident her whole soul was in her prayer. Yes, that is the prayer that removes mountains, and I am sure that her prayer will be fulfilled. Why cannot I pray for what I need?" he asked himself. "What do I need? My freedom, to be released from Sonya. — She said what was true," he was recalling the gubernatorsha's words — "'Nothing but mis-

fortune would come of my marrying her.' Confusion, grief to *maman*.... business.... confusion, terrible confusion! Yes, and I don't love her. I don't love her as I ought. My God! save me from this terrible inextricable state of things!" he began, trying to offer a prayer. "Yes, prayer moves the mountain, but faith is needful, and one should not pray as Natasha and I used to pray when we were children, that the snow would change into sugar, and then run out of doors to see whether our prayer was answered. No, but I cannot pray about trifles now," said he, as he laid his pipe down in the corner, and, folding his hands, stood in front of the holy pictures. And touched by his recollection of the Princess Mariya, he began to pray as he had not prayed for a long, long time. The tears were standing in his eyes and swelling his throat when Lavrushka suddenly came in with documents in his hand. "Idiot — durak! — what do you come sneaking in for when you were n't called?" exclaimed Nikolaï, abruptly changing his position.

"From the governor," said Lavrushka, in a sleepy voice — "a courier came; letter for you."

"All right, thanks! Begone!"

Nikolaï had two letters. One was from his mother, the other from Sonya. He recognized them by their handwriting, and he opened Sonya's first. He had only read a few lines when his face grew pale and his eyes opened wide in terror and delight.

"No, it cannot be!" he exclaimed aloud. He could not sit still, but with the letter in his hand began to pace the room. He glanced through the letter, then read it, once and a second time, and, shrugging his shoulders and opening out his hands, he stood still in the middle of the room with open mouth and set eyes.

The very thing which he had just been praying for with the faith that God would fulfil his prayer was granted; but Nikolaï was amazed by this, as if it had been something extraordinary, and as if he had never expected it, and as if the very thing which had so quickly eventuated proved that this had come, not by

the will of God, to whom he had offered his petition, but from ordinary chance.

This apparently unsolvable knot which fettered Rostof's freedom was cut by this letter from Sonya — so unexpected (as it seemed to Nikolaï) and unsolicited. She wrote that the recent unfortunate events, the loss of almost all the Rostofs' property in Moscow, and the more than once expressed desire of the countess that Nikolaï should marry the Princess Bolkonskaya, and his own silence and coldness of late, — all taken together had caused her to decide to release him from his promise and give him perfect freedom. She wrote:

It was too trying for me to think that I might be a source of sorrow or dissension in a family which has loaded me with benefits, and my love has for its one single aim the happiness of those whom I love. And therefore I beseech you, Nicolas, to consider yourself perfectly free, and to know that, in spite of all, no one could love you more truly than your Sonya.

Both letters were written from Troïtsa.

The second letter was from the countess. In this there was given a full description of the last days in Moscow, their departure, the fire, and the loss of all their property. In this letter also, among other things, the countess wrote that Prince Andreï was among the wounded whom they had brought away with them. His condition was very critical, but now the doctor declared that there was more hope. Sonya and Natasha were attending him as watchers.

On the following day, Nikolaï took this letter, and went to see the Princess Mariya. Neither Nikolaï nor the princess said a word as to the significance of the fact that Natasha was attending the sufferer; but, thanks to this letter, Nikolaï suddenly felt drawn closer to the princess, almost as if he were a relative.

On the next day, Rostof escorted the Princess Mariya to Yaroslavl, and not long after rejoined his regiment.

CHAPTER VIII

Sonya's letter to Nikolaï, coming so opportunely in answer to his prayer, had been written from Troïtsa.

This was the way it happened.

The old countess had become more and more occupied by the idea of Nikolaï marrying a rich wife. She knew that Sonya was the chief obstacle in the way of this. And Sonya's life in the countess's home had been made more and more trying of late, especially since Nikolaï wrote of meeting the Princess Mariya at Bogucharovo.

The countess lost no opportunity of addressing Sonya with insulting or cruel insinuations.

A few days before their departure from Moscow, however, the countess, exacerbated and excited by all that was happening, had called Sonya to her, and, instead of loading her with reproaches and demands, had begged her with tears in her eyes to have pity on her, and, as a return for all that had been done for her, to release Nikolaï from his engagement.

"I shall never be content until you have given me this promise."

Sonya sobbed hysterically, promised through her sobs that she would do anything, that she was ready for any sacrifice; but she did not give the promise in so many words, and in her heart she found it impossible to consent to do what they required of her. It was necessary for her to sacrifice herself for the happiness of the family which had fed and educated her.

To sacrifice herself for the happiness of others was second nature to Sonya. Her position in the household was such that it was only on the road of sacrifice that she could show her worth, and she was accustomed to sacrifice herself, and loved to do so.

But hitherto, in all her acts of self-sacrifice, she had enjoyed the pleasant consciousness that in thus sacrificing herself, she was by this very act enhancing her value in her own eyes and the eyes of others, and was becom-

ing more worthy of Nicolas, whom she loved above all else in the world.

But now her sacrifice was to consist in renouncing all that had promised to be the reward of her sacrifice, the whole meaning of life. And for the first time in her life she had bitter feelings against those very people who had loaded her with benefits only to torment her the more. She began to hate Natasha, who had never been called upon to experience any such trial, who had never been required to sacrifice herself, but who had obliged others to sacrifice themselves for her, and yet was loved by all.

And for the first time Sonya felt that her gentle, pure love for Nicolas was growing into a passion which was mightier than law and virtue and religion; and under the influence of this feeling Sonya, who had been involuntarily taught by her life of dependence to be reserved, replied to the countess in general, indefinite terms, avoided having anything further to say to her, and made up her mind to wait until she should see Nikolaï again, with the idea, not of giving him his freedom, but, on the contrary, of binding him to her forever.

The labors and terror incident to those last days that the Rostofs spent in Moscow put out of mind the gloomy thoughts that had been weighing her down. She was glad to find an escape from them in practical activity. But when she learned of Prince Andreï's presence in the house, notwithstanding the genuine pity which she felt for him and for Natasha, she was seized by a blithe and superstitious presentiment that God did not wish her to be separated from Nicolas.

She knew that Natasha had never loved any one besides Prince Andreï, and that she still loved him. She knew that, now being brought together in such terrible circumstances, their mutual affection would be renewed, and that then it would be impossible for Nikolaï to marry the Princess Mariya, on account of the relationship which would be entailed on them. Notwithstanding the horror of all that had taken place during the last days and during the early part of their journey, this feeling,

this consciousness of the interference of Providence in her personal affairs, had rejoiced Sonya's heart.

The Rostofs made their first halt at the Troïtskaya Lavra, or Trinity Monastery.

At the hostelry of the Lavra, the Rostofs were assigned three large rooms, one of which was taken by Prince Andreï. The wounded man that day was much better. Natasha had been sitting with him. In the adjoining room the count and countess were engaged in a polite conversation with the father superior, who had come to pay his respects to his old acquaintances and benefactors. Sonya was also sitting with them, and was tormented by curiosity as to what Prince Andreï and Natasha were talking about, for she could hear the sounds of their voices. The door of Prince Andreï's room had been left open.

Natasha, with agitated face, came running out, and not heeding the monk, who arose to meet her and offered her his right hand under his flowing sleeve, went straight to Sonya, and took her by the arm.

"Natasha! what is the matter? Come here!" said the countess.

Natasha submitted to the priest's blessing, and the father superior advised her to go for help to God and his saint.

As soon as the father superior was gone, Natasha took her cousin's hand, and drew her into the empty room.

"Sonya! is he going to live? Say yes!" said she. "Sonya! How happy I am, and how unhappy! Sonya darling,[1] it is all just as it used to be. If only he would live!.... he can't get well.... because.... be.... cause...."

And Natasha burst into tears.

"Yes! he will. I have been sure of it! Glory to God! He will get well!"

Sonya was no less agitated than Natasha, not only because of her friend's suffering and sorrow, but also because of her own private thoughts, which she shared with no one. Sobbing, she kissed Natasha, and tried to soothe her.

[1] *Galubchik.*

"If only he *would* get well!" she said to herself. Having had a good cry and a talk together, and wiping away their tears, the two friends went to Prince Andreï's door. Natasha, carefully opening it, glanced into the room. Sonya stood next her at the half-open door.

Prince Andreï lay bolstered up high on three pillows. His white face was calm, his eyes closed, and apparently he was breathing regularly.

"Akh! Natasha!" Sonya almost screamed, suddenly seizing her cousin's hand, and starting away from the door.

"What .... what is it?" asked Natasha.

"Let me tell you! this .... this!" .... said Sonya, with pallid face and trembling lips.

Natasha gently closed the door, and went with Sonya to the window, no longer remembering what had been said to her.

"Do you remember," began Sonya, in a frightened and solemn voice, — "do you remember when I looked for you at the mirror .... at Otradnoye, on Twelfth Night? .... Do you remember what I saw?" ....

"Yes, yes," replied Natasha, opening her eyes wide, and having a dim remembrance that at that time Sonya had said something about Prince Andreï, whom she claimed to have seen lying down.

"Do you remember?" continued Sonya: "I saw then and told you all — you and Dunyasha. I saw him lying on a bed," said she, at every detail waving her hand with outstretched finger, "and his eyes were closed, and he was covered with a pink spread, and his arms were folded," pursued Sonya, convinced that all these details, which she had just before seen, were the very same that she had *seen* at that time.

Really, at that time she had seen nothing, but she had related as having seen what first entered her mind; but what she had imagined then seemed to her the reality, like any other remembrance. What she had said then about his looking at her and smiling, and being covered with something blue and red, she did not remember, but was firmly persuaded that she had then said and seen

how he was covered with something pink, indeed a pink coverlet, and that his eyes were closed!

"Yes, yes, certainly it was pink," said Natasha, who also at the present time remembered that the color mentioned had been pink, and in this fact she found the chief wonder and mystery of the prediction.

"But what does this mean?" queried Natasha, thoughtfully.

"Oh, I'm sure I don't know! How extraordinary it all is!" exclaimed Sonya, clasping her head with her hands.

In a few minutes, Prince Andreï rang, and Natasha went to him; but Sonya, experiencing an emotion and excitement such as she had rarely experienced, still stood by the window, thinking over all the strangeness of what had happened.

There happened to be on that day an opportunity to send letters to the army, and the countess was writing to her son.

"Sonya," said the countess, lifting her head from her letter as her niece passed her, — "Sonya, won't you write Nikolenka?" asked the countess, in a gentle, trembling voice; and by the look in her weary eyes, which the countess gave her over her spectacles, Sonya read what she meant by those words. In that look was expressed a prayer, and fear of a refusal, and shame that she was obliged to ask such a thing, and readiness for implacable hatred in case of refusal.

Sonya went to the countess, and, kneeling down beside her, kissed her hand.

"I will write," said she.

Sonya was softened, excited, and touched by all that had happened on that day, especially by the mysterious accomplishment of the divination which she had just seen. Now, when she knew that, in case of Natasha's engagement to Prince Andreï being renewed, Nikolaï could not marry Princess Mariya, she had a sense of joy in the return of this condition of self-sacrifice in which she was in the habit of living. And with tears in her

eyes and with a blissful consciousness of having accomplished a magnanimous action, she, though several times interrupted by the tears which clouded her velvety dark eyes, wrote the touching letter, the receipt of which had so amazed Nikolaï.

CHAPTER IX

At the guard-house where Pierre was conducted, the officer and soldiers who had him in charge treated him like an enemy, but at the same time with consideration. In their treatment of him there seemed to be some suspicion that he might prove to be a man of very great importance, and the unfriendliness was due only to the remembrance of the personal struggle which they had just had with him.

But on the following morning, when the guard was relieved, Pierre was made aware that for the new guard — officers and men alike — he had not that importance which he had enjoyed with those who captured him. And indeed this great, portly man, in peasant's kaftan, the new guards did not know as that energetic man who had fought so desperately with the marauder and with the horse patrol, and had spoken that solemn phrase about the saving of the child, but they saw in him merely No. 17 of the Russian prisoners who had been taken and held by order of men high in command.

If there was anything special in Pierre, it was certainly his appearance, devoid of timidity, and full of intense, concentrated thought, and the elegant French which he spoke, to the amazement of the French themselves. Nevertheless, on this day Pierre was put in with the other suspects that had been captured, for the reason that the special room which had been given him first was required by an officer.

All the Russians locked in with Pierre were men of the very lowest station. And all of them, recognizing that Pierre was a barin, shunned him, and all the more

from the fact that he spoke French. Pierre with a certain melancholy listened to their sarcasms at his expense.

On the following evening Pierre learned that all these prisoners (and apparently he himself in the number) were to be tried for incendiarism. On the third day Pierre and the rest were conducted to a house where were a French general with a white mustache, two colonels, and several other Frenchmen with chevrons on their arms.

Pierre, the same as the rest, was subjected to a series of questions, put with that shrewdness and precision that affect to be superior to all human weaknesses and are characteristic of all ordinary dealings with prisoners at the bar. Who was he? Where had be been? For what purpose? and so forth.

These questions, putting aside the essence of the vital fact, and excluding the possibility of getting at the truth, were like all questions put at legal examinations, having for their object the laying down of a sort of gutter in which examiners wish the answers of the victim to trickle so that he may be brought to the requisite point; namely, incrimination!

The moment he began to make any remark that did not satisfy this end, the "gutter" was applied, and the water made to flow in the desired direction.

Moreover, Pierre experienced what is always experienced by men on trial: a sense of perplexity, of wonder why all these questions are asked. He had a feeling that it was only out of condescension, or possibly courtesy, that the expedient of the question-gutter was made use of. He knew that he was in the power of these men, that it was merely brute force that had brought him where he was, that only might[1] gave them the right to demand of him answers to their questions, that the sole aim of this court was to prove him guilty.

And therefore, as they had the power and the desire to convict him, there was no need of the expedient of

[1] The simple style of the original is shown by the fact that one word — *vlast'* — stands for power, brute force, and might.

the interrogatory and the court. It was evident that all his answers were taken as proof of his guilt.

To the question what he was doing when he was arrested, Pierre replied with a certain tragic force that he was restoring to its parents a child which he had rescued from the flames — *qu'il avait sauvé des flammes.*

Why had he fought with the marauder? Pierre replied that he was protecting a woman, that the defense of an insulted woman was the duty of every man, that....

They interrupted him; this was irrelevant.

Why had he been in the yard of the burning building, where the witnesses had seen him?

He replied that he had gone out to see what was happening in Moscow.

He was again interrupted; he had not been asked where he was going, but *why* he was in the vicinity of the fire.

Who was he? they asked, reiterating their first question; he replied once more that he could not tell them that.

"Write that down; it looks bad. Very bad," sternly said the white-mustached general with the florid complexion.

On the fourth day fires broke out on the Zubovsky Rampart.

Pierre and thirteen others were removed to the Kruimsky Brod, or Crimean Ford, and placed in the coach-house of a merchant's mansion. As they marched along the streets, Pierre was suffocated by the smoke, which seemed to him to be settled down over the whole city. In various directions fires could be seen. Not even then did Pierre understand the significance of the burning of Moscow, and he looked upon these fires with horror.

In the coach-house of this solitary mansion by the Kruimsky Brod, Pierre spent four days more, and during this time he learned, from the talk of the French soldiers, that the decision of the marshal regarding the prisoners confined there was expected each day.

Pierre could not learn from the soldier what marshal it was. Evidently for the soldier the term marshal connoted some elevated and mysterious link in the chain of power.

These days up till the twentieth of September, on which the prisoners were put through a second examination, were very trying for Pierre.

CHAPTER X

On the twentieth of September, an officer of very great importance, to judge by the respect shown him by the guards, came into the coach-house to see the prisoners. This officer, who apparently belonged to Napoleon's staff, had a list in his hand, and called a roll of all the Russians, designating Pierre as *celui qui n'avoue pas son nom* — the man who refuses to give his name.

Surveying the prisoners with a look of lazy indifference, he ordered the officer of the guard to see that they were decently clad and ordered before they were brought into the marshal's presence.

Within an hour, a file of soldiers appeared, and Pierre and thirteen others were taken out to the Dievitchye Pole.[1]

It was a bright, sunny day after rain, and the air was extraordinarily clear. The smoke did not hang low, as it had on that day when Pierre was removed from the watch-house of the Zubovsky Val. It rose in columns in the clear atmosphere. No flames were visible, but on all sides arose these columns of smoke, and all Moscow, as far as Pierre could see, was one conflagration. On all sides were ruins, with stoves and chimneys, and here and there the devastated walls of stone houses.

Pierre gazed at the fires, but could not recognize any part of the city. Here and there could be seen churches still standing. The Kreml, undevastated,

[1] Virgin's Field.

gleamed white in the distance, with its cupolas and Ivan Veliki.[1]

Near by gleamed jocund the cupola of the Novodievitchy monastery, and with unusual clearness could be heard the sound of the chimes. This sound of the chimes reminded Pierre that it was Sunday, and the Festival of the Nativity of the Mother of God. But it seemed as if there was no one to celebrate this festival. Everywhere was the ravage of the flames, and only rarely were any of the Russian populace to be seen, and these were ragged, panic-stricken folk, who concealed themselves at sight of the French.

Evidently, the Russian nest was wrecked and ruined; but Pierre had a dim consciousness that after the overthrow of this old order of life, in place of this ruined nest, there would be established the new and entirely different but stable French order. He felt it at the sight of these soldiers who marched gallantly and blithely in perfectly unbroken ranks as they escorted him and the other offenders along; he felt it at the sight of an important French official in a two-horse calash, driven by a soldier, coming toward him; he felt it by the inspiriting sounds of the martial music which came across from the left of the field; and especially he felt it and realized it by the way in which the French officer had that morning read off the list containing the names of the prisoners.

Pierre had been taken by certain soldiers, carried to one place, then transferred to another with a dozen other men; it seemed as if they might have forgotten about him, have confused him with others. But no! the answer that he had given during the investigation returned to him in the form of an appellation: *celui qui n'avoue pas son nom* — the man who refuses to give his name.

And under this appellation, terrible to Pierre, he was

[1] The Tower of Ivan Veliki, or John the Great, "a goodly steepill of hewen stoen in the inner Castell of Musco," built by Boris Godunof, 1600. It is 320 feet high, and provided with a chime of 34 bells, the largest of which weighs 64 tons.

now conducted somewhere, with the undoubted conviction written on all faces that he and the rest of the prisoners were the very ones required, and that they were being taken to the proper place. Pierre felt himself an insignificant chip falling into the wheels of a machine which he knew nothing about, but which acted with absolute regularity.

Pierre and the other prisoners were conducted to the right-hand side of the Dievitchye Pole, to a large white house with an immense garden not far from the monastery. This was Prince Shcherbatof's house, which Pierre had often been in, and which now, as he ascertained from the talk of the soldiers, was occupied by the marshal, the Prince d'Eckmühl.

They were taken to the porch, and led into the house one at a time. Pierre was the sixth. Through the glass gallery, the entry, the anteroom, rooms all well known to Pierre, he was led into a long, low cabinet, at the door of which stood an aide-de-camp.

Davoust, with his spectacles on his nose, sat by a table at one end of the room. Pierre came close to him. Davoust, without raising his eyes, evidently consulted a document placed in front of him. Without even raising his eyes, he asked in a low voice: "*Qui êtes vous?* — Who are you?"

Pierre said nothing, from the reason that he had not the power to utter a word. Davoust, in Pierre's eyes, was not simply a French general: for Pierre, Davoust was a man notorious for his cruelty. As he looked into Davoust's icy face, like that of a stern teacher who is willing to be patient for a time and wait for a reply, Pierre felt that every second of delay might cost him his life, but he knew not what to say. He could not make up his mind to repeat what he had said at the first examination; to divulge his name and station was at once dangerous and shameful.

Pierre said nothing.

But before he had time to come to any decision Davoust raised his head, pushed his spectacles up on his forehead, squinted his eyes, and gave Pierre a fixed stare.

"I know this man," said he, in an icy tone, evidently meant to alarm Pierre. The chill which before had been running up and down Pierre's back clutched his head as in a vise.

"General, you cannot possibly know me; I have never seen you ...."

"He is a Russian spy," interrupted Davoust, turning to another general who happened to be in the room and had not before been observed by Pierre. And Davoust looked away.

With an unexpected rumbling in his voice, Pierre suddenly began to speak rapidly.

"No, monseigneur," said he, unexpectedly remembering that Davoust was a duke. — "No, monseigneur, you cannot have known me. I am an officer of militia, and I have not been out of Moscow."

"Your name?" demanded Davoust.

"Bezukhoï."

"Who will prove that you are not lying?"

"Monseigneur!" cried Pierre, in a tone that betrayed not offense but expostulation.

Davoust raised his eyes and stared at Pierre. For several seconds they looked into each other's eyes, and this look was what saved Pierre. In this look there was established between these two men, above and beyond all the conditions of war and the court-room, the relations of a common humanity. Both of them at that one moment became confusedly conscious of an infinite number of things, and realized that they both were children of humanity, — that they were brothers.

For Davoust, who had only just raised his head from the list where the acts and lives of men were represented by numbers, Pierre at first glance was only an incident, and Davoust would have had him shot without his conscience regarding it as a wicked deed; but now he already began to see that he was a man. He deliberated for an instant.

"How will you prove the truth of what you tell me?" asked Davoust, coldly.

Pierre remembered Ramball, and mentioned his regi-

ment and name and the street where his lodgings would be found.

"You are not what you say you are," reiterated Davoust.

Pierre, in a trembling, broken voice, began to adduce proofs of the correctness of his representation.

But at this instant an aide entered and made some report to Davoust. Davoust suddenly grew radiant at the news communicated by the aide-de-camp, and began to button up his coat. He had evidently forgotten Pierre's existence.

When the aide reminded him of the prisoner, he frowned, and nodded in Pierre's direction, and ordered him to be led away. But where was he to be led? Pierre had no idea, whether back to the coach-house or to the place prepared for the execution, which, as he had crossed the Dievitchye Pole, his comrades had pointed out to him.

He turned his head and looked back, and saw that the aide was making some inquiry.

"*Oui, sans doute;*" but what this "Yes, of course," meant, Pierre had no idea.

Pierre had no idea how long he was kept walking or whither he was taken. In a condition of absolute stupor and abstraction, conscious of nothing around him, he mechanically moved his legs together with the others until they were all halted, and then he also halted.

During all this time one thought filled his mind. This thought was: Who had in last analysis condemned him to be executed? It was not the same men who had examined him at the court-martial; there was not one man among them who would have been willing, or, in all probability, could have done so. It was not Davoust, who had looked at him with such a human look. One instant more and Davoust would have understood that they were making a mistake, but that moment was disturbed by the aide who had come in. And this aide evidently would not have willingly done anything wrong, but he could not help it. Who, then, was it that was the final cause of his being punished, killed,

deprived of life — he, Pierre, with all his recollections, yearnings, hopes, ideas? Who was doing this?

And Pierre felt that it was no one.

It was the order of things, the chain of circumstances.

This order of things was somehow killing him, — Pierre, — depriving him of life, destroying him.

CHAPTER XI

FROM Prince Shcherbatof's house, the prisoners were conducted directly down along the Dievitchye Pole, to the left of the Dievitchy monastery, and were brought into a kitchen-garden where stood an upright post. Back of the post a great pit had been dug, the fresh earth was piled up at one side, and around the pit and the pillar in a semicircle stood a great throng of people. The throng consisted of a few Russians and a great number of Napoleonic troops out of military rank; Prussians, Italians, and French, in various uniforms. At the right and left of the post stood files of French troops in blue uniforms with red epaulets, in gaiters and shakoes.

The condemned were stationed in the same order as that which they had occupied on the list, — Pierre was number six, — and they were brought up to the post. A number of drums were beaten suddenly on two sides, and Pierre felt that at these sounds a part of his very soul was, as it were, torn from him. He lost the faculty of thinking and considering. He could only see and hear. And he had only one desire left, and that was that the terrible thing that had to be done should be done as speedily as possible. Pierre glanced at his comrades and observed them.

Two men at the end were shaven-headed convicts. One was tall, thin; the other, dark, hirsute, muscular, with a flattened nose. Number three was a domestic serf,[1] forty-five years old, with grayish hair and a plump, well-fed body. The fourth was a very handsome muzhik,

[1] *Dvorovui.*

with a bushy, reddish beard, and dark eyes. Number five was a factory hand, a sallow, lean fellow of eighteen, who wore a khalat.

Pierre listened to the French soldiers asking how the men should be shot: one at a time, or two at a time.

"Two at a time," replied the senior officer, in a tone of cool composure.

A stir ran through the rank and file of the soldiery, and it was plain to see that all were making ready, and making ready not as men do who make haste to do something which all comprehend, but rather as men make haste to finish some unusual task, which must be done, yet is unpleasant and incomprehensible.

A French official with a scarf on directed his steps to the right-hand side of the file of the condemned, and read the sentence in Russian and in French.

Then two couples of the French soldiers advanced to the prisoners, and, by direction of the officer, pinioned the two convicts who stood at the end. The convicts were halted at the post, and while they were bringing the death-caps looked silently around them, as a disabled wild beast at bay glares on the hunter approaching.

One kept crossing himself, the other scratched his back and tried to force his lips to smile. The soldiers, with hasty hands, began to bind their eyes, to put on the death-caps, and fasten the men to the post.

A dozen musketeers, with their guns in their hands, stepped forth with firm, measured steps, and came to a halt eight paces from the post.

Pierre looked away so as not to see what was going to take place. Suddenly was heard a crash and a rattle, which seemed to Pierre louder than the most terrific thunderclap, and he looked round. There was a smoke, and some Frenchmen, with pale faces and trembling hands, were doing something at the pit.

Two others were led out. In the same way, with the same eyes, these two also gazed at them all, vainly, with their eyes alone — for their lips were silent — begging for help, and evidently not comprehending and not realizing what was going to be. They could not believe,

because they alone knew what their life was for them, and therefore they understood not and believed not that it could be taken from them.

Pierre wished not to look, and again turned his head away; but again his ears were assailed as by a terrible explosion, and, at the same time, he saw the smoke, the blood of some one, and the pale, frightened faces of the Frenchmen again occupied, with something near the post, — with trembling hands pushing one another.

Pierre, breathing heavily, glanced around him, as if to ask, "What is the meaning of this?"

The same question was expressed in all the eyes that met Pierre's.

On all the faces of the Russians, on the faces of the French soldiers and officers, all without exception, he read the same fear, horror, and battle which were in his heart.

"Yes, who is really doing this? They all suffer just exactly as I do. Who is it? who?" Such was the question that flashed through Pierre's mind.

"*Tirailleurs du 86me, en avant* — Squad of the 86th, forward," some one commanded.

The man who was fifth on the list, and stood next to Pierre, was led out — alone!

Pierre did not comprehend that he was saved; that he and all the others had been brought out simply to be witnesses of the execution. With ever increasing horror, but with no realizing sense either of joy or relief, he watched what was going on.

The fifth man was the factory workman in the khalat. The moment they laid their hands on him he seemed overwhelmed with terror, and clung to Pierre. Pierre shuddered, and shook him off.

The factory hand could not walk. He was seized under the arms and dragged away, yelling something. When they brought him to the post, he suddenly became quiet. An idea suddenly seemed to occur to him. Whether he realized that it was idle to scream, or felt that it was impossible that these men should really mean to kill him, — at all events, he stood by the post waiting

for his eyes to be bandaged, just as the others had done, and like the wild beast at bay glared around him with flashing eyes.

Pierre could not bring himself to turn away or close his eyes. His curiosity and emotion, shared with the whole throng at the spectacle of this fifth execution, had arisen to the highest pitch. Like the other four, this new victim was composed. He wrapped his khalat around him, and rubbed one bare foot against the other.

When they proceeded to bind his eyes, he himself arranged the knot on the back of his head, as it was too tight for him. Then when they placed him with his back to the blood-sprinkled post, he leaned back against it, but then, apparently finding it uncomfortable in that position, he straightened himself up, and, standing on even feet, he coolly stood with his back to it.

Pierre did not take his eyes from him, or lose his slightest motion.

Some command must have been given ; the command must have been followed by the reports of eight muskets. But Pierre, in spite of all his subsequent efforts to remember, heard not the slightest report from the firearms. He only saw how the factory hand, for some reason, suddenly leaned with all his weight on the ropes, how blood showed in two spots, and how the ropes themselves from the weight of the suspended body gave way, and the factory hand, unnaturally lolling his head, and his legs doubling under him, sat down.

Pierre ran up to the post. No one detained him. The pale, terror-stricken men were doing something or other about the factory hand. One old, mustached French soldier, as he untied the ropes, could not prevent his lower jaw from trembling. The body was laid on the ground. The soldiers clumsily and in all haste dragged it behind the post, and proceeded to push it into the pit.

They all, evidently, were well assured that these men were criminals, and that it was necessary as quickly as possible to put out of sight all traces of their crime.

Pierre glanced into the pit, and saw that the factory hand lay there with his knees drawn up near to his head

and one shoulder higher than the other. And this shoulder was convulsively but regularly falling and rising. But already shovelfuls of earth were falling on his whole body.

One of the soldiers sternly, impatiently, wrathfully, called to Pierre to come back. But Pierre heard him not, and stood by the post, and no one drove him away.

When now the pit was all filled up, a word of command was heard. Pierre was brought back to his place, and the French troops, standing in files on both sides of the post, faced about, and marched by the post in measured step.

The twenty-four men whose muskets had been emptied, standing in the midst of the square, ran to their places, as their companies marched by them.

Pierre gazed with lack-luster eyes at these men who two by two left the circle. All but one had rejoined their companies. A young soldier with a deathly pale face, and wearing a shako on the back of his head, had grounded his musket, and still stood in front of the pit, in the spot where he had fired. He staggered like a drunken man a few steps forward, then back, and could scarcely keep from falling. An old soldier, a non-commissioned officer, ran from the ranks, and, seizing the young soldier, drew him back to his company. The throng of Russians and French began to disperse. All went off in silence, with dejected heads.

"*Ça leur apprendra à encendier* — This 'll teach 'em to set fires," said one of the Frenchmen.

Pierre glanced at the speaker, and saw that he was a soldier who wanted to get some consolation from what had been done, but could not. Without finishing what he had begun to say, he waved his hand, and went on his way.

CHAPTER XII

After the execution, Pierre was parted from the others, and placed by himself in a small, dilapidated church which had been burned.

Just before evening, a non-commissioned officer of the guard, accompanied by two soldiers, came into the church, and explained to Pierre that he was reprieved, and was to be put into the barracks of the prisoners of war.

Without comprehending what was said to him, Pierre got up and went with the soldiers.

He was conducted to some huts at the upper part of the field, constructed of burned planks, beams, and scantling, and introduced into one of them. Pierre found himself in the dark, surrounded by a score of various men. He looked at these men, without comprehending who they were, why they were there, or what they wanted of him. He heard the words that they spoke, but he saw no connection or coherence in them; he did not comprehend their meaning. He answered their questions, but he had no idea who listened to him, or how his answers were received. He looked at the faces and forms, and they all alike seemed to him meaningless.

From the moment that Pierre had looked on that horrid massacre perpetrated by men who did not wish to do it, the mainspring by which everything had been coördinated and kept alive in his mind seemed to have been torn away, and everything had crumbled into a heap of incoherent dust. Although he made no attempt to explain how it happened, his faith in the beneficent ordering of the universe, in the human soul, and in his own and in God, was destroyed.

Pierre had passed through such a mental crisis before, but never one of such violence as this. Before, when doubts of this kind had come on Pierre, they had had their origin in his own wrong-doing. And then Pierre had felt in the depths of his heart that his sal-

vation from such despair and doubt was in himself. But now he was conscious that it was not his own fault that the universe had collapsed before his eyes, leaving only incoherent ruins. He felt that it was not in his power to return to faith in life.

Around him in the darkness stood a number of men; apparently they found something in him to interest them. They told him things, they asked questions of him; then they led him somewhere, and at last he found himself in a corner of the hut, together with certain men who were talking and laughing together. "Here, now, my brothers, ... this very prince *who* ...." (special stress was laid on the word "who") some one was saying in the opposite corner of the balagan.

Pierre sat motionless and silent on the straw next the wall, now opening and now closing his eyes. But as soon as he closed his eyes he saw before him the factory workman's face, terrible, especially terrible, from its very simplicity, and the still more terrible faces of the reluctant executioners, with their anxious looks. And he would again open his eyes and stare inanely into the darkness around him.

Next him sat a little man all doubled up, whose presence Pierre was made aware of from the very first by the strong odor of sweat which emanated from him every time he moved. This man was engaged in doing something to his feet, and though it was so dark Pierre could not see his face, he felt conscious that this man kept looking at him. By straining his eyes to suit the darkness, Pierre made out that this man was baring his feet. And Pierre began to grow interested in the way he did it.

Having unwound the long band which was twisted around one foot and leg, he carefully rolled it up, and then went to work on the other foot the same way, constantly glancing at Pierre. While one hand was hanging up the first leg-wrapper, the other had instantly begun to undo the one on the other leg. Having thus bared his feet with precise but flowing, well-directed motions whereby no time was lost, the man spread out

his foot-gear on the pegs which were driven in just above his head, took out his pocket-knife, pared off something, shut up his knife, thrust it under his pillow, and, having settled himself more comfortably, he clasped his raised knees with both hands and stared straight at Pierre.

For Pierre there was something agreeable, soothing, and satisfying in these well-regulated motions, and in this man's making himself so at home in his corner, — even in the odor emanating from him; and Pierre, without dropping his eyes, returned his gaze.

"Well, have you seen pretty hard times, barin? hah?" suddenly asked the little man.

And there was such an expression of gentleness and simple-hearted goodness in the man's singsong voice that Pierre would have instantly replied, but his jaw trembled and the tears came into his eyes. The little man at the same second, not giving Pierre time to betray his confusion, went on in the same pleasant voice: —

"Ah, my dear friend,[1] don't repine," said he, in that gentle, singsong, affectionate tone with which old Russian peasant women talk, "don't repine, my friend. An hour to suffer, but an age to live! That 's the way it is, my dear! But we live here, thank God, without offense. There 's bad men and there 's good men as well," said he, and, while still speaking, he got up on his knees with an agile motion, arose, and, coughing, went somewhere.

"Here, you little rascal,[2] you 've come, have you!" Pierre heard the same caressing voice at the other end of the hut, saying, "You remembered me, did you? There, there! that 'll do!"

And the soldier, pushing off a puppy that was jumping up on him, returned to his place and sat down. He carried in his hand something wrapped up in a rag.

"Here 's something to eat, barin," said he, returning to his former respectful tone, and, unwrapping the bundle, he gave to Pierre several baked potatoes. "We

[1] *E sokolik* (little hawk). [2] *Ish shelma.*

had porridge for dinner. But potatoes are excellent."

Pierre had eaten nothing all day, and the smell of the potatoes seemed to him extraordinarily pleasant. He thanked the soldier and began to eat.

"Well, how is it?" asked the soldier, with a smile, and taking one of the potatoes, — "do you relish it?" — He again got out his jack-knife, laid the potato on his palm, and cut it into halves, sprinkled salt on from the rag, and offered it to Pierre. "Potatoes excellent," he reiterated. "Eat it that way!"

It seemed to Pierre that he had never eaten any viands that tasted more appetizing.

"No, it makes no difference to me, one way or the other," said Pierre. "But why did they shoot those poor wretches?.... The last one was n't twenty."

"*Tts! tts!*".... said the little man. "A sin! — a sin!" he quickly added; and as if words were always ready to his lips, and winged to fly away very unexpectedly from them, he added: —

"How was it, barin, that you stayed in Moscow?"

"I did not think they would come so soon. It was by accident I stayed," replied Pierre.

"And how came they to take you? Was it from your own house, my dear?" [1]

"No; I was going to the fire, and then they seized me, and tried me as an incendiary."

"Where the tribunal is, there is injustice," said the little man, sententiously.

"Have you been long here?" asked Pierre, as he munched the last potato.

"I? Since Sunday. I was taken from the hospital in Moscow."

"So you were a soldier, were you?"

"One of Apsheron's regiment. I was dying of fever. No one had ever told us anything about it. There were twenty of us lying there. We had no idea of such a thing.... did n't dream of it!"

"Well, are you bored at being here?"

[1] *Sokolik*, darling (little hawk).

"How can I help being, my dear?[1] My name is Platon; surname, Karatayef," he added, evidently so as to make Pierre's intercourse with him less formal. "They always called me sokolik in the army. How can one help being bored, my dear? Moscow is the mother of our cities! How can one look on and see her destruction and not be blue? 'The worm gnaws the cabbage, but perishes before it;' that's the old folks' saying," he added quickly.

"How, how did you say that?" asked Pierre.

"I?" asked Karatayef. "Oh, I say, 'Not by our wit, but as God sees fit,'"[2] said he, thinking he was repeating the former proverb. And immediately he went on:—

"And you have property, have n't you, barin? And have a house? Your cup must be full. And have a wife?[3] And old folks alive?" he asked.

And Pierre, though he could not see because it was so dark, still knew that the soldier's lips were curved in a respectful smile of friendliness as he asked these questions.

He was evidently grieved to learn that Pierre had no parents, especially no mother.

"A wife for advice, a wife's mother for a welcome, but nothing sweeter than one's own matushka!" said he. "But have you any children?" he proceeded to inquire. Pierre's negative reply again evidently grieved him, and he hastened to add: "Well, you are young yet; God may give them. Only you should live in good understanding...."

"It's all the same to me now," said Pierre, involuntarily.

"Ekh! My dear man!" exclaimed Platon. "There's no getting rid of the beggar's sack nor of the prison cell!" He got into a more comfortable attitude, cleared his throat, and was evidently preparing to spin a long yarn. "This was the way, my dear friend,[4] I lived when I was at home," he began. "We had a rich estate....

[1] *Sokolik*, darling (little hawk).
[2] *Nye nashim umom a Bozhyim sudom.*
[3] *Khozyaïka*, mistress of the house.
[4] *Druk moï liubeznui.*

much land .... peasants lived well, and we in the house too, glory to thee, O God! My own batyushka would go out and mow. Lived well, as *Christians* should! But it happened .... "

And Platon Karatayef related a long story about how he went into another man's grove after fire-wood, and the watchman had caught him; how he had been flogged, tried, and sent off as a soldier.

"Well, my dear friend,"[1] said he, his voice altered by his smile, "it seemed a misfortune; on the contrary, good thing! My brother would have had to go if it had n't been for my sin. But my younger brother had five children, while, you see, I had only a wife to leave. I had a little girl once, but God took her back before I went soldiering. I went home on leave once. I will tell you about it. I see they live better than they did before. Yard full of live stock; women at home; two brothers off at work. Only Mikhaïlo, the youngest, at home. And my batyushka, he says, says he, 'All my children 's alike to me; no matter which finger you pinch, it hurts just the same. And if they had not taken Platon, Mikhaïlo 'd had to go.' He took us all in front of the 'images' — would you believe it? — and made us stand there. 'Mikhaïlo,' says he, 'come here. Bow down to the ground before him; and you, woman, bow down; and you, little ones, bow down, all of you! Have you understood?' says he. And that 's the way it is, my dear friend. 'No escaping Fate.'[2] And we are always declaring, 'This is not good, or this is all wrong.' But our happiness is like water in a net; put it in, and it 's full; take it out, and it 's empty! That 's the way it is."

And Platon shifted his seat on his straw.

After a little space of silence, Platon arose: "Well, I suppose you 'd like to go to sleep?" said he, and he began to cross himself, muttering, "Lord Jesus Christ! Saint Nikola! Frola and Lavra! Lord Jesus Christ,

[1] *Sokolik.*

[2] Literally, Fate, destiny, seeks heads. A variant of the proverb reads "If Fate does not find the man, the man goes to Fate."

Saint Nikola! Frola and Lavra, Lord Jesus Christ — have mercy upon us and save us!" he said in conclusion, bowed down to the very ground, got up, drew a deep sigh, and lay down on his straw. "Now, O God! let me 'sleep like a stone and rise like a loaf,'"[1] he exclaimed, and lay down, covering himself with his soldier's coat.

"What was that prayer you were repeating?" asked Pierre.

"Heh?" said Platon. He was already dozing. "Repeated what? I was praying to God. Don't you say your prayers?"

"Certainly I say my prayers," replied Pierre. "But what was that about Frola and Lavra?"[2]

"Why," swiftly replied Platon, "that 's the horses' saints. For we must have pity on the cattle," said Karatayef. "Oh, you rascal! you have come back, have you? You want to get warm, do you, you nice little bitch?" said he, fondling the puppy at his feet, and, turning over again, instantly fell asleep.

Outside in the distance were heard the sounds of wailing and yells, and through the cracks in the hut the glare of the fire could be seen, but within it was dark and still. It was long before Pierre could go to sleep; and he lay in his place in the darkness with wide-open eyes, listening to Platon's measured snoring, as he lay near him, and feeling that that formerly ruined world was now arising again in his soul, in new beauty and with new and steadfast foundations.

CHAPTER XIII

THE *balagan*, or hut, where Pierre was confined, and where he spent four weeks, contained twenty-three soldiers, three officers, and two chinovniks, — all prisoners.

Afterwards all of them seemed to be misty memories

[1] *Kalachik* (kalatch), a sort of pretzel, or light loaf.
[2] *Frola* and *Lavra*: Flora and Laura.

to Pierre; but Platon Karatayef forever remained in Pierre's mind as a most powerful and precious recollection, the very embodiment of all that was good and worthy and truly Russian.

When, on the following day, at dawn, Pierre saw his neighbor, the first impression of something rotund was fully confirmed; Platon's whole figure, in his French overcoat belted with a rope, in his forage-cap and bast shoes, was rotund. His head was perfectly round; his back, his chest, his shoulders, even his arms, which he always carried as if he were ready to throw them around something, were round; his pleasant smile and his large, thick brows and his gentle eyes were round.

Platon Karatayef must have been more than fifty, to judge by his stories of campaigns in which he had taken part as a soldier. He himself had no idea, and could never have told with any accuracy, how old he was. But his teeth, brilliantly white and strong, were always displayed in two unbroken rows whenever he laughed, — which he often did, — and not one was not good and sound. There was not a trace of gray in beard or hair, and his whole frame had the appearance of agility and especially of steadfastness and endurance.

His face, in spite of a multitude of delicate round wrinkles, gave the impression of innocence and youth; his voice was agreeable in its melodious singsong. But the chief peculiarity of his speech consisted in its spontaneity and shrewdness. He evidently never thought of what he said or what he was going to say. And from this arose the irresistible persuasiveness that was found in the rapidity and certainty of his intonations.

His physical powers and activity were so great during the early part of their term of captivity that it seemed as if he knew not what weariness or ill-health meant. Every morning and evening, as he lay on his couch of straw, he would say, "Lord, let me sleep like a stone and rise like a loaf."

When he got up in the morning he always shrugged his shoulders in a certain way and said, "Turn over when you lie down, shake yourself when you get up."

And, in point of fact, all he had to do was to lie down, and instantly he would be asleep like a stone; and all he had to do was to shake himself, and without a second's delay he would be ready to take up anything, just as children, when they are once up, take to their toys.

He was a jack-at-all-trades, but neither very good nor very bad at any. He could bake, cook, sew, cut hair, cobble boots. He was always busy, and only when it came night did he allow himself to enjoy social converse, though he enjoyed it, and to sing. He sang his songs, not as singers usually sing, knowing that they will be heard; but he sang as the birds sing, evidently because it was just as much a necessity for him as it was for him to stretch himself or to walk. And these sounds were always gentle, soft, almost like a woman's, plaintive, and his face, while he was engaged in this, was very grave.

During his captivity he let his beard grow, and evidently discarded everything extraneous which was foreign or military, and involuntarily returned to his former condition of the peasant and man of the people.

"'A soldier on leave is a shirt made out of drawers,'" he would quote. He was not fond of talking about his soldiering days, although he had no regret for them, and often declared that during all his term in the service he had not once been flogged. When he had stories to tell he much preferred to confine them to old and evidently precious recollections of the time when he was a serf — *Khristianin*, Christian, he called it, instead of *Krestyanin!*

The proverbs of which he made so much use were not that generally coarse and vulgar slang which soldiers are apt to employ, but were genuine popular "saws," which seem perfectly insignificant when taken out of connection, but which suddenly acquire a meaning of deep wisdom when applied appositely.

He often said things that were diametrically opposed to what he had said before, but yet each statement would be correct. He loved to talk, and talked well, embellishing his discourse with affectionate diminutives and

proverbs, which, it seemed to Pierre, the man himself improvised; but the chief charm of his narrations arose from the fact that the simplest events, those which Pierre himself had seen without taking account of them, assumed a character of solemn beauty.

He liked to listen to the yarns — though they were all of a single stamp — which a certain soldier used to tell evenings, but above all he liked to listen to tales of actual life.

He smiled blithely while listening to such tales, suggesting words and asking questions conducive to bringing out all the beauty of what was related to him.

Special attachments, friendships, loves, as Pierre understood them, Karatayef had none; but he liked all men, and lived in a loving way with all with whom his life brought him into contact, and especially with men — not any particular men — but with such as were in his sight. He loved his dog; he loved his comrades, the French; he loved Pierre, who was his companion; but Pierre felt that Karatayef, in spite of all that affectionate spirit which he manifested toward him, — and which he could not help giving as a tribute to Pierre's spiritual life, — not for one moment would grieve over separation. And Pierre also began to have the same feeling toward Karatayef.

Platon Karatayef was, in the eyes of all the other prisoners, a most ordinary soldier. They called him *sokolik*, "little hawk," or *Platosha*, good-naturedly quizzed him, made him do odd jobs for them.

But for Pierre, he remained forever what he had seemed to him the first night, — the incomprehensible, "all round," and eternal personification of the spirit of simplicity and truth.

The only thing that Platon Karatayef knew merely by rote was his prayer. When he talked, he, it would appear, would have no idea where, having once begun, he should finish.

When Pierre sometimes missed the sense of what he said, and would ask him to repeat himself, Platon would not be able to remember what he had spoken only the

minute before, just as in the same way he could not give Pierre the words of his favorite song. The words were: *Rodimaya, beryozanka i toshnenko mnye,* — Mother, little birch tree, sick at heart am I, — but there was no coherent sense in those words. He could not remember or define words apart from the context.

Every word he spoke and everything that he did was the manifestation of that, to him, incomprehensible activity, his life. But his life, as he himself looked at it, had no sense as a separate existence. It had sense only as it was a part of the great whole of which he was constantly conscious. His words and deeds flowed from him as regularly, unavoidably, and spontaneously as the fragrance exhales from a flower. He could not comprehend either the object or the significance of words or deeds taken out of their proper connection.

CHAPTER XIV

The Princess Mariya, having learned from Nikolaĭ that her brother was with the Rostofs at Yaroslavl, immediately, in spite of her aunt's dissuasion, made her arrangements to join him, not alone, but with her nephew.

She did not ask herself whether this would be hard or easy, feasible or impossible, and she cared not to know; it was her duty not only to be with her brother, who perhaps was dying, but also to put forth her utmost endeavors to bring his son to him, and she was bound to go.

If Prince Andreĭ himself did not send her word, it was to be explained, the princess was certain, either because he was too feeble to write, or because he felt that the long, roundabout journey would be too hard and perilous for her and his son.

In a few days the Princess Mariya was ready for the journey. Her outfit consisted of the vast, princely coach in which she had made the journey to Voronezh, a britchka, and a baggage wagon. She was accompanied

by Mlle. Bourienne, Nikolushka with his tutor, the old nurse, three maids, Tikhon, a young footman, and a haĭduk whom her aunt sent with her.

To go by the usual route, by way of Moscow, was not even to be thought of, and therefore the roundabout journey which the princess had to take through Lipetsk, Riazan, Vladimir, Shuya, was very long, and, by reason of the dearth of post-horses, very difficult, and in the vicinity of Riazan, where, so it was said, the French had begun to appear, even perilous.

During this trying journey, Mlle. Bourienne, Dessalles, and the Princess Mariya's servants were amazed at her steadfastness and activity. She was the last of all to retire, she was the first of all to rise, and no difficulties sufficed to daunt her. Thanks to her activity and energy, which inspirited her companions, at the end of the second week they reached Yaroslavl.

During the last part of her stay in Voronezh, the Princess Mariya had experienced the keenest joy of her life. Her love for Rostof no longer tormented her or excited her. This love filled her whole soul, had made itself an inseparable part of her being, and she no longer struggled against it. Of late, the Princess Mariya had persuaded herself — though she never said this in so many words even to herself — that she loved, and was loved in return. She was convinced of this at her last meeting with Nikolaĭ, when he came to explain that her brother was with his parents.

Nikolaĭ had not intimated by a single word that now, in case of Prince Andreĭ's restoration to health, the former relations between him and Natasha would be renewed, but the Princess Mariya saw by Nikolaĭ's face that he knew it was possible and had thought of it.

And, nevertheless, his relations toward her, so considerate, so gentle, and so affectionate, not only underwent no change, but he was apparently delighted, because now the kinship between him and the Princess Mariya gave him greater freedom in manifesting to her his friendship-love, for such the princess sometimes considered it to be. The Princess Mariya knew that this,

in her case, was love for the first and last time in her life, and she felt that she was loved, and she was happy and calm in this state of things.

But this happiness did not prevent her from feeling grief in all its force for her brother; on the contrary, this spiritual composure, in one sense, permitted her greater possibility of giving herself up completely to this feeling for her brother.

This feeling was so intense at the first moment of her departure from Voronezh that her attendants were convinced, as they looked into her anguished, despairing face, that she would assuredly fall ill on the way; but the difficulties and trials of the journey, which employed so much of her energies, saved her for the time being from her grief, and imparted strength to her.

As is always the case during a journey, the Princess Mariya had no other thought than about the journey, and forgot the object for which it was undertaken. But, as she approached Yaroslavl, when the possibilities before her recurred to her mind, and she realized that it was to be that very evening and not at the end of days, the Princess Mariya's agitation reached its utmost limits.

When the haïduk, who had been sent forward to find where in Yaroslavl the Rostofs were quartered, and how Prince Andreï was, rode back and met the great traveling-coach at the barriers, he was horror-struck to see the princess's terribly pallid face, as she put it out of the window.

"I have found out all about it, your ladyship[1]; the Rostofs are on the square, at the house of the merchant Bronnikof. Not very far from here, right on the Volga," said the haïduk.

The Princess Mariya looked into his face anxiously and inquiringly, not understanding why he did not reply to the question that chiefly occupied her: —

"How is my brother?"

Mlle. Bourienne asked this question for the princess.

"How is the prince?" asked she.

[1] *Vashe siyatelstvo*, illustriousness.

"His illustriousness is with them in the same house."

"Of course, then, he must be alive," thought the princess, and she softly asked: —

"How is he?"

"The servants say he is still in the same condition."

The princess did not dream of asking what he meant by being "in the same condition," and, imperceptibly giving a swift glance at the seven-year-old Nikolushka, who was sitting next her and rejoicing in the sight of the city, she dropped her head and did not look up again until the heavy carriage, rumbling, jolting, and swaying, stopped. The steps were let down with a clatter. The door was thrown open. At the left was water — the great river; at the right a door-step; on the door-step were servants and a young, ruddy-faced girl, with a long, dark switch of hair, who wore what seemed to the Princess Mariya a disagreeably hypocritical smile.

This was Sonya.

The princess got out and mounted the steps; the hypocritically smiling young girl said, "This way, this way;" and the princess found herself in the anteroom, in the presence of an elderly woman, with an Eastern type of face, who, with a flurried expression, came swiftly to meet her.

This was the old countess.

She threw her arms around the Princess Mariya and began to kiss her.

"My child!" she exclaimed, "I love you, and I have known you for a long time."

In spite of all her agitation the princess realized that this was the countess, and that she must say something to her. She, without knowing how she did it, murmured a few polite words in French, in the same tone in which those spoken to her were said, and then she asked: —

"How is he?"

"The doctor says that there is no danger," said the countess; but even while she made that remark she sighed and raised her eyes to heaven, and in this action contradicted what she had just said.

"Where is he? May I see him? May I?" asked the princess.

"Directly, princess, directly, dear friend! — Is this his son?" she asked, turning to Nikolushka, who had come in with Dessalles. "There will be room enough for us all. It is a large house. — Oh, what a lovely little boy!"

The countess took the princess into the drawing-room. Sonya engaged in conversation with Mlle. Bourienne. The countess fondled the boy. The old count came into the room to pay his respects to the princess.

The old count had completely altered since the princess had seen him the last time. Then he was a lively, jovial, self-confident little old man; now he seemed like a melancholy wreck of himself. As he talked with the countess he kept looking round, as if he were asking all present whether he was doing the proper thing. After the destruction of Moscow and his property, being taken out of the ruts in which he was accustomed to run, he had apparently lost his bearings, and felt that there was no longer any place for him in life.

In spite of her one desire to see her brother as speedily as possible, and her annoyance because at the moment when she might be gratifying this desire, and seeing him, she was obliged to exchange courtesies with these people, and to listen to pretended praise of her nephew, still the princess kept a close watch on everything around her, and felt that it was incumbent upon her to conform to the new order of things into which she had fallen. She knew that it was a necessity, and, hard as it was, still she kept her temper.

"This is my niece," said the count, introducing Sonya. "You have not met her, have you, princess?"

The princess turned to her, and, trying to overmaster the feeling of hostility which this young lady caused in her heart, she gave her a kiss. But it was made hard for her because of the want of harmony between all these people and what was in her own heart.

"Where is he?" she asked again, addressing no one in particular.

"He is down-stairs. Natasha is with him," replied Sonya, coloring. "They 've sent word to him. I think you must be tired, princess."

Tears of vexation arose to the princess's eyes. She turned away, and was going once more to ask the countess how she could go to him, when light, impetuous, one might almost say jocund, steps were heard in the adjoining room. The princess glanced round and saw Natasha almost running, — that same Natasha who, when she had last seen her in Moscow, had so completely failed to please her.

The princess had scarcely glanced into the face of this Natasha before she perceived that this was a genuine sympathizer in her grief, and hence her friend. She went to meet her, and, throwing her arms around her, melted into tears on her neck.

As soon as Natasha, who had been sitting by Prince Andreï's bedside, learned of the princess's arrival, she had quietly left the room, and with the same swift, and, as it seemed to the Princess Mariya, jocund steps, hurried to meet her.

On her agitated face there was only one expression when she came into the room — the expression of love, unbounded love for him, for his sister, for everything that was near and dear to this beloved man, the expression of pity, of sympathy for others, and a passionate desire to give herself up entirely to find help for him. It was evident that, at that moment, there was no room in Natasha's soul for thoughts about herself, or about her relations toward him.

The sensitive Princess Mariya, at the first glance into Natasha's face, realized all this, and, with a bitter sweetness, she wept on her neck.

"Let us go to him; come, Marie!" exclaimed Natasha, leading her into the next room.

The Princess Mariya looked up, wiped her eyes, and was about to ask Natasha a question. She felt that from her she could ask and learn all that she wanted to know.

"How...." she began to ask, but suddenly paused.

She felt that her question could not be asked or answered in words. Natasha's face and eyes would tell her everything more clearly and with profounder meaning.

Natasha looked at her, but, it seemed, she was in too great fear or doubt, either to tell or not to tell all that she knew; she seemed to feel that, in presence of those lucid eyes, searching the very depths of her soul, it was impossible not to tell the whole truth, everything as she herself saw it. Natasha's lip suddenly trembled, the ugly wrinkles grew more pronounced around her mouth, and she burst into tears, and hid her face in her hands.

The Princess Mariya understood all.

But still she hoped, and she asked in words in which she had no faith: —

"But how is his wound? What is his general condition?"

"You .... you .... will see for yourself," was all that Natasha could manage to say.

The two waited for some time down-stairs, next his room, so as to finish crying, and to go to him with composed faces.

"How has his whole illness gone? Has the change for the worse been of recent occurrence? When did *this* take place?" asked the Princess Mariya.

Natasha had told her that during the first part of the time there was danger from his fever and suffering, but that at Troïtsa this had passed off, and the doctor had only feared Anthony's fire. But even this danger of mortification had been avoided. When they reached Yaroslavl, the wound began to suppurate (Natasha understood all about suppuration and such things), and the doctor said that the suppuration might take its normal course. There had been some fever. The doctor declared that this fever was not ominous. "But two days before," Natasha said, "*this* had suddenly come upon him." — She restrained her sobs. — "I don't know why, but you will see how he is."

"Has he grown weaker? Has he grown thin?" .... asked the princess.

"No, not exactly, but thinner. You will see. Ah, Marie! he is too good; he cannot, cannot live.... because...."

CHAPTER XV

When Natasha, with her ordinary composure, opened the door of his room, allowing the princess to enter before her, the Princess Mariya felt that the sobs were already swelling her throat. In spite of her preparations, her endeavors to compose herself, she knew that she should not be able to see him without tears.

The Princess Mariya comprehended what Natasha meant by the phrase, "*Two days before, this had suddenly come upon him.*" She realized what it meant that he had suddenly grown softened; this sweetness and humility were the symptoms of death. As she entered the doorway, she already saw in her fancy that face of her Andriusha, which she had known in childhood, gentle, sweet, full of feeling, sensitive, in a way which in later days had rarely shown itself, and which had, therefore, always made such a vivid impression on her. She knew that he would speak to her those subdued, affectionate words, like what her father had spoken just before he died, and that she would not be able to endure it, and would burst into tears before him.

But sooner or later it had to be, and she entered the room. The sobs rose higher and higher in her throat, as, with greater and greater distinctness, with her near-sighted eyes, she distinguished his form and searched his features, and then she saw his face and met his eyes.

He lay on a divan, propped up with pillows, and wrapped in a squirrel-skin khalat. He was thin and pale. One thin, transparently white hand held his handkerchief; with the other he was, by a gentle motion of the fingers, caressing his soft whiskers which had been allowed to grow. His eyes were turned toward the visitors.

When the Princess Mariya saw his face and her eyes

met his, she suddenly modified the haste of her steps, and felt that her tears were suddenly dried and her sobs relieved. As she caught the expression of his face and eyes, she suddenly grew awestruck, and felt that she was guilty.

"But what am I guilty of?" she asked herself.

"Because thou art alive, and art thinking of the future, while I?" — was the reply of his cold, stern look.

In that look of his, not outward from within, but turned inward upon himself, there was almost an expression of hostility, as he slowly turned his eyes on his sister and Natasha. He exchanged kisses with his sister, and shook hands as usual.

"How are you, Marie? How did you get here?" he asked, but his voice had the same monotonous and alien sound that was in his look. If he had uttered a desperate cry, this cry would have filled the Princess Mariya with less horror than the sound of his voice. "And have you brought Nikolushka?" he asked, in the same slow, indifferent way, and evidently finding it hard to recollect.

"How are you now?" inquired the Princess Mariya, amazed, herself, at her question.

"That you must ask of the doctor," he replied; and evidently collecting his strength, so as to be more gracious, he said with his lips alone (it was evident that he did not think at all of what he was saying), "*Merci, chère amie, d'être venue* — Thank you for coming!"

The Princess Mariya pressed his hand. He almost noticeably frowned at the pressure of her hand. He was silent, and she knew not what to say. She now understood what had come over him two days before. In his words, in his tone, especially in this glance of his, this cold, almost hostile look, could be perceived that alienation from all that is of this world, that is so terrible for a living man to witness. He evidently found it difficult to understand the interests of life, but at the same time one could feel that this was so, not because he was deprived of the power of remembrance, but because his mind was turned to something else, which the living

comprehend not and cannot comprehend, and which was absorbing him entirely.

"Yes, see what a strange fate has brought us together again!" said he, breaking the silence, and indicating Natasha. "She has taken care of me all the time."

The Princess Mariya heard him and understood not what he said. He, the sensitive, gentle Prince Andreï, how could he say this of her whom he loved and who loved him? If he had had any thought of living he could never have made such a remark in such a coldly insulting tone. If he had not known that he was going to die, how could he have failed to pity her, how could he have said such a thing in her presence! The only explanation could be that to him it was a matter of indifference and wholly of indifference, because something else, something far more important, had been revealed to him.

The conversation was cold, desultory, and interrupted every instant.

"Marie came through Riazan," said Natasha.

Prince Andreï did not remark that she had spoken of his sister as Marie. But Natasha, having called her so, for the first time noticed it herself.

"Well, what about it?" he asked.

"They told her that Moscow was all on fire, all burned up, and that...."

Natasha paused; it was impossible for her to speak. He was evidently making an effort to listen, and still could not.

"Oh, yes, burned," said he. "Too bad!" and again he looked straight ahead, smoothing his whiskers abstractedly with his fingers.

"And so you met Count Nikolaï, did you, Marie?" suddenly asked Prince Andreï, evidently trying to say something pleasant. "He wrote home that he was very much in love with you," he pursued very simply and calmly, evidently not being strong enough to realize all the complicated significance which his words had for the living. "If you love him also, then it would be a very good thing.... if you were to marry," he added a

little more rapidly, as if rejoiced to find at last words which he had been long trying to find.

The Princess Mariya heard his words, but they had for her no meaning, except as they showed how terribly far he was now from all earthly interests.

"Why speak about me?" she asked composedly, and glanced at Natasha. Natasha, conscious of this glance, did not look at her.

Again all were silent.

"André, do you wa...." suddenly asked the princess, in a trembling voice — "do you want to see Nikolushka? He is always talking about you."

Prince Andreï for the first time smiled, though almost imperceptibly; but his sister, who knew his face so well, observed to her horror that this was not a smile of pleasure or of affection for his son, but one of quiet, sweet irony at his sister's employing, as he supposed, this final means of bringing him back to conscious emotion.

"Yes, very glad to see Nikolushka. Is he well?"

When they brought to Prince Andreï his little Nikolushka, who gazed in terror at his father, but did not weep, because no one else was weeping, Prince Andreï kissed him, and evidently knew not what to say to him.

When Nikolushka was led away again, the Princess Mariya returned to her brother, kissed him, and, unable to control herself longer, burst into tears.

He gazed at her steadily.

"Are you crying for Nikolushka?" he asked.

The princess, weeping, nodded affirmatively.

"Marie, you know the New Tes...." but he suddenly stopped.

"What did you say?"

"Nothing. But you must not weep here," he added, looking at her with the same cold look.

When the Princess Mariya burst into tears, he understood that she was weeping because Nikolushka would be left fatherless.

By a great effort of self-mastery he tried to return to life and look upon things from their standpoint.

"Yes, it must seem very sad to them," he thought, "but how simple this is! — the fowls of the air sow not, neither do they reap, yet your heavenly Father feedeth them," he said to himself, and that was what he was going to say to the princess; "but no, they understood that in their way; they will not comprehend it. They cannot comprehend that all these feelings which they cherish, all these ideas which seem to us so important, are of *no consequence.* We cannot understand each other." And so he held his peace.

Prince Andreï's little son was seven years old. He scarcely knew how to read. He really knew nothing. He went through much subsequent to that day, acquiring knowledge, the habit of observation, experience; but if he had at that time enjoyed the mastery of all that he acquired later, he could not have had a deeper, truer comprehension of the significance of that scene between his father, the Princess Mariya, and Natasha, than he had then. He understood it perfectly, and, not shedding a tear, he left the room, silently crept up to Natasha, who followed him, and shyly looked at her out of his beautiful, dreamy eyes; his short lip trembled; he leaned his head against her and wept.

From that day he avoided Dessalles, avoided the countess, who petted him, and either stayed alone by himself or timidly joined the Princess Mariya and Natasha, whom he, as it seemed, liked better than his aunt, and quietly and shyly stayed by them.

The Princess Mariya, on leaving her brother, perfectly comprehended what Natasha's face had told her. She said nothing more about any hope of saving his life. She took turns with her in sitting by his divan, and she ceased to weep; but she prayed without ceasing, her soul turning to that eternal, searchless One, whose presence so palpably hovered over the dying man.

CHAPTER XVI

Prince Andreï not only knew that he was going to die, but he also felt that he was dying, that he was already half-way toward death.

He experienced a consciousness of alienation from everything earthly, and a strange beatific exhilaration of being. Without impatience and without anxiety, he waited for what was before him.

That ominous Eternal Presence, unknown and far away, which had never once ceased, throughout all his life, to haunt his senses, was now near at hand, and, by reason of that strange exhilaration which he felt, almost comprehensible and palpable.

* * * * * *

Before, he had feared the end. Twice he had experienced that terribly tormenting sense of the fear of death, of the end, and now he did not realize it.

The first time he had experienced that feeling was when the shell was spinning like a top before him, and he looked at the stubble-field, at the shrubbery, at the sky, and knew that death was before him.

When he waked to consciousness, after his wound, and in his soul, for an instant, as it were, freed from the burden of life that crushed him, had sprung up that flower of love eternal, unbounded, independent of all life, he no longer feared death, and thought no more of it.

During those tormenting hours of loneliness and half-delirium which he had spent since he was wounded, the more he pondered over this new source of eternal love which had at first been concealed from him, the more he became alienated from the earthly life, though the process was an unconscious one.

To love everything, all men, always to sacrifice self for love's sake, meant to love no one in particular, meant not to live this mundane life. And the more he imbued himself with this source of love, the more he let go of

life, and the more absolutely he broke down that terrible impediment which, if love be absent, holds between life and death.

When, during this first period, he remembered that he must die, he said to himself, "Well, then, so much the better."

But after that night at Muitishchi, when in his semi-delirium she whom he had longed for appeared before him, and when he, pressing his lips to her hand, had wept gentle tears of joy, then love for one woman imperceptibly took possession of his heart and again attached it to life. And joyful but anxious thoughts began to recur to him. As he remembered the moment at the field lazaret, when he had seen Kuragin, he could not now renew that former feeling; he was tortured by the question: "Is he alive?" But he dared not make the inquiry.

His illness had followed its physical course, but what Natasha had spoken of as *having come over him* happened two days before the Princess Mariya's arrival. This was the last moral combat between life and death, and death had been victorious. It was the unexpected discovery that he still prized his life, which presented itself in the guise of his love for Natasha, and the last victorious attack of horror before the unknown.

It was evening. As was usually the case after dinner, he had been in a slightly feverish condition, and his mind was preternaturally acute. Sonya was sitting by the table. Suddenly, a realizing sense of bliss took possession of him.

"Ah! she has come!" he said to himself.

In point of fact, Sonya's place was occupied by Natasha, who had just come in with noiseless steps.

Ever since the time when she had begun to be his nurse, he had always experienced this physical sense of her presence.

She sat in the easy-chair, with her side toward him, shading his eyes from the candle-light, and knitting stockings. (She had learned to knit stockings because one time Prince Andreï had told her that no one made

such admirable nurses for the sick as old nurses, who are always knitting stockings, because there is something very soothing in the operation of knitting.) Her slender fingers swiftly plied the occasionally clicking needles, and the pensive profile of her bended head was full in his sight. She moved — the ball of yarn rolled from her lap. She started, glanced at him, and, shading the candle with her hand, with a cautious, lithe, and graceful movement, she bent over, picked up the ball, and resumed her former position.

He looked at her without stirring, and noticed that after she had picked up the ball she had wanted to draw a long breath, with her full bosom, but had refrained from doing so, and had cautiously masked her sigh.

At the Troïtskaya Lavra they had talked over the past, and he had told her that in case he lived he should eternally thank God for his wound, which had brought him back to her; but from that time they had not spoken of the future.

"Can it possibly be?" he was now musing, as he looked at her and listened to the slight steely click of her knitting-needles, "can it be that Fate has so strangely brought us together again only that I may die?.... Can it be that the true meaning of life was revealed to me only that I might live in a lie? I love her more than all else in the world. But what can I do if I love her?" he asked himself, and he suddenly, in spite of himself, groaned, as he often did, out of a custom acquired while he had been suffering.

Hearing this sound, Natasha laid down her stocking, bent nearer to him, and, suddenly noticing his beaming eyes, she went over to him and bent down to him.

"Haven't you been asleep?"

"No; I have been looking at you this long time. I knew by feeling when you came in. No one except you gives me such a sense of gentle restfulness .... such light! I feel like weeping from very joy."

Natasha moved still closer to him. Her face was radiant with solemn delight.

"Natasha, I love you too dearly! More than all in the world!"

"And I?" She turned away for an instant. "Why 'too dearly'?" she asked.

"Why too dearly?.... Well, tell me what you think — what you think in your heart, in the depths of your heart! shall I get well? How does it seem to you?"

"I am sure of it, sure of it," Natasha almost screamed, with a passionate motion seizing both his hands.

He was silent.

"How good it would be!" And, taking her hand, he kissed it.

Natasha was happy and agitated; and instantly she remembered that this was all wrong, that he needed to be kept perfectly quiet.

"But now you have not been asleep," said she, calming her delight. "Try to get a nap .... please."

He had relinquished her hand, after pressing it once again, and she had gone back to the candle and resumed her former position. Twice she had looked at him; his eyes had met hers. She had set herself a stint on the stocking, and resolved that she would not look up until she had finished it.

In point of fact, soon after this he had closed his eyes and gone to sleep. He had not slept long, but had awakened suddenly with a start in a cold perspiration.

During his nap, his mind had been still occupied with the constant subject of his thoughts of late — life and death. And more than anything else of death. He felt that it was near.

"Love? What is love?" he asked himself.

"Love stands in the way of death. Love is life. All, all that I understand, I understand solely because I love. All is, all exists, simply and solely because I love. All is summed up in this alone. Love is God; and death for me, who am a tiny particle of love, means returning into the universal and eternal source of love."

These thoughts had seemed consoling to him. But they were only thoughts. There was something lacking in them, something that was exclusive and personal —

there was no basis of reality. And he was a prey to the same restlessness and lack of clearness.

He had fallen asleep.

It had seemed to him, in his dream, that he was lying in the same room in which he was actually lying, but that he was not wounded, but quite well. Many different persons, insignificant, indifferent, appear before him. He is talking with them, discussing something of no earthly consequence. They are preparing to go somewhere. Prince Andreï dimly comprehends that all this is mere waste of time, and that he has something of real importance to accomplish, but still he goes on talking, filling them with amazement at his words, which are witty but devoid of sense.

Gradually, but imperceptibly, all these persons begin to disappear, and his attention is wholly occupied by the question of a closed door. He gets up and goes to the door, with the intention of pushing the bolt and closing the door.

Everything depends on whether he succeeds or not in closing it. He starts, he tries to make haste, but his legs refuse to move, and he knows that he will not have time to close the door, but still he morbidly puts forth all his energies. And a painful anguish of fear takes hold of him. And this fear is the fear of death: behind the door *It* is standing.

But by the time that he feebly, awkwardly drags himself to the door, this *something* horrible, pushing its way from the other side, breaks through. Something that is not human — Death — is pushing the door open, and he must keep it shut. He clutches the door, exerts his final energies, — not indeed to shut it, for that is impossible, but to hold it; his energies, however, are weak and maladroit, and, crushing him with its horror, the door opens and again closes.

Once more the pressure came from without. His last, superhuman energies were vain, and both wings of the door noiselessly swung open. *It* came in, and it was Death.

And Prince Andreï was dying.

But at the very instant that he was dying, Prince Andreï remembered that he was asleep, and at the very instant that he was dying, he made one last effort and awoke.

"Yes, that was *death.* I died — I woke up. Yes, death is an awakening."

This thought had suddenly flashed through his soul, and the veil which till then had covered the unknown was lifted from before his spiritual eyes. He felt as it were a deliverance from the bonds which before had fastened him down, and that strange buoyancy which from that time forth did not forsake him.

When he had awakened in a cold sweat and stirred on his divan, Natasha had gone to him and asked him what was the matter. He had made no reply, and, not understanding what she had said, had given her a strange look.

This was what had taken place two days before the Princess Mariya's arrival. From that day, as the doctor said, his wasting fever had taken a turn for the worse, but Natasha had no need to depend on what the doctor said; she could see for herself those terrible moral symptoms which no longer allowed room for doubt.

From that time forth had begun for Prince Andreï, simultaneously with the awakening from his dream, the awakening from life. And, considering the length of life, this seemed to him no slower than the awakening from the dream when compared to the length of his nap.

There was nothing terrible and nothing cruel in this relatively slow awakening.

The last days and hours glided away peacefully and simply. Both the Princess Mariya and Natasha, who stayed constantly by his side, felt this. They wept not, they trembled not, and the last part of the time, as they themselves realized, they were watching, not the man himself, — for he was no more, he had gone from them, — but simply the most immediate remembrance of him, simply his body.

The feelings of both were so strong that the external,

terrible side of death had no effect on them, and they found it unnecessary to give vent to their grief. They wept neither in his presence nor when away from him, and they never talked about him together. They felt that they could not express in words what was real to their understandings.

They both saw how he was sinking, deeper and deeper, slowly and peacefully, away from them into the *whither*, and they both knew that this was inevitable and that it was well. He was confessed and partook of the sacrament. All came to bid him farewell.

When his little son was brought, he kissed him and turned away, not because his heart was sore and filled with pity (the Princess Mariya and Natasha understood this), but simply because he supposed that this was all that was required of him. But when he was told that he should give him his blessing, he did what was required of him, and looked around as if to ask whether it was necessary to do anything more.

When the last gentle spasm shook the body, as it was deserted by the spirit, the princess and Natasha were present.

"It is over!" said the Princess Mariya, after his body had lain motionless and growing cold for several moments. Natasha came to the couch, looked into his dead eyes, and made haste to close them. She closed them and kissed them not, but reverently touched that which had been the most immediate remembrance of him.

"Where has he gone? Where is he now?"

When the mortal frame, washed and clad, lay in the coffin on the table, they all went in to say farewell, and all shed tears.

Nikolushka wept from the tormenting perplexity that tore his young heart.

The countess and Sonya wept from sympathy for Natasha, and because he was no more.

The old count wept because very soon, as it seemed to him, he also would have to take this terrible step.

Natasha and the princess also wept now, but they

wept not because of their own personal sorrow: they wept from a reverent emotion which took possession of their souls in presence of the simple and solemn mystery of death, which had been accomplished before their eyes.

PART THIRTEENTH

CHAPTER I

THE association of cause and effect is something beyond the comprehension of the human mind. But the impulse to search into causes is inherent in man's very nature. And the human intellect, unable to search the infinite variety and complicated tangle of conditions accompanying phenomena, — every one of which may seem to be the ultimate cause, — seizes on the first and most obvious coincidence, and says, "This is the cause!"

In historical events, where the acts of men are the object of investigation, that which first suggests itself seems to be the will of the gods; then the will of those men who stand in the forefront of historical prominence — historical heroes.

But it requires only to penetrate into the essence of any historical event, that is, the activity of the whole mass of the people who took part in the event, to become convinced that the will of the historical hero not only did not guide the actions of the masses, but, on the contrary, was itself constantly guided.

It would seem as if it were a matter of indifference whether the significance of an historical event is explained in one way or another. But between the man who should say that the nations of the West marched against the East because Napoleon wished them to do so, and the man who should say that this happened because it had to happen, there is as wide a difference as between men who are convinced that the earth stands fixed and that the planets move around it, and those

who assert that they know not what holds the earth, but they know that there are laws which govern the motion of the earth and the other planets.

The causes of historical events can be nothing else than the only cause of all causes. But there are laws which govern events, and some of them are unknown to us, and some of them we have investigated. The discovery of these causes is possible only when we repudiate the idea that these causes may be found in the will of a single man, exactly in the same way as the discovery of the laws governing the motions of the planets became possible only when men repudiated the notion of the fixity of the earth.

After the battle of Borodino and the occupation of Moscow by the enemy and its destruction by fire, the most important episode of the war of 1812, according to the historians, was the movement of the Russian army from the Riazan road toward the camp of Tarutino by way of the Kaluga road, the so-called flank movement beyond Krasnaya Pakhra.

Historians ascribe the glory of this stroke of genius to various individuals, and do not agree on any one to whom it belongs. Foreign historians, even the French historians, in speaking of this "flank movement," recognize the genius of the Russian generals.

But why military writers and everybody else suppose that this flank movement was the perspicacious invention of any single person, which thus saved Russia and overthrew Napoleon, is something hard to understand.

In the first place it is hard to understand in what consists the perspicacity and genius displayed by this movement; for it does not require a great intellectual effort to see that the best position for an army when not enduring attacks is where there is the greatest abundance of supplies. And any one, even a dull boy of thirteen, might suppose that in 1812 the most advantageous position for the Russian army after the retreat from Moscow was on the road to Kaluga. Thus it is impossible in the first place to understand by what arguments histo-

rians persuade themselves that they see perspicacity in this manœuver.

In the second place it is still more difficult to understand exactly how historians attribute the salvation of the Russians and the destruction of the French to this manœuver; for if this "flank movement" had been carried out under other conditions, preceding, accompanying, or following, it might have brought about the destruction of the Russian army and the salvation of the French. Even though the situation of the Russian army began to improve from the time this movement was effectuated, still it does not follow that this movement was the cause of it.

This flank movement not only might not have brought any advantage, but might even have been fatal to the Russian army had there not been a coincidence of other conditions.

What would have happened if Moscow had not been burned? If Murat had not lost sight of the Russians? If Napoleon had not remained inactive? If at Krasnaya Pakhra the Russian army had followed the advice of Benigsen and Barclay, and given battle?

What would have happened if the French had attacked the Russians when they were on the march beyond Pakhra?

What would have happened if Napoleon, after approaching Tarutino, had attacked the Russians with even a tenth part of the energy with which he had attacked at Smolensk?

What would have happened if the French had marched toward Petersburg? —

In any one of these suppositions, the flank movement, instead of being the salvation of Russia, might have been a disaster.

In the third place, most incomprehensible of all it is that those who make a study of history are unwilling to see that it is impossible to attribute the flank movement to any particular person, that no one could ever have foreseen it, that this manœuver, like the retreat to Fili, never presented itself to anybody in its totality; but,

step by step, event by event, moment by moment, it came about as the result of an infinite number of most heterogeneous conditions, and it appeared clearly in its totality only when it had been consummated and was an accomplished fact.

At the council of war held at Fili among the Russian generals the predominant opinion was for retreat by the most direct and obvious route, the Nizhni-Novgorod road. This is proved by the fact that the majority of votes at the council were thrown in favor of this plan, and above all by the conversation that occurred after the council between the commander-in-chief and Lanskoï, who was in charge of the commissary department.

Lanskoï informed the commander-in-chief that the army stores were concentrated principally along the Oka in the governments of Tula and Kazan, and that in case of retreat on Nizhni, the army would be separated from its stores by the great river Oka, which, during the first stages of winter, it would be impossible to cross with supplies.

This was the first indication of the necessity for renouncing the plan of a direct retreat to Nizhni, which at first had seemed the most natural.

The army kept farther to the south, on the road to Riazan, so as to be nearer its base of supplies.

Afterward the inactivity of the French, who seemed even to have lost sight of the Russian army, the work of protecting the arsenal at Tula, and above all the advantage of proximity to its supplies, compelled the Russian army to move still farther to the south along the Tula road.

When at length Pakhra had been passed by this desperate movement along the Tula road, the chiefs of the Russian army thought of halting at Podolsk, and there was not the slightest thought of taking up a position at Tarutino; but an infinite number of circumstances — the reappearance of the French army, which before had lost the Russians out of sight, and plans of battle, and above all the abundance of stores at Kaluga — compelled our army to swerve still more to the southward,

and, taking a route right through the midst of its abundance, to cross over from the Tula road to the Kaluga road and approach Tarutino.

Just as it is impossible to answer the question when Moscow was abandoned, so it is impossible to tell when and by whom it was decided to go to Tarutino.

Only when the troops had already reached Tarutino, by reason of an infinite number of differentiated efforts, then men began to persuade themselves that this had been their wish and their long predetermination.

CHAPTER II

The celebrated flank movement consisted simply in this: The Russian army, which had been retreating straight back as the invaders pushed forward, turned aside from the straight direction when they saw the French no longer pursuing, and naturally took the direction in which they were attracted by an abundance of supplies.

If there had not been men of genius at the head of the Russian army, if it had been merely an army without generals, it could have done nothing else than return to Moscow, describing a semicircle in that direction where there were more provisions and where the country was richer.

The change of route from the Nizhni road toward the Riazan, Tula, and Kaluga roads was so natural that the foragers of the Russian army took that very direction, and that very direction was the one in which Kutuzof was ordered from Petersburg to conduct his army.

At Tarutino, Kutuzof received almost a reproach from the sovereign because he had led his army in the direction of Riazan, and he was ordered to take up the very position relative to Kaluga which he was already occupying at the time when he received the letter from the sovereign.

The Russian army, like a ball which had been rolling in the direction of the blow given it all through the

campaign and especially at the battle of Borodino, assumed its natural position of stable equilibrium as soon as the force of the blows diminished and no new ones were communicated.

Kutuzof's merit lay not in what is called "a stroke of genius" in making a strategical manœuver, but simply in the fact that he was the only one who understood the meaning of what was taking place about him.

He alone understood what the inactivity of the French army signified, he alone persisted in declaring that the battle of Borodino was a victory for the Russians. He alone — the very man who, it would seem, from his position as commander-in-chief, ought to have been disposed to favor objective measures — used all his power to restrain the Russian army from undertaking useless battles.

The beast wounded at Borodino lay where it had been left by the escaping huntsman; but whether it was alive, or whether it still had strength left, or whether it was hiding itself, the huntsman knew not.

Suddenly was heard this wild beast's cry.

The cry of this wounded beast, — the French army, — the premonition of its approaching doom, was the sending of Lauriston to Kutuzof's camp with a request for peace.

Napoleon, with his conviction that whatever it occurred to him to do was as right as right could be, wrote to Kutuzof the first words that entered his mind. They had no sense whatever.

Prince Kutuzof [he wrote], I send you one of my general aides to discuss with you on various matters of interest. I wish your highness to repose confidence in what he will say, *especially when he expresses the sentiments of esteem and respect which I have long felt for you personally. This letter having no other purpose, I pray God, prince, that He have you in His holy and beneficent care.*

(Signed) NAPOLEON.

Moscow, October 30, 1812.[1]

[1] *Monsieur le Prince Koutouzov! j'envoie près de vous un de mes aides-de-camp généraux pour vous entretenir de plusieurs objets intéres-*

"I should be cursed by posterity if I were regarded as the first to move toward any compromise. *Such is the present spirit of our people,*" replied Kutuzof, and he continued to put forth all his energies to keep his troops from a battle.

During the month spent by the French army in the pillage of Moscow, and by the Russian army in tranquil recuperation at Tarutino, a change had taken place in the relative strength of the two armies, — their spirit and effective, — in consequence of which a preponderance of strength began to show itself on the side of the Russians.

Although the condition of the French army and its effective were unknown to the Russians, yet, as soon as the relative position was changed, the inevitability of an attack was shown by a multitude of symptoms.

These symptoms were the sending of Lauriston and the abundance of provisions at Tarutino, and the reports coming in from all sides of the inactivity and disorderliness of the French, and the filling-up of our regiments with recruits, and the fine weather, and the long rest accorded to the Russian soldiers, and the general impatience caused among the troops by the long rest, and their desire to finish the work for which they had been brought together, and the curiosity about what was going on in the French army, which had been lost from sight so long, and the audacity with which now the Russian outposts skirmished around the French stationed at Tarutino, and the news of easy victories over the French won by Russian muzhiks and "partisans," and the jealousy aroused by this, and the desire of vengeance kindled in every man's soul from the moment that the French occupied Moscow, and, above all, the indefinite but genuine consciousness which filled the heart of

sants. Je désire que votre Altesse ajoute foi à ce qu'il lui dira, surtout lorsqu'il exprimera les sentiments d'estime et de particulière considération que j'ai depuis longtemps pour sa personne. Cette lettre n'étant à autre fin, je prie Dieu, Monsieur Prince Koutouzov, qu'Il vous ait en Sa sainte et digne garde.

(*Signé*) *NAPOLEON.*

Moscou, le 30 Octobre, 1812.

every soldier that the relative positions were reversed and the superiority was on our side.

The material relations were changed, and the attack was becoming inevitable. And instantly, just as the chime of bells in the clock begin to strike and to play when the hand has accomplished its full circuit of the hour, so in the higher circles, by the correspondingly essential correlation of forces, the increased motion was effectuated, — the whizzing of wheels and the playing of the chimes.

CHAPTER III

The Russian army was directed by Kutuzof and his staff, and by the sovereign, who was at Petersburg.

Even before news of the abandonment of Moscow had reached Petersburg, a circumstantial plan of the whole war had been drawn up and sent to Kutuzof for his guidance. Although the plan was made with the presupposition that Moscow was still in our hands, it was approved by Kutuzof's staff and accepted as the basis of action.

Kutuzof merely wrote that plans made at a distance were always hard to carry out. And then further instructions, meant to solve the difficulties that might arise, were sent, and individuals were charged to watch his movement and to send back reports.

Moreover, at this time great changes were made in the staff of the Russian army. They had to fill the places of Bagration, who had been killed, and of Barclay, who, considering himself insulted, had resigned.

They debated with perfect seriousness what would be best: to put A in the place of B, and B in the place of D, or, on the contrary, to put D in the place of A, and so on; as if anything else than the pleasure given to A and B could depend on this.

In the army staff, owing to the animosity between Kutuzof and Benigsen, his chief of staff, and the presence of the sovereign's inspectors, and these changes,

there arose a much more than usually complicated play of party intrigues; by all possible plans and combinations A was undermining the authority of B, and D that of C, and so on.

In all these operations the object of their intrigues was for the most part the war which all these men thought they were conducting, but all the while the war was going on independently of them in its own destined way, that is, never conforming to the schemes of these men, but resulting from the real relations of masses. All these schemes, crossing and conflicting, merely represented in the higher spheres the faithful reflection of what had to be accomplished.

On October 14, the sovereign wrote the following letter, which was received by Kutuzof after the battle of Tarutino:—

Prince Mikhaïl Ilarionovitch!—

Since September 14, Moscow has been in the hands of the enemy. Your latest reports are dated October 2; and in all this time not only nothing has been done in the way of a demonstration against the enemy and to deliver the first capital, but according to your last reports you have been retreating again. Serpukhof is already occupied by a detachment of the enemy, and Tula, with its famous arsenal so indispensable to the army, is in peril.

From General Winzengerode's report, I see that a body of the enemy, of ten thousand men, is moving along the Petersburg road. Another of several thousand men is marching upon Dmitrovo. A third is advancing on the road to Vladimir. A fourth, of considerable size, is between Ruza and Mozhaïsk. Napoleon himself, on the seventh, was at Moscow.

Since, according to all this information, the enemy has scattered his forces in strong detachments, since Napoleon himself is still at Moscow with his Guard, is it possible that the strength of the enemy before you has been too great to prevent you from taking the offensive?

One might assume, on the contrary, with certainty, that he would pursue you with detachments, or at least by an army corps far weaker than the army which you command.

It seems as if, profiting by these circumstances, you might with advantage have attacked an enemy weaker than yourself,

and exterminated him, or, at least, by obliging him to retire, have regained a great part of the province now occupied by the enemy, and at the same time have averted the peril of Tula and our other cities of the interior.

On your responsibility it will rest if the enemy send a considerable body of troops to Petersburg to threaten this capital, which is almost destitute of troops; for, with the army confided to you, if you act with firmness and celerity, you have all the means needed to avert this new misfortune.

Bear in mind that you are still bound to answer before an insulted country for the loss of Moscow!

You have already had proof of my readiness to reward you. This good-will shall not grow less, but I and Russia have a right to demand from you all the zeal, fortitude, and success that your intellect, your military talents, and the gallantry of the troops under your command assure us.

But while this letter, which shows how the state of things was regarded in Petersburg, was on its way, Kutuzof could no longer restrain the army which he commanded from taking the offensive, and the battle had already been fought.

On October 14, a Cossack, Shapovalof, while on patrol duty, killed one hare and shot at another. In pursuing the wounded hare, Shapovalof struck into the forest at some distance and stumbled upon the left flank of Murat's army, which was encamped without outposts.

The Cossack laughingly told his comrades how he had almost fallen into the hands of the French. A cornet who heard this tale told it to his commander.

The Cossack was sent for and questioned. The Cossack chiefs wished to profit by this chance to get horses; but one of them, who was acquainted at headquarters, told a staff general what had occurred.

Latterly, the relations of the army staff had been strained to the last degree. Yermolof, several days before, had gone to Benigsen and implored him to use all his influence with the commander-in-chief in favor of assuming the offensive.

"If I did not know you," replied Benigsen, "I should think that you did not wish what you were asking for.

I have only to advise anything and his serene highness will do exactly the contrary."

The news brought in by the Cossacks being confirmed by scouts sent out, it became evident that the time was ripe for action.

The strained cord broke, and the clock whizzed and the chimes began to play. Notwithstanding all his supposed power, his intellect, his experience, and his knowledge of men, Kutuzof — taking into consideration Benigsen's report sent directly to the sovereign, and the one desire expressed by all of his generals, and the sovereign's supposed wishes, and the information brought by the Cossacks — could no longer restrain a movement that was inevitable, and gave the order for something that he regarded as useless and harmful, consented to an accomplished fact!

CHAPTER IV

Benigsen's note and the report of the Cossacks about the uncovered left flank of the French were only the last symptoms that it was absolutely inevitable to give the order for the attack, and the attack was ordered for October 17.

On the morning of the sixteenth Kutuzof signed the order for the disposition of the troops. Toll read it to Yermolof, proposing to him to take charge of the further arrangements.

"Very good, very good, but I can't possibly attend to it now," said Yermolof, and left the room.

The plan of attack drawn up by Toll was very admirable. Just as for the battle of Austerlitz it had been laid down in the "disposition": *die erste Kolonne marschirt* this way and that way, *die zweite Kolonne marschirt* this way and that way, so here also, only not in German, it was prescribed where the first column and the second column should march.

And all these columns, on paper, were to unite at a designated time and at a designated place, and annihi-

late the enemy. Everything was beautifully foreseen and provided for as in all "dispositions," and as in all "dispositions," not a single column was in its place at the right time.

When the proper number of copies had been made of the order, an officer was summoned and sent to Yermolof, to give him the papers that he might do the business.

A young cavalry officer, Kutuzof's orderly, delighted with the important commission, hastened to Yermolof's lodgings.

"He is out," replied Yermolof's servant.

The cavalry officer went to the lodgings of the general in whose company Yermolof was frequently found.

"No, — and the general is also out."

The cavalry officer, mounting his horse, went to still another.

"No, gone out."

"Hope I shan't be held accountable for the delay. What a nuisance!" said the officer to himself. He rode entirely around the camp. One man declared that Yermolof had been seen driving off somewhere with some other generals; another said that he was probably at home again.

The officer, without even taking time to eat his dinner, searched till six o'clock. Yermolof was nowhere to be found, and no one knew where he was. The officer took a hasty supper at a comrade's, and started off once more, this time in search of Miloradovitch, who was with the advance-guard.

Miloradovitch also was not at home, but there he was told that Miloradovitch was at a ball given by General Kikin, and that Yermolof was probably there also.

"And where is that?"

"Over yonder at Yetchkino," said a Cossack officer, indicating the estate of a landed proprietor at some distance.

"But how is that? It's beyond the lines!"

"Two regiments of ours were sent up to the lines, and they're having a spree there this evening; that's

just the mischief of it! Two bands, three choirs of regimental singers."

The officer crossed the lines to Yetchkino. While still a long way off, as he rode toward the mansion, he heard the jovial reckless sounds of the soldiers' choragic song.

"*Vo-oluziakh — vo-oluziakh!*" rang the meaningless words of the song, mingled with whistling and the sounds of the torban,[1] occasionally drowned out by the roar of voices.

These jolly sounds made the officer's heart beat faster, but at the same time he was terribly alarmed lest he should be blamed for having been so long in delivering the weighty message which had been intrusted to him.

It was already nine o'clock in the evening. He dismounted and climbed the steps of the great mansion, which had been preserved intact, though it was situated between the French and the Russians. Servants were flying about in the dining-room and the anteroom with wines and refreshments. The singers stood under the windows.

The officer was shown in, and he suddenly caught sight of all the most distinguished generals of the army gathered together, and in their number he recognized Yermolof's tall, well-known figure. All the generals wore their uniform-coats unbuttoned; their faces were flushed and full of excitement, and they were laughing noisily as they stood round in a semicircle. In the middle of the "hall" a handsome, short general with a red face was skilfully and vigorously dancing the triepaka.

"Ha! ha! ha! bravo! aĭ da! — Nikolaĭ Ivanovitch! ha! ha! ha!"....

The officer felt that to come in at such a moment with an important order he should be doubly in the wrong, and he wanted to wait; but one of the generals caught sight of him, and, understanding why he had come, spoke to Yermolof. Yermolof, with a frowning face, advanced to the officer, and, after listening to his

[1] A kind of musical instrument.

story, took from him the paper, without saying a word.

"Perhaps you think that it was a mere accident that he had gone off?" said a staff comrade that evening to the cavalry officer, in reference to Yermolof.

"'T was a joke! it was all cut and dried. It was to play it on Konovnitsuin. See what a stew there'll be to-morrow!"

CHAPTER V

On the following day, Kutuzof was awakened early in the morning, prayed to God, dressed, and, with the disagreeable consciousness that he was obliged to direct an engagement of which he did not approve, took his seat in his calash, and from Letashevka, five versts behind Tarutino, drove to the place where the attacking columns were to rendezvous. As he was driven along he kept dozing and awakening again, all the time listening if he could hear the sounds of firing at the right, and if the battle had begun.

But as yet all was silent. A damp and gloomy autumn morning was only just beginning to dawn. On reaching Tarutino, he noticed some cavalrymen who were leading their horses to water across the road along which the calash was driven. Kutuzof looked at these cavalrymen, stopped the calash, and asked to what regiment they belonged. These cavalrymen belonged to the column which should long before have been far forward in ambush.

"A mistake, perhaps," thought the old commander-in-chief.

But when he had driven a little farther, Kutuzof saw some infantry regiments with stacked arms, the soldiers in their drawers, cooking their kasha and getting firewood.

An officer was summoned. The officer reported that no orders had been received about any attack.

"How could it...." Kutuzof began, but he instantly

checked himself, and ordered the senior officer to be brought to him.

He got out of his calash, and walked back and forth, with sunken head, drawing long sighs as he silently waited. When Eichen, the officer of the general staff, who had been sent for, appeared, Kutuzof grew livid with rage, not because this officer was to blame for the blunder, but because he was a convenient scapegoat for his wrath. Trembling and panting, the old man, who was falling into that state of fury which sometimes would cause him to roll on the ground in his paroxysm, attacked Eichen, threatening him with his fists, screaming, and loading him with the grossest abuse. Another officer who happened to be present, Captain Brozin, though in no respect to blame, came in also for his share.

"These wretched dogs! Let 'em be shot! Scoundrels!" he hoarsely screamed, gesticulating and reeling. He suffered physical pain. He, the commander-in-chief, "his highness," who, as every one believed, held more power than any one in Russia had ever before possessed, how came he, he, to be placed in such a position — to be made the laughing-stock of the whole army!

"Was it all in vain that I tried so hard to pray for to-day, all in vain that I passed a sleepless night and planned and planned?" he asked himself. "When I was a mere little chit of an officer,[1] no one would have dared to turn me into ridicule so .... but now?" ....

He suffered physical pain, as if from corporal punishment, and he could not help expressing it in cries of pain and fury; but soon his strength began to fail him, and he took his seat in his calash, looking around with the consciousness that he had said much that was unseemly, and silently rode back.

His fury was spent, and returned no more; and, feebly blinking his eyes, Kutuzof listened to Benigsen, Konovnitsuin, and Toll, — Yermolof kept out of sight for a day or two, — and their excuses and words of justification, and their urgent representations that the

[1] *Malchishka-ofitser.*

movement which had so miscarried should be postponed till the following day. And Kutuzof was obliged to consent.

CHAPTER VI

On the following evening, the troops made their rendezvous in the designated places, and moved during the night.

It was an autumn night, with dark purple clouds, but no rain. The ground was moist, but there was no mud, and troops proceeded noiselessly; the only sound was the occasional dull clanking of the artillery. The soldiers were stringently forbidden to talk above a whisper, to smoke their pipes, to strike a light; the horses refrained from neighing. The mysteriousness of the enterprise enhanced the fascination of it. The men marched blithely. Several of the columns halted, stacked their arms, and threw themselves down on the cold ground, supposing that they had reached their destination; others — the majority — marched the whole night, and came to a place which was obviously not their destination.

Count Orlof-Denisof with his Cossacks — the smallest detachment of all the others — was the only one who reached the right place and at the right time. This detachment was halted at the very skirt of the forest, on the narrow foot-path that led between the villages of Stromilova and Dmitrovskoye.

Before dawn, Count Orlof, who had fallen asleep, was aroused. A deserter from the French camp had been brought in. This was a Polish non-commissioned officer from Poniatowsky's corps. This non-comissioned officer explained in Polish that he had deserted because he had been insulted in the French service, that he ought long before to have been promoted to be an officer, that he was the bravest of them all, and therefore he had given them up, and was anxious to have his revenge on them He declared that Murat was spending the night only

a verst from there, and that if they would give him an escort of a hundred men he would take him alive.

Count Orlof-Denisof consulted with his comrades. The proposal was too attractive to be refused. All offered to go; all advised to make the attempt. After many discussions and calculations, Major-General Grekof, with two regiments of Cossacks, decided to go with the non-commissioned officer.

"Now mark my word," said Count Orlof-Denisof to the Pole, as he dismissed him, "in case you have lied, I will have you hanged like a dog; but if you have told the truth — a hundred ducats!"

The non-commissioned officer with a resolute face made no reply to these words, leaped into the saddle, and rode off with Grekof, who had swiftly mustered his men.

They vanished in the forest.

Count Orlof, pinched by the coolness of the morning, which was now beginning to break, excited and made anxious by the responsibility which he had incurred in letting Grekof go, went out a little from the forest and began to reconnoiter the enemy's camp, which could be seen now dimly in the light of the dawn and the dying watch-fires.

At Count Orlof's right, on an open declivity, our columns were to show themselves. Count Orlof glanced in that direction; but, although they would have been visible for a long distance, these columns were not in sight. But in the French camp, it seemed to Count Orlof-Denisof, who also put great confidence in what his clear-sighted aide said, there were signs of life.

"Akh! too late!" said Count Orlof, as he gazed at the camp.

Just as often happens when a man in whom we have reposed confidence is no longer under our eyes, it suddenly seemed to him clear and beyond question that the Polish non-commissioned officer was a traitor, that he had deceived them, and the whole attack was going to be spoiled by the absence of the two regiments which this man had led off no one knew where. "How could

they possibly seize the commander-in-chief from among such a mass of troops!" "Of course he lied, that scoundrel!" exclaimed the count.

"We can call them back," said one of the suite, who, exactly like Count Orlof-Denisof, felt a distrust in the enemy on seeing the camp.

"Ha? So?.... What do you think? Shall we let them go on, or not?"

"Do you order them recalled?"

"Yes, recall them, recall them," cried Count Orlof, coming to a sudden decision, and looking at his watch. "It would be too late; it's quite light."

And the adjutant galloped off through the forest after Grekof. When Grekof returned, Count Orlof-Denisof, excited both by the failure of this enterprise and by his disappointment at the non-arrival of the infantry columns, which had not even yet showed up, and by the proximity of the enemy — all the men of his division experienced the same thing — decided to attack.

He gave the whispered command: "To horse!"....

They fell into their places. They crossed themselves. — "S Bogom!.... Away!"....

"Hurra-a-a-ah!" rang through the forest, and the sotnias or Cossack companies, one after another, as if they were poured out of a sack, flew, with lances poised, across the brook against the camp.

One desperate, startled yell from the first Frenchman who saw the Cossacks, and all in the camp, suddenly awakened from their dreams, fled undressed in all directions, abandoning their artillery, their muskets, and their horses.

If the Cossacks had followed the French without heeding what was back of them and around them, they would have captured Murat and his whole effective. This was what the officers wanted. But it was an impossibility to make the Cossacks stir when once they had begun to occupy themselves with the booty and their prisoners. No one would heed the word of command.

Fifteen hundred prisoners were captured, thirty-eight

cannons, flags, and — what was more important than all for the Cossacks — horses, saddles, blankets, and various articles. They must needs oversee all this, secure the prisoners and the cannon, divide the spoils, shout, and even quarrel among themselves; with all this the Cossacks were busying themselves.

The French, finding that they were no longer pursued, came to their senses, formed their lines, and began to fire. Orlof-Denisof was all the time expecting the infantry columns, and refrained from further offensive action.

Meantime, according to the "disposition" by which *die erste Kolonne marschirt*, and so on, the infantry forces of the belated columns, commanded by Benigsen and led by Toll, had set out according to orders, but, as always happens, had come out somewhere, but not at the place where they ought to have been.

As it always happens, the men who had started out blithely began to straggle. Tokens of dissatisfaction were shown; there was the consciousness that a blunder had been made; they started back in another direction.

Aides and generals were galloping about, shouting, scolding, and quarreling, and declaring that they were wrong, and that they were too late, and trying to find some one to reprimand, and so on, and finally they all waved their hands, and marched on simply for the purpose of going somewhere.

"Come, let us go somewhere!"

And in fact they went somewhere, but some of them went in the wrong direction, and those who went in the right direction arrived so late that they did no good in coming, but simply became targets for musket-shots!

Toll, who in this battle played the part that Weirother played at Austerlitz, diligently galloped from place to place, and everywhere found everything at loose ends. For instance, he found Bagovut's corps in the woods just before it was quite daylight, when this corps should have been with Orlof-Denisof long before. Exasperated and excited by the failure of the movement, and supposing that some one must be to blame for this, Toll dashed

up to the corps commander and began sternly berating him, declaring that he ought to be shot for this.

Bagovut (an old general, gallant but placid), who was also exasperated by all these delays, this confusion, and by contradictory orders, fell into a fury, much to the surprise of every one, for it was contrary to his nature, and said disagreeable things to Toll.

"I will not be lectured by any one! I and my men can die as well, as bravely, as others!" said he, and he moved forward with only one division.

When he reached the field, swept by the French fire, the gallant and excited Bagovut, not stopping to consider whether (at such a time and with only one division) his participation in the action would be advantageous or not, marched straight ahead and led his troops under the fire. Peril, shot, and shell were the very things he required in his angry mood. One of the first bullets killed him; succeeding bullets killed many of his men. And his division remained for some time needlessly under fire.

CHAPTER VII

Meantime, at the front another column should have been attacking the French, but Kutuzof was present with this column. He knew perfectly well that nothing but confusion would result from this battle, which was undertaken against his will, and he held back his troops to the best of his ability. He did not stir.

Kutuzof rode silently on his gray cob, indolently replying to those who proposed to attack: —

"All of you have the word 'attack' on your tongue, but don't you see that we can't make complicated manœuvers!" he said to Miloradovitch, who asked permission to move forward.

"You weren't smart enough this morning to take Murat alive: you were quite too late; now there is nothing to be done," he replied to another.

When the report was brought to Kutuzof that there

were now two battalions of Poles back of the French, where before, according to the report of the Cossacks, there had been no troops, he gave Yermolof a side glance. He had not spoken to him since the day before.

"This is the way they ask to make attacks; all sorts of plans are proposed, and when you come to it, nothing is ready, and the enemy, warned, take their measures."

Yermolof screwed up his eyes and slightly smiled as he overheard those words. He understood that the storm had passed, and that Kutuzof would content himself with this innuendo. "He is entertaining himself at my expense," said Yermolof in a low tone, touching Rayevsky's knee.

Shortly after this, Yermolof approached Kutuzof, and respectfully made his report: —

"It is not too late yet, your highness; the enemy have not moved. If you will only give the order to attack! If you don't, the guards will not have smelt gunpowder!"

Kutuzof made no reply; but, when he was informed that Murat's troops were in retreat, he ordered the attack, but at every hundred paces he halted for three-quarters of an hour.

The whole battle was summed up in what Orlof-Denisof's Cossacks did; the rest of the troops simply lost several hundred men absolutely uselessly.

In consequence of this battle, Kutuzof received a diamond order, Benigsen, also, some diamonds and a hundred thousand rubles; the others, according to their ranks, also received many agreeable tokens, and after this battle some further changes were made in the staff.

"That is the way it *always goes with us* — everything at cross-purposes," said the Russian officers and generals, after the battle of Tarutino, just exactly as is said at the present day, giving to understand that there is some stupid person responsible for this blundering way, whereas *we* should have done it in quite another way.

But the men who talk that way either know not what they are talking about, or purposely deceive themselves.

Any battle — Tarutino, Borodino, Austerlitz — is

fought in a different way from what those who planned for it suppose it will be. That is the essential condition.

An infinite number of uncontrollable forces — for never is a man more uncontrollable than in a battle, where it is a matter of life or death — influence the direction of a battle, and this direction can never be foreseen and will never be governed by the direction of any one force whatever.

If many forces act in different directions on any particular body at the same time, then the direction in which this body will move cannot be that of any one of the forces; but it will always take a middle direction which is a combination of these forces — which in physics is called the diagonal of the parallelogram of forces.

If we find in the writings of the historians, and especially of the French historians, that they make wars and battles conform to any prescribed plan, then the only conclusion which we can draw from this is that their descriptions are not to be relied on.

The battle of Tarutino evidently failed of attaining the object which Toll had in mind, — to lead the troops into the battle in proper order according to the "disposition"; or the object which Count Orlof may have had in mind, — to take Murat prisoner; or that which Benigsen and many others may have had, — of destroying the whole corps at a single blow; or the object of the officer who wished to fall in the battle and distinguish himself; or that of the Cossack who was desirous of getting more booty than he got, and so on.

But if the object of the battle was what actually resulted, and which, at that time, was the chief desire of all the Russians, — the driving of the French from Russia and the destruction of their army, — then it is perfectly clear that the battle of Tarutino, precisely in consequence of its absurdity, was the very thing that was necessary at that period of the campaign.

It is hard, nay, it is impossible, to imagine a more advantageous outcome of that battle than what actually resulted from it. With the very slightest effort, in spite of the most extraordinary confusion, with the most in-

significant loss, the most important results of the whole campaign were attained; a change from retreat to advance was made, the weakness of the French was manifested, and that impulse was communicated to the Napoleonic army which alone was needed to make them begin their retreat.

CHAPTER VIII

NAPOLEON enters Moscow after the brilliant victory *de la Moskowa;* there can be no doubt that it is a victory, since the French remain masters of the field of battle!

The Russians retreat and give up their capital. Moscow, full of provisions, arms, ammunition, and infinite riches, falls into the hands of Napoleon.

The Russian army, twice as weak as the French, during a whole month makes not a single effort to assume the offensive.

Napoleon's situation was most brilliant. It would seem that no extraordinary genius was demanded, either to fall, with doubly superior forces, on the remains of the Russian army and exterminate it; or to offer advantageous terms of peace; or, in case his offer were rejected, to make a threatening movement against Petersburg, or even, in case of non-success, to return to Smolensk, or to Vilna, or to remain in Moscow, — in a word, to retain the brilliant position which the French army held.

To do this only the simplest and easiest way was necessary, not to allow the army to pillage, to prepare winter clothing (there would have been enough in Moscow for the whole army), and to make systematic collection of provisions, which, according to the French historians, were abundant enough to supply the French troops for half a year.

Napoleon, this genius of geniuses, who had, as historians assure us, the power to control his army, did nothing of the sort.

He not only did nothing of the sort, but on the contrary he used his power to select out of all possible measures open to him the one that was most stupid and the most disastrous.

Of all that Napoleon might have done, — to winter at Moscow, to go to Petersburg, to move on Nizhni-Novgorod, to return by a more northerly or southerly route, following Kutuzof's example, — what could be imagined more stupid or more disastrous than what Napoleon actually did? Which was this: —

To remain in Moscow till October, allowing his soldiers to pillage the city; and then, after deliberating whether or not to leave a garrison behind him, to leave Moscow, to approach Kutuzof, not to give battle, to move to the right as far as Malo-Yaroslavetz again without seeking an opportunity of making a route of his own, and, instead of taking the course followed by Kutuzof, to retreat toward Mozhaïsk along the devastated Smolensk highway. A plan more absurd than this, more pernicious to the army, could not be imagined, as is fully proved by the results.

Let the ablest masters of strategy, granting that Napoleon's design was to destroy his army, conceive any other plan which would so infallibly and so independently of any action on the part of the Russian army have so completely destroyed the French army as what Napoleon did.

Napoleon, with all his genius, did this. But to say that Napoleon destroyed his army because he wished to destroy it, or because he was very stupid, would be just as false as to say that Napoleon led his troops to Moscow because he wished to do so and because he was a man of great intelligence and genius.

In both cases, his personal action, which was of no more consequence than the personal action of any soldier, only coincided with the laws by which phenomena took place.

It is absolutely false, simply because the consequences did not justify Napoleon's action, for historians to say that his powers grew weaker at Moscow.

He employed all his intellect and all his power to do the best thing possible for himself and his army, just as he had always done before, and as he did afterwards in 1813. Napoleon's activity at this time was no less amazing than it was in Egypt, in Italy, in Austria, and in Prussia.

We know not sufficiently well the real state of activity of Napoleon's genius in Egypt, where forty centuries looked down on his greatness, for the reason that all his great exploits there are described for us only by the French.

We cannot rate at its proper value his genius in Austria and in Prussia, for with regard to his activity there we must draw our information from French and German sources; but the surrender of army corps without striking a blow, and of forts without a siege, could not fail to incline the Germans to regard his genius as the only explanation of the victorious campaign which he carried on in Germany.

But, glory to God, we Russians have no reason for acknowledging the genius of Napoleon in order to hide our shame. We paid for the right to look at facts simply as they are, and this right we will not yield!

Napoleon's activity at Moscow was as astonishing and full of genius as it was everywhere else. From the time he entered Moscow until he left it, order upon order and plan upon plan emanated from him. The absence of the inhabitants and of deputations, even the burning of the city, disturbed him not. He forgot not the welfare of his army, or the activity of the enemy, or the good of the people of Russia, or the administration of affairs at Paris, or diplomatic combinations concerning the possible conditions of peace.

CHAPTER IX

In relation to military matters, Napoleon, immediately on entering Moscow, gives strict orders to General Sebastiani to watch the movements of the Russian army,

sends troops in various directions, and orders Murat to pursue Kutuzof. Then he proceeds diligently to fortify the Kreml. Then he traces on the whole map of Russia a brilliant plan for the rest of the campaign.

In relation to diplomatic matters Napoleon sends for the robbed and despoiled Captain Yakovlef, who had not succeeded in getting away from Moscow, and gives him a detailed exposition of all his political views, and of his magnanimity, and, having written a letter to the Emperor Alexander, in which he counts it his duty to inform his friend and brother that Rostopchin has behaved very badly at Moscow, he sends Captain Yakovlef with it to Petersburg. Having in the same way expressed in detail his views and his magnanimity before Tutolmin, he sends this little old man also to Petersburg to enter into negotiations.

In relation to judicial affairs, Napoleon, immediately after the conflagrations, gives orders that the guilty shall be found and executed; and, to punish the malefactor Rostopchin, orders his houses to be set on fire.

In relation to administrative affairs, Napoleon grants a constitution to Moscow, organizes the municipal government, and publishes the following:—

INHABITANTS OF MOSCOW!

Your miseries are great, but His Majesty the Emperor and King desires to put an end to them.

Terrible examples have taught you how he punishes disobedience and crime. Severe measures have been taken to put an end to disorder and to restore general security.

A paternal administration, composed of men from among yourselves, will constitute your municipality, or city government. This will care for you, for your needs, for your interests.

The members thereof will be distinguished by a red scarf, which they will wear over the shoulder, while the mayor[1] will wear, in addition to the scarf, a white belt.

But when not on duty the members will wear simply a red band around the left arm.

The municipal police is established on the lines of its former

[1] *Gradskii golova*, head of the city.

organization, and, thanks to its vigilance, the best of order already exists.

The government has named two commissioners-general, or *politseï-meïsters*, and twenty commissioners, or *tchastnui pristafs*, assigned to different portions of the city. They will be recognized by the white band worn around the left arm.

A number of churches of different denominations are open, and divine service is there celebrated without hindrance.

Your fellow-citizens are daily returning to their dwellings, and orders have been given that they shall find the aid and protection due to their misfortune.

Such are the measures which the government is using to restore order and mitigate your position; but to attain this end, you must coöperate with it, you must forget, if possible, the misfortunes which you have endured, you must cherish the hope of a less cruel destiny, must be convinced that an inevitable and infamous death awaits all those who make any assault on your persons or the property that remains to you, and you must not doubt that they will be guarded, for such is the will of the greatest and most just of all monarchs.

Soldiers and citizens, of whatever nation you may be! — reëstablish public confidence, that source of happiness in every state, live like brethren, mutually aid and protect one another, unite to oppose all criminal manifestations, obey the military and municipal authorities, and soon your tears will cease to flow.

In relation to the provisioning of the army, Napoleon gave orders for the troops to take turns in foraging *à la maraude* through the city to procure food, that thus the army might be secured for the future.

In relation to religion, Napoleon ordered that the popes should be brought back — *ramener les popes* — and worship be reëstablished in the churches.

In relation to trade and the provisioning of the army, the following was posted everywhere: —

PROCLAMATION

You, peaceable inhabitants of Moscow, artisans and workmen whom misfortunes have driven from this city, and you, dispersed farmers, who through unfounded terror remain concealed in the fields, — listen!

Peace reigns in this capital, and order is reëstablished within

it. Your compatriots are boldly leaving their retreats, finding that they are treated with consideration.

All violence shown to them or their property is immediately punished.

His Majesty the Emperor and King protects them, and considers none among you his enemies except those that disobey his orders.

He desires to put an end to your misfortunes, and restore you to your homes and your families.

Respond to his benevolent intentions, and come to us without fear.

Inhabitants!

Return with confidence to your dwellings; you will soon find means of satisfying your wants.

Mechanics and laborious artisans!

Come back to your trades; houses, shops, watchmen, await you, and for your labor you will receive the wage which is your due!

And you, finally, peasants, come forth from the forests, where you have been hiding in fear; return boldly to your cottages, with the firm assurance that you will find protection.

Grain-shops have been established in the city, where the peasants may bring all their surplus provisions and the products of the soil.

The government has taken the following measures to assure the free sale of these products: —

1. From this date, peasants, farmers, and the inhabitants of the suburbs of Moscow may without danger bring their products, whatever they may be, into town, to the two markets established for the purpose — in Mokhovaya Street, and in the Okhotnui Riad.

2. These products will be purchased of them at such prices as may be agreed on between seller and buyer; but if the seller cannot obtain the just price demanded, he is free to take his goods back to his village, and no one under any pretext shall prevent him from doing so.

3. Every Sunday and Wednesday are legalized as "chief market days"; therefore sufficient numbers of soldiers will be placed, Tuesdays and Saturdays, in the principal thoroughfares at such a distance from the city as to protect the provision trains.

4. Similar measures will be taken to expedite the return of the peasants to their villages with their horses and teams.

5. Measures will be taken immediately to reëstablish the ordinary markets.

Inhabitants of the city and the villages, and you workmen and artisans, to whatever nation you may belong!

We urge you to follow the paternal wishes of His Majesty the Emperor and King, and coöperate with him for the general welfare.

Bring to his feet respect and confidence, and hesitate not to unite with us.

To keep up the spirits of the troops and the people, reviews were frequently held and many decorations were distributed. The emperor rode through the streets on horseback and consoled the inhabitants, and in spite of all his devotion to state matters, he visited the theaters established by his orders.

In relation to charity, that best virtue of crowned heads, Napoleon also did all that could be expected of him.

He ordered the words *Maison de ma mère* to be inscribed on the buildings devoted to charity, by this act uniting the sentiment of a loving son with the grand virtue of a monarch.

He visited the Foundling Asylum,[1] and, allowing his white hands to be mouthed by the orphans saved by him, he conversed graciously with Tutolmin.

Then, according to Thiers's eloquent narrative, he ordered his troops to be paid in counterfeit Russian money which he had manufactured!

"Crowning the employment of these measures by an act worthy of him and of the French army, he commanded to give aid to those who had suffered from the fires. But as provisions were too precious to furnish to foreigners, most of whom were enemies, Napoleon preferred to give them money, and let them procure provisions outside, and he ordered paper rubles to be distributed among them."[2]

[1] *Vospitatelnui Dom.*

[2] *Relevant l'emploi de ces moyens par un acte digne de lui et de l'armée française, il fit distribuer des secours aux incendiés. Mais les vivres étant trop précieux pour être donnés à des étrangers, la plupart ennemis,*

In relation to the discipline of the army, he did not cease to issue orders to inflict severe punishments for all infractions of the rules of the service, and to stop pillaging.

CHAPTER X

But, strangely enough, all these arrangements, measures, and plans, which were in no respect inferior to those which he had taken under similar circumstances, did not touch the root of the trouble, but, like the hands of a clock disconnected with the mechanism behind the dial, moved at random and aimlessly, having nothing to do with the wheels.

As for military matters, the plan for the campaign, of which Thiers says, "Napoleon's genius never imagined anything more profound, more skilful, or more admirable,"[1] and which, in his argument with M. Fain, he proves was conceived, not on the fourth, but on the fifteenth of October, — this plan, full of genius as it was, was not and could not have been carried out, for it had in it nothing resembling validity.

The fortifying of the Kreml, to accomplish which it was necessary to destroy the mosque, *la mosquée*, — for so Napoleon called the church of St. Basil, — was perfectly unnecessary.

The placing of mines under the Kreml served only to carry out the personal desire of the emperor, who wished, on leaving Moscow, to see the Kreml blown up, — just as a child wants the floor on which he has hurt himself to be beaten.

The pursuit of the Russian army, which so engrossed Napoleon's attention, presented a most unheard-of phenomenon. The French generals lost the Russian army, numbering not less than sixty thousand men, and according to Thiers, it was only through Murat's ability

Napoléon aima mieux leur fournir de l'argent à fin qu'ils se fournissent au dehors, et il leur fit distribuer des roubles papiers." — Thiers, "Histoire du consulat et de l'empire," Tom. xiv.

[1] "*.... que son génie n'avait jamais rien imaginé de plus profond, de plus habile, et de plus admirable.*"

—his genius, one might say—that the French succeeded in finding, like a pin, the Russian army, sixty thousand strong!

As for diplomatic matters, all Napoleon's declarations of magnanimity and justice, made to Yakovlef and to Tutolmin, were chiefly concerned about obtaining cloaks and teams, and proved without effect.

Alexander did not receive these ambassadors, and did not reply to their letters.

As for justice, after the execution of the supposed incendiaries, the other half of Moscow was burned!

As for administration, the establishment of a municipality did not put an end to pillage, and was of service only to the few individuals who took a part in this municipal government, and, under the pretext of establishing order, plundered Moscow, or saved their own property from pillage.

As for religion, the thing he had found so easy to arrange in Egypt, by visiting a mosque, here in Moscow produced no results. Two or three priests, found in Moscow, were compelled to fulfil the emperor's wishes; but a French soldier struck one of them on the cheeks while conducting divine service, and of the other the French official reported as follows:—

"The priest whom I found and commanded to begin once more the saying of mass, cleaned and locked the church. That same night certain persons again went and smashed the doors and the locks, tore the books in pieces, and committed other disorders." [1]

As for the reëstablishment of trade, the proclamation to laborious artisans and to all peasants met with no response. There were no laborious artisans; while the peasants seized the commissioners who ventured too far outside the city with the proclamation, and killed them.

As for amusing the people and the troops by theatrical representations, the result was a failure. The thea-

[1] *Le prêtre que j'avais découvert et invité à recommencer à dire la messe a nettoyé et fermé l'église. Cette nuit on est venu de nouveau enfoncer les portes, casser les cadénas, déchirer les livres et commettre d'autres désordres.*

ters that were established in the Kreml and in Pozniakof's house were immediately closed because the actors and actresses were robbed.

Even his charities did not bring forth the anticipated results. Counterfeit and genuine assignats were so abundant in Moscow that they were alike valueless. The French, who had gathered in great booty, would have nothing but gold. Not only the false assignats that Napoleon so kindly distributed among the unfortunates were worthless, but silver also fell below its value compared to gold.

But the most striking proof of the inefficiency of all these orders was Napoleon's effort to put an end to pillage and restore discipline.

Here are some of the reports made by the commanding officers: —

Pillage continues in the city in spite of the order that it shall be stopped. Order is not yet reëstablished, and there is not a merchant engaged in legitimate trade. Peddlers alone venture to sell anything, and what they sell are objects pillaged.

A part of my district continues to be pillaged by soldiers of the Third Corps, who, not content with taking from the wretched citizens hiding in the cellars the little that they have, are even brutal enough to strike them with their swords, as I myself have seen in many instances.[1]

There is nothing new; the soldiers still continue theft and pillage. (October 9.)[2]

Theft and pillage continue. There is a band of robbers in our district who ought to be put down by strong measures. (October 11.)[3]

The emperor is greatly displeased because, in spite of his strict orders to restrain pillage, detachments of marauders from the guard are continually entering the Kreml. . . . In the Old

[1] *La partie de mon arrondissement continue à être en proie au pillage des soldats du 3 Corps, qui, non contents d'arracher aux malheureux réfugiés dans des souterrains le peu qui leur reste, ont même la ferocité de les blesser à coups de sabre, comme j'en ai vu plusieurs exemples.*

[2] *Rien de nouveau outre que les soldats se permettent de voler et de piller.* (*Le 9 Octobre.*)

[3] *Le vol et le pillage continuent. Il y a une bande de voleurs dans notre district qu'il faut faire arrêter par de fortes gardes.* (*Le 11 Octobre.*)

Guard disorder and pillage were renewed yesterday, last night, and to-day more actively, if possible, than ever. The emperor sees with sorrow that his chosen soldiers, detailed to defend his own person, who ought to set an example of subordination, carry disobedience so far as to despoil cellars and warehouses stocked with stores for the army. Others have fallen so low that they have refused to obey the watchmen and sentinels, and have reviled and beaten them.

The grand marshal of the palace complains bitterly, wrote the governor, that, notwithstanding his reiterated commands, the soldiers continue to perform the offices of nature in all the courts, and even under the windows of the emperor.[1]

This army, like a herd let out in disorder, and trampling under its feet the fodder that would have saved it from starvation and death, was each day of its delay in Moscow nearer its disorganization and its destruction.

But it did not stir.

It started in flight only when panic fear suddenly seized it at the capture of the provision train on the Smolensk road, and at the battle of Tarutino.

This same news of the battle of Tarutino, unexpectedly received by Napoleon during a review, inspired in him, Thiers tells us, the desire to punish the Russians, and he gave the order to retreat which the whole army demanded.

On leaving Moscow, the men of this army loaded themselves with all the booty they could get together.

Napoleon also had his own *trésor* to take with him. Seeing the vehicles encumbering the army, Napoleon, as Thiers says, was horror-struck. But, with all his experience in war, he did not order the superfluous wagons to be destroyed, as he had ordered in regard to his marshals' when they were approaching Moscow. He glanced at the calashes and coaches in which the soldiers were traveling, and said that it was very good — that these vehicles would be useful for carrying provisions, the sick, and the wounded.

[1] *Le grand maréchal du palais se plaint vivement que malgré les défenses reiterées les soldats continuent à faire leurs besoins dans toutes les cours, et même jusque sous les fenêtres de l'empereur.*

The situation of the whole army was like that of a wounded animal feeling death to be near and not knowing what to do.

To study the artful manœuvers and the purposes of Napoleon and his army, from the time he entered Moscow to the destruction of this army, is like watching the convulsions and the death struggles of an animal mortally wounded. Often the wounded animal, hearing a noise, runs directly into the hunter's fire, turns this way and that way, and hastens its own end.

Thus acted Napoleon, under the pressure of his whole army.

The noise of the battle of Tarutino alarmed the beast, and it threw itself forward directly into the fire, ran toward the hunter, turned back again, and, like every wild beast, suddenly fled by the most dangerous, the most disadvantageous, but the best-known road — its former trail.

Napoleon, whom we imagine to have been the director of all these movements, just as the figure-head on the prow of a ship is supposed by the savage to be the power that moves the ship, — Napoleon, throughout the whole of his activity, was like a child seated in a carriage clasping the straps that hang on the inside, and imagining that he makes it go.

CHAPTER XI

On the eighteenth of October, early in the morning, Pierre stepped out of the *balagan,* or prison-hut, and then, turning back, stood in the doorway, playing with the long-bodied, bandy-legged, little pink puppy, which was gamboling around him.

This puppy had made her home in the hut, sleeping next Karatayef; but sometimes she made excursions out into the city, from which she would always return again. She had evidently never belonged to any one, and now no one was her master, and she had no name. The French called her Azor; the wit of the company

called her *Femme-galka* — Jenny Daw; Karatayef and the others called her *Serui* — Gray; sometimes *Vislui* — the Hanger-on.

The fact that she belonged to no one and had no name or breed and no definite color seemed in no wise to trouble the little pink puppy. She held her furry tail like a plume, boldly and gallantly; the crooked bow-legs served her so well that often, as if disdaining to use all four of them, she would lift gracefully one of the hind legs, and run with great agility and adroitness on three. Everything that came along was an object of satisfaction to her. Now grunting with delight she would roll on her back, now she would warm herself in the sun with a thoughtful and significant expression, now she would gambol and play with a chip or a straw.

Pierre's costume now consisted of a torn and dirty shirt, — the only remains of his former dress, — soldier's trousers, by Karatayef's advice tied with string around the ankles for the sake of greater warmth, a kaftan, and his peasant's cap.

Physically, during this time Pierre had greatly changed. He no longer seemed portly, although he still retained that appearance of rotundity and strength which in their nature are hereditary. His beard and mustache had grown, and covered the lower part of his face. His long hair, all in a tangle on his head and full of lice, fell in tangled locks from under his cap. The expression of his eyes was firm, steadfast, calm, and full of an alertness which had never before been characteristic of him. His old-time indolence, manifested even in his eyes, had now given place to an energetic spirit which was ready for activity and resistance.

His feet were bare.

Pierre looked now at the field along which, that morning, teams and mounted men were moving, now far off across the river, now at the puppy which was pretending that she was going to bite him in real earnest, and now at his bare feet, which, for the sport of the thing, he was placing in various attitudes, wagging his dirty,

thick toes. And every time he looked at his bare feet, a smile of lively satisfaction illumined his face. The sight of those bare feet reminded him of all that he had been through and had learned to understand in that time, and this recollection was agreeable to him.

The weather for several days had been mild and bright, with light frosts in the morning — the so-called *Babye lieto* — Woman's summer.

In the sun the air felt warm; and this warmth, together with the invigorating freshness of the morning frost, which left its influence in the air, was very pleasant. Over everything, objects remote and objects near at hand, lay that magical crystalline gleam which is seen only at this time of the autumn. In the distance could be seen the *Vorobyevui Gorui*, — the Sparrow Hills, — with a village, a church, and a great white house. And the leafless trees and the sand and the rocks and the roofs of the houses, the green belfry of the church, and the angles of the distant white house, — everything stood out with unnatural distinctness, with all its delicacy of outline, in the transparent atmosphere.

Near at hand were the well-known ruins of a nobleman's mansion, half burned, occupied by the French, with its still dark-green lilac bushes along by the garden. And even this house, ruined and befouled, which in gloomy weather would have been repulsive from its disorder, now, in the bright, steady light, seemed like something tranquilly beautiful.

A French corporal in undress uniform, in his nightcap, with a short pipe between his teeth, came from behind the corner of the hut, and, with a friendly wink, joined Pierre.

"*Quel soleil, hein! Monsieur Kirill,*" — for that was what all the French called Pierre, — "*on dirait le printemps* — you'd think it was springtime."

And the corporal leaned up against the door-post and offered Pierre his pipe, although whenever he offered it Pierre always declined it.

"*Si l'on marchait par un temps comme celui-là* —

if we should start in such weather as this.... " he began.

Pierre asked what the news was in regard to a retreat, and the corporal told him that almost all the troops were beginning to move, and that the order in regard to the prisoners was to be issued that day.

In the hut in which Pierre was confined a soldier named Sokolof was sick unto death, and Pierre told the corporal that something ought to be done about this soldier.

The corporal replied that Pierre might be easy on that score, that there were permanent and movable hospitals, and that the sick would be cared for, and that the authorities had provided for all emergencies.

"And besides, Monsieur Kirill, you have only to say a single word to the captain, you know. Oh, he is a — he never forgets anything! Tell the captain when he makes his tour of inspection, and he will do anything for you." —

The captain of whom the corporal was speaking had often talked with Pierre and showed him all manner of condescension. —

"'Do you see, St. Thomas,' says he to me the other day, 'Kirill is a man of education who speaks French; he is a Russian seigneur who has been unfortunate, but he's a man! And he knows what.... if he asks for anything,' says he, 'let him tell me; I could n't refuse him. When one has been studying, you see, you like education and the right kind of people.' It's for your sake I tell you this, Monsieur Kirill. In that affair the other day, if it had n't been for you, it might have come out pretty bad!"[1]

[1] *Et puis, M. Kirill, vous n'avez qu'à dire un mot au capitaine, vous savez. Oh! c'est un — qui n'oublie jamais rien. Dites au capitaine quand il fera sa tournée, il fera tout pour vous. — "Vois-tu, St. Thomas," qu'il me disait l'autre jour, "Kirill c'est un homme qui a de l'instruction, qui parle français; c'est un seigneur russe, qui a eu des malheurs, mais c'est un homme. Et il s'y entend le — s'il demande quelque chose, qu'il me dise, il n'y a pas de refus. Quand on a fait ses études, voyez-vous, on aime l'instruction et les gens comme il faut." C'est pour vous que je dis cela, M. Kirill! Dans l'affaire de l'autre jour si ce n'était grâce à vous, ça aurait fini mal.*

And after chatting a little while longer the corporal went off.

The "affair" which the corporal mentioned as having taken place a few days before was a squabble between the prisoners and the French in which Pierre had taken it on him to act as peacemaker.

Several of the prisoners had been listening to the conversation between Pierre and the corporal, and they immediately began to ask what had been said. While Pierre was telling his comrades what the corporal had said about the retreat of the French, a lean, sallow, and ragged French soldier made his appearance in the door of the hut. With a quick, timid gesture he addressed himself to Pierre, raising his fingers to his forehead as a salute, and asked him if there were a soldier in that hut named Platoche, to whom he had given a shirt to make.

The week before the French had received leather and linen, and had distributed them among the Russian prisoners to make boots and shirts.

"All ready, all ready, my dear," said Platon Karatayef, coming forth with a carefully folded shirt.

Karatayef, owing to the warmth of the weather, and for convenience of working, wore only his trousers and a torn shirt as black as earth. His hair, after the fashion of master workmen, was tied up with a bast string, and his round face seemed rounder and more good-natured than ever.

"'Agreement's own brother to business.' I promised it for Friday, and here it is!" said Platon, smiling, and unfolding the shirt which he had made.

The Frenchman glanced round uneasily, and, as apparently conquering a doubt, he quickly stripped off his uniform, and put on the shirt. The Frenchman had no shirt on under his uniform, but his bare, yellow, lean body was clad in nothing but a long, greasy waistcoat of brocade silk.

The Frenchman was evidently afraid that the prisoners who were staring at him would make sport of him, and he hastily thrust his head into the shirt. Not one of the prisoners said a word.

"There, it was time," exclaimed Platon, pulling down the shirt. The Frenchman, getting his head and arms through, without lifting his eyes, inspected the fit of the shirt, and scrutinized the sewing.

"You see, my young hawk, this is not a tailor's shop, and I had n't suitable tools; and the saying is, 'It takes a tool to kill even a louse,'" said Platon, with a round smile, and taking evident delight in his handiwork.

"*C'est bien, c'est bien, merci!* — Very good, thank you! But you ought to have some of the cloth left over," said the Frenchman.

"It will set on you better when you get it fitted to your body," said Karatayef, continuing to delight in his production. "It will suit you nicely and be very comfortable ...."

"*Merci, merci, mon vieux, — le reste,*" insisted the Frenchman, smiling; and, getting out an assignat, he gave it to Karatayef, "*mais le reste* — where is the rest of it?"

Pierre saw that Platon had no wish to understand what the Frenchman said, and, without interfering, he looked at them. Karatayef thanked him for the money, and continued to admire his work. The Frenchman was bound to have the pieces that were left over, and begged Pierre to translate what he said.

"What does he want of the pieces?" asked Karatayef. "They would come in handy as leg-wrappers. Well, then, God go with him — *Bog s nim!*" and Karatayef, his face suddenly changing to an expression of deep depression, took out from his breast a bundle of rags, and handed them to the Frenchman without looking at him. "Ekh-ma!" exclaimed Karatayef, and he started back into the hut.

The Frenchman looked at the cloth, deliberated a moment, gave Pierre a questioning look, and as if Pierre's look said something to him, —

"*Platoche, dites donc! Platoche, Platoche!*" cried the Frenchman, suddenly flushing, and speaking in a piping voice. "*Gardez pour vous* — Keep it!" said he, giving him the rags, and, turning on his heel, went off.

"Good-by," said Karatayef, nodding his head. "They say they 're heathens, but that one has a soul. It used to be a saying in old times, 'Sweaty hand 's lavish, dry hand close.' That man was naked, but he gave, all the same." Karatayef, thoughtfully smiling and looking at the rags, remained silent for some time.

"But they 'll come handy as leg-wrappers, my friend," said he, and returned into the hut.

CHAPTER XII

Four weeks had passed since Pierre had been taken prisoner. Although the French had proposed to transfer him from the privates' hut to the officers', he still remained in the one where he had been placed on the first day.

In burned and plundered Moscow Pierre experienced almost the utmost privations which it is in the power of man to endure; but, owing to his vigorous constitution and health, — a blessing which he had never realized till then, — and especially owing to the fact that these privations had come on him so imperceptibly that it was impossible to say when they began, he not only bore them easily but even cheerfully.

And at this very time he began to feel that calmness and self-satisfaction which he had before vainly striven to attain. He had been long seeking in various directions for this composure and self-agreement, the quality that had amazed him so in the soldiers at the battle of Borodino; he had sought it in philanthropy, in Freemasonry, in the diversions of fashionable life, in wine, in the heroic effort of self-sacrifice, in his romantic love for Natasha. He had sought it in the path of thought, and all these efforts and experiments had disappointed him.

And now without any effort or thought he had discovered this calmness and self-contentment only by the horror of death, by privations, and by what he had found in Karatayef.

Those terrible moments which he had passed through at the time of the executions had, as it were, cleared forever from his imagination and his recollection those anxious thoughts and feelings which had formerly seemed to him of consequence. He no longer thought about Russia, or the war, or politics, or Napoleon. It was evident to him that all this concerned him not, that he was not called on to decide, and therefore could not judge about all this.

> "No love is lost
> 'Twixt Russia and frost,"

he would say, quoting one of Karatayef's proverbs, and these words strangely calmed him.

His scheme of killing Napoleon seemed to him now incomprehensible and even absurd, and so also his calculations concerning the cabalistic number and the Beast of the Apocalypse. His indignation against his wife, and his anxiety that his name should not be disgraced, seemed to him now not only insignificant, but even ludicrous. What difference did it make to him whether this woman led the life that best pleased her, or where? Whose business was it and what difference did it make to him whether it were known or not known to the French that their prisoner was Count Bezukhoï.

He now frequently recalled his conversation with Prince Andreï and fully agreed with him, except that he understood Prince Andreï's ideas in a slightly different way.

Prince Andreï thought and declared that happiness is merely negative, but he said this with a shade of bitterness and irony. It seemed as if in saying this he had expressed the corresponding thought, — that all our aspirations for real, positive happiness are given to us merely to torment us, without ever being satisfied.

> [1] *Rossii da lietu —*
> *Soyuzu nietu.*

A variant of the popular saw, *Rusi i lietu — Soyuzu nietu* — "Winter and summer have no alliance."

But Pierre, without any mental reservation, acknowledged the correctness of this. The absence of pain, the gratification of desires, and consequently the free choice of occupations, in other words, the manner of life, seemed now to Pierre man's indubitable and highest happiness.

Here and now, for the first time, Pierre appreciated the pleasure of eating when he was hungry, of drinking when he was thirsty, of sleeping when he was sleepy, of warmth when he was cold, of converse with his fellow-men when he felt like talking and hearing a human voice. The gratification of desires, — good food, cleanliness, independence, — now that he was deprived of them all, seemed to Pierre perfect happiness; and the choice of occupation, — that is life, — now when this choice was so limited, seemed to him such an easy matter that he forgot that the superfluity of the comforts of life destroyed all the happiness of gratifying the desires, while great freedom in choice of occupations, that freedom which in his case was given him by his culture, his wealth, his position in society, that such freedom is exactly what makes a choice of occupations hopelessly difficult, and destroys the very desire and possibility of occupation.

All Pierre's thoughts of the future were directed toward the time when he should be free. But nevertheless, afterwards, and all his life long, Pierre thought and spoke with enthusiasm of that month of imprisonment, of those strong and pleasurable sensations which would never return again, and above all of that utter spiritual peace, of that perfect inward freedom, which he had experienced only at that time.

When on the first day of his imprisonment he arose early in the morning and went out at daybreak from the hut and saw the cupolas, dim and dark at first, the crosses on the Novo-Dievitchy monastery, saw the frosty dew on the dusty grass, saw the tops of the Sparrow Hills, and the winding woody banks of the river vanishing in the purple distance; when he felt the contact of the fresh, cool air, and heard the cawing of the daws

flying from Moscow across the field; and when, afterwards, suddenly flashed forth the light from the east, and the disk of the sun arose solemnly from behind the cloud, and the cupolas and the crosses, and the dew and the distance and the river, were all bathed in gladsome light, — then Pierre felt a new sense of joy and vital vigor such as he had never before experienced.

And this feeling not only did not once leave him during all the time of his imprisonment, but, on the contrary, it grew more and more, according as the difficulties of his position increased.

This feeling of readiness for anything, of moral elevation, was still more enhanced in Pierre by that lofty recognition which immediately on his incarceration in the hut he began to enjoy among his companions.

Pierre, by his knowledge of languages, by the respect which was shown him by the French, by the simplicity with which he gave anything that was asked of him, — he received three rubles a week, the same as the officers, — by the strength which he manifested before the soldiers by driving in the pegs in the wall of the hut, by the sweetness of disposition which he showed in his treatment of his companions, by his power, which they could not understand, of sitting motionless, thinking, seemed to the soldiers a somewhat mysterious and superior being.

Those very characteristics of his which had been, if not injurious, at least a hindrance, in that society where he had moved before, — his strength, his scorn for the amenities of life, his fits of abstraction, his simplicity, — here, among these people, gave him the position almost of a hero. And Pierre felt that this view imposed responsibilities on him.

CHAPTER XIII

The French troops started to retreat on the night of the eighteenth of October. Kitchens and huts were dismantled; wagons were loaded, and the troops and trains set forth.

At seven o'clock in the morning, in marching trim, in shakoes, with muskets, knapsacks, and huge bundles, the convoy of the French stood in front of the huts, and a lively interchange of French talk, interspersed with oaths, rolled along the whole line.

In the hut all were ready, clothed, belted, shod, and only awaiting the word of command to start.

The sick soldier, Sokolof, pale and thin, with livid circles under his eyes, was the only one unshod and unclad; and he lay in his place, and his eyes, bulging from his very leanness, looked questioningly at his comrades, who paid no heed to him or his low and regular groans. Evidently it was not so much his sufferings — he was ill with dysentery — as it was the fear and grief at being left alone that caused him to groan.

Pierre, with his feet shod in slippers fabricated for him by Karatayef out of remnants of goatskin which a Frenchman had brought him to make into inner soles for his boots, and belted with a rope, came to the sick man and squatted down beside him on his heels.

"Now, see here, Sokolof, they're not absolutely all going away. They're going to have a hospital here. Maybe you'll be better off than the rest of us," said Pierre.

"Oh, Lord, oh! The death of me! Oh, Lord!" groaned the soldier, louder than ever.

"There, I'll go directly and ask them," said Pierre, and, getting up, he went to the door of the hut.

Just as Pierre reached the door, the very corporal who, the day before, had offered Pierre his pipe, appeared at the outside with two soldiers. The corporal and the soldiers also were in marching trim, with knapsacks, and wore shakoes with chin-straps. This gave a new appearance to their well-known faces. The corporal approached the door for the purpose of locking it, according to the order of the authorities. Before letting out the prisoners they had to call the roll.

"Corporal, what is to be done with the sick man?" .... Pierre began to say; but at the instant that he said this, the doubt arose in his mind whether this was the

corporal whom he had known, or an entirely different man — the corporal was so unlike himself at that instant. Moreover, at the instant Pierre spoke, on two sides the rolling of drums was suddenly heard.

The corporal scowled at Pierre's words, and, uttering a meaningless oath, he clapped the door to.

In the hut there was semi-darkness; on two sides the sharp rattle of the drums drowned the sick man's groans.

"Here it is!.... here it is again!" said Pierre to himself, and an involuntary chill ran down his back.

In the changed face of the corporal, in the tone of his voice, in the exciting and deafening rattle of the drums, Pierre recognized that mysterious, unsympathetic power which compels men against their wills to murder their kind, that power the working of which he had seen during the executions.

To fear this power, to try to escape it, to address with petitions or with reproaches the men who served as its instruments, was idle.

Pierre now realized this. It was necessary to wait and have patience.

Pierre did not go back to the sick man, or even look in his direction. Silent, scowling, he stood at the door of the hut.

When the doors of the hut were thrown open, and the prisoners, crowding against each other, came flocking out, Pierre threw himself in front of them and went to the very captain who, according to the corporal's account, was ready to do anything for him.

This captain was in marching trim, and from his cold face looked forth that same "it" which Pierre had recognized in the corporal's words and in the rattle of the drums.

"*Filez, filez* — on with you!" commanded the captain, frowning sternly as he looked at the prisoners crowding past him. Pierre knew beforehand that his effort would be wasted, but still he went up to him.

"*Eh bien, qu'est-ce-qu'il y a?* — What do you want?"

asked the officer, coldly, scanning Pierre as if he did not recognize him.

Pierre told him about the wounded.

"He can walk, the devil take him!" replied the captain. "*Filez, filez!*" he went on saying, not looking at Pierre.

"No, but he is dying," began Pierre.

"Go to the ——!" cried the captain, scowling wrathfully.

Dram-da-da-dam-dam-dam went the rattle of the drums. And Pierre realized that this mysterious force was already in full possession of these men, and that to say anything now was useless.

The officers among the prisoners were separated from the privates and ordered to go forward. The officers, including Pierre, numbered thirty, the privates three hundred.

The officers who were taken out of the other prison-balagans were otherwise and far better dressed than Pierre, and they looked at him and his foot-gear with distrust and even repulsion.

Not far from Pierre marched a stout major in a fine Kazan khalat, belted with a towel, with a puffy, sallow, cross face, who evidently enjoyed general distinction among his fellow-prisoners. He kept one hand holding his tobacco-pouch in his breast; in the other he clutched his pipe. This major, puffing and breathing hard, growled and scolded at everybody because it seemed to him they were pushing him, and were in a hurry when there was no sense in being in a hurry, and were wondering at everything when there was nothing to wonder at.

Another officer, a little lean man, was chattering with every one, expressing his suppositions as to where they were to be taken now, and how far they would succeed in moving that day.

A chinovnik, in felt boots and wearing the uniform of the commissariat department, ran from one side to another and gazed at the burned city, loudly communicating his speculations in regard to the buildings burned,

or how it was with this or that part of Moscow visible from where they were.

A third officer, of Polish origin, judging by his accent, disputed with the commissariat chinovnik, arguing that he was mistaken in his identification of the different parts of Moscow.

"What are you disputing about?" angrily asked the major. "Whether Nikola or Vlas, 't is all one; can't you see 't is all burnt, and that 's the end of it?.... What are you pushing so for? is n't there room enough?" he exclaimed, turning wrathfully on the one next to him, who had not even touched him.

"Aï! aï! aï! what have they done!" was heard on all sides as the prisoners gazed at the devastation wrought by the fires.

"The ward across the river[1] and Zubovo and even in the Kreml!"

"Look! half of the city's gone!"

"Yes, and I told you that the ward across the river was burnt, and there! you see, it is so!"

"Well, now you know it's burnt, and what's the use of talking about it?" grumbled the major.

As they passed through Khamovniki,[2] one of the few unscathed quarters of Moscow, and went by a church, the whole throng of prisoners suddenly swerved to one side, and exclamations of horror and disgust were heard:—

"Oh, the scoundrels!"

"Are n't they heathens?"

"Oh, it's a corpse, it's a corpse!"....

"They've smeared it with something."

Pierre also moved toward the church, where the object that had called forth the exclamations was, and he vaguely discerned something leaning up against the walls of the church.

From the words of his comrades who could see better than he did, he made out that this object was a man's

[1] The *Zamoskvorietchye.*

[2] The Weavers'. Count Tolstoï's present Moscow residence is in Khamovniki.

dead body, placed in a standing posture by the fence, and with its face smeared with lampblack.

"*Marchez! Sacré nom! Filez! .... trente mille diables!*" shouted the soldiers of the guard; and the French soldiers, with fierce objurgations and abuse, applied their sabers to drive on the throng of the prisoners, who had stopped to gaze at the dead man.

CHAPTER XIV

On the streets that crossed Khamovniki, the prisoners marched along with their convoy and the wagons and teams that belonged to the soldiers composing it, and followed behind them; but when they reached a storehouse of provisions, they found themselves in the midst of a vast detachment of artillery, moving in close order, which had got mixed up with a number of private conveyances.

On the bridge itself all halted, and waited for those in the van to move on. From the bridge the prisoners could see before them and behind them endless lines of moving vehicles.

At the right, where the Kaluga road bends away past Neskutchnoye, stretched endless files of troops and trains, disappearing in the distance. These were the troops belonging to Beauharnais's corps, which had left the city before the others.

Behind, along the Naberezhnaya quay and across the Kamennui Most or Stone Bridge, stretched the troops and trains of Ney.

Davoust's troops, in whose charge the prisoners were, had crossed the Kruimsky Brod, or Crimean Ford Bridge, and already some of the divisions were debouching into Kaluga Street. But the teams stretched out so endlessly that the last ones belonging to Beauharnais's division had not yet left Moscow to enter Kaluga Street, while the head of Ney's troops had already left Bolshaya Orduinka.

After the prisoners had crossed the Crimean Ford

Bridge, they moved on some little distance, and were halted, and then moved on again, while from all sides equipages and men were crowded together more and more. After consuming more than an hour in marching the few hundred steps that separated the bridge from Kaluga Street, and reaching the square where Kaluga Street and the Trans-Moskva Streets meet, the prisoners, closely squeezed into one group, were halted again and kept standing for some hours at the cross-way.

In every direction was heard the incessant roar of carriages like the tumult of the sea, and trampling of feet and incessant angry shouts and curses. Pierre stood crushed up against the wall of a house which had been exposed to the flames, and listened to this uproar, which blended in his imagination with the rattle of the drum.

Several of the officers in the group of prisoners, in order to get a better view, climbed up on the wall of the burned house next which Pierre was standing.

"What crowds of people! oh, what crowds!" .... "They 're even riding on the guns! See the furs!" they exclaimed. "Oh, the carrion-eaters! what thieves!" .... "Look yonder, on that telyega!" .... "Do you see that, they 've got an ikon, by God!" ....

"Those must be Germans." .... "And our muzhiks, by God!" ....

"Akh! the scoundrels!" .... "See how they 're loaded down, as much as they can do to get along! And there 's one 's got a drozhsky — they stole even that!" ....

"See! he 's sitting on the trunks! Ye saints!" .... "There, they 're having a fight." ....

"See! he hit him in the snout, right in the snout!"

"At this rate they won't get through till night!" ....

"Look! Just look! Those must be Napoleon's! See what fine horses! With monogram and crown!" ....

"This was a fine house!" .... "See, he 's dropped a bag and did n't notice it!" ....

"There! they 're fighting again!" ....

"There 's a woman with a baby! Not so bad-looking either!" ....

"See! There's no end to it. Russian wenches! there's the wenches for you, by God!"....

"They're having an easy time in that carriage there, hey!"

Again the wave of general curiosity, just as had been the case at the church of Khamovniki, drove all the prisoners into the street; and Pierre, thanks to his stature, could, over the heads of the others, see what had so awakened the curiosity of the prisoners: in three calashes, jammed in among some artillery caissons, rode several women, sitting close together, adorned with bright colors, painted, and shouting at the top of their sharp voices.

Since the moment Pierre had recognized the reappearance of that mysterious power, nothing seemed to him strange or terrible: neither the corpse smeared with lampblack for a joke, nor these women hastening no one knew where, nor the conflagration that had destroyed Moscow. All that he now saw produced scarcely any impression on him — as if his soul, preparing for a hard struggle, refused to submit to any impressions that might render it weaker.

The teams with the women drove past. Again behind them stretched on telyegas, soldiers, baggage wagons, soldiers, powder trains, carriages, soldiers, caissons, soldiers, and here and there women.

Pierre could not distinguish faces, but he could make out the general movement of the masses.

All these people and these horses seemed to be driven forth by some invisible force. All of them, during the course of the hour that Pierre spent in watching them, came pouring forth from different streets with one and the same wish, to get along as rapidly as possible; all of them were alike apt to interfere with one another, to quarrel, even to come to blows. White teeth were displayed, brows scowled, oaths and curses intermingled, and all faces bore one and the same youthfully resolute and cruelly cold expression which, that morning, had struck Pierre in the corporal's face at the sound of the drum.

Some time before nightfall the *chef* of the convoy mustered his command, and with shouts and disputes marched them in amongst the teams, and the prisoners, guarded on every side, debouched into the Kaluga road.

They proceeded very rapidly, without stopping to rest, and only halted at sunset. The teams ran into one another, and the men prepared for their night encampment. All seemed angry and dissatisfied. It was long before the curses and shouts and blows ceased on all sides. A private carriage, which had been following the prisoners' guard, came up against one of the wagons belonging to the same, and the pole ran into it. Several soldiers ran up from various sides; some struck the heads of the horses that drew the private carriage, and tried to turn them aside; others squabbled among themselves, and Pierre saw a German severely wounded in the head with a short saber.

It seemed as if all these people, now that they found themselves in the open country in the chill twilight of an autumn evening, experienced the same feeling of disagreeable reaction which had come on after the haste and excitement that had occupied them all during the march. They halted all as if they realized that it was inevitable that they should still move forward somewhere, and that in this march there would be much that was hard and trying.

During this halt, the soldiers in charge of the prisoners treated them even worse than they had during the march. At this halt horse-flesh was for the first time served out to the prisoners.

From officers down to humblest soldiers, all seemed alike to feel, as it were, a personal sense of anger against each one of the prisoners, all the more noticeable from the unexpected change from their former friendliness.

This ill-will grew more and more pronounced, when, at calling the roll of the prisoners, it transpired that during the bustle attendant on leaving Moscow a Russian soldier, feigning to be ill with colic, had escaped.

Pierre saw a Frenchman strike a Russian soldier for

having strayed away from the road too far; and he heard the captain, his friend, reprimand a non-commissioned officer for the escape of the Russian soldier, and threaten him with court-martial.

At the corporal's excuse that the soldier was ill, and could not march, the officer replied that the orders were to shoot those who had to be left.

Pierre felt that that fateful power which had taken possession of him during the executions, and which had been in abeyance during the time of his imprisonment, now once more ruled his existence.

It was terrible to him; but he felt that in proportion to the efforts made by this fateful force to crush him, in his own soul waxed and strengthened the force of life that was independent of it.

Pierre made his supper of rye-meal porridge and horse-flesh, and chatted with his comrades.

Neither Pierre nor any of his companions said a word of what they had seen in Moscow, or about the cruelty of the French, or about the order to have stragglers shot, which had been explained to them; all of them were especially cheerful and lively, as if to counteract the wretchedness of their position. They called up their personal recollections, and the comical incidents which they had seen during the march, and avoided all mention of their actual position.

The sun had long ago set; the bright stars were everywhere glittering in the sky; along the horizon spread the ruddy glow of the rising full moon like the glare of a conflagration, and soon the huge red globe hung swaying wonderfully in the grayish mists. It grew light. The evening was over, but the night had not fairly begun.

Pierre left his new comrades, and, stepping among the watch-fires, started to cross to the other side of the road, where he had been told the privates of the prisoner party were encamped. He wanted to have a talk with them. But a sentinel halted him on the road and ordered him back.

Pierre returned, but not to the watch-fire, to his com-

panions, but to an unharnessed wagon where there was no one. Doubling up his legs and dropping his head, he sat down on the cold ground by the wagon-wheel, and remained there long motionless, thinking.

More than an hour passed in that way. No one disturbed him.

Suddenly he burst out into a loud and burly peal of jovial laughter, so loud that men gathered round from various directions in amazement, to see what caused this strange and solitary fit of laughter.

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared Pierre, and he went on talking aloud to himself. "The soldier would not let me pass. I was caught, I was shut up. They still keep me as their prisoner. Who am I? I? I?.... my immortal soul! Ha! ha! ha!" and he laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks.

Some one got up and came over to see what this strange, big man found to laugh at all alone by himself. Pierre ceased to laugh, got up, went off to some distance from the inquisitive man, and glanced around him.

The huge, endless bivouac, which shortly before had been noisy with the crackling of camp-fires and the voices of men, was now silent; the ruddy fires were dying down and paling. High in the bright sky stood the full moon. Forest and field, before invisible beyond the confines of the bivouac, could now be seen stretching far away. And still farther beyond these forests and fields the eye followed the bright, quivering, alluring, infinite distance.

Pierre gazed up into the sky, into the depths of the marching host of twinkling stars.

"And all that is mine, and all that is in me, and all that is *me*," thought Pierre. "And they took all that and shut it in a hut made of boards!"

He smiled, and went back to his comrades, and lay down to sleep.

CHAPTER XV

TOWARD the middle of October, a messenger came to Kutuzof with still another letter from Napoleon, and a proposal for peace. It was deceitfully dated from Moscow, since at that time Napoleon was not far in advance of Kutuzof on the old Kaluga highway.

Kutuzof replied to this letter exactly as he had replied to the first one with which Lauriston had been sent: he declared that there could be no question of peace.

Shortly after this, word was received from Dolokhof, who was in command of a band of "partizans" operating at the left of Tarutino, that the enemy had appeared in Fominskoye, that these troops consisted of Broussier's division, and that this division, being separated from the rest of the army, might be easily destroyed.

Soldiers and officers again demanded offensive operations. The staff generals, animated by their remembrance of the easy victory at Tarutino, brought all their influence to bear on Kutuzof to grant Dolokhof's proposal.

Kutuzof considered it unnecessary to make any attack. A middle course was adopted: a small detachment was sent to Fominskoye, charged to attack Broussier.

By an odd coincidence, this operation — most difficult and most important, as it turned out, in its consequences — was intrusted to Dokhturof — that same modest little Dokhturof whom no one ever thought of describing for us as making plans for engagements, flying at the head of regiments, scattering crosses on the batteries, and so on; who was considered and counted irresolute and lacking in penetration, but nevertheless that same Dokhturof whom, during all the wars between the Russians and the French, from Austerlitz until 1813, we find always in command where there was anything difficult to do.

At Austerlitz, he stays until the last on the dike of Augest, re-forming the regiments, saving what he can,

when all are fleeing and perishing, and not one general is left in the rear.

Though ill with fever, he goes to Smolensk with twenty thousand men to defend the city against the whole army of Napoleon. At Smolensk, he has just caught a wink of sleep at the Malakhof gates, during a paroxysm of his fever, when he is awakened by the cannonade of the city, and Smolensk holds out the whole day.

In the battle of Borodino, when Bagration is struck down, and nine men in every ten from among the troops of our left flank are killed, and all the force of the French artillery fire is concentrated in that direction, no one else but Dokhturof, irresolute and lacking in penetration, is sent there, and Kutuzof makes haste to retrieve the blunder which he had made in sending some one else there. And the little, mild Dokhturof goes there, and Borodino becomes the brightest glory of the Russian arms. And many heroes have been celebrated by us in verse and prose, but of Dokhturof scarcely a word!

Again, Dokhturof is sent to Fominskoye and from there to Malo-Yoroslavetz, to the place where the last battle with the French took place, and where evidently the destruction of the French began; and again many heroes and geniuses have been celebrated by us at that period in the campaign, but of Dokhturof never a word, or almost nothing, or half-heartedly. This silence concerning Dokhturof more palpably than aught else proves his merit.

Naturally, for a man who understands not the working of a machine, it seems, on first seeing it in motion, that the most important part of it is the shaving which accidentally got into it, and, while interfering with its movement, makes a buzzing noise. The man, not knowing the virtues of the machine, cannot comprehend that not this shaving, vitiating and deranging the works, but that little distributing cog-wheel which turns noiselessly, is the most essential part of the machine.

On the twenty-second of October, the same day on

which Dokhturof traversed the half of the road toward Fominskoye, and had halted in the village of Aristovo, preparing himself accurately to carry out the orders that had been given him, the whole French army, in its spasmodic motion moving down as far as Murat's position, as if for the purpose of giving battle, suddenly, without any reason, swerved to the left to the new Kaluga highway, and moved toward Fominskoye, where shortly before only Broussier had been.

Dokhturof, at this time, had under his command, with the exception of Dolokhof's men, only the two small divisions of Figner and Seslavin.

On the afternoon of October twenty-third, Seslavin came to the commander at Aristovo with a French guardsman, who had been taken prisoner. The prisoner said that the troops which had that day occupied Fominskoye consisted of the vanguard of the main army, that Napoleon was there, that the whole army had left Moscow on the seventeenth.

That same evening a domestic serf, who had come from Borovsko, declared that he had seen an enormous host entering the town.

The Cossacks of Dolokhof's division brought word that they had seen the French guard marching along the road to Borovsko.

From all these rumors it was evident that at that place where they expected to find a single division was now the whole army of the French, which had marched out of Moscow in an unexpected route — along the old Kaluga highway.

Dokhturof was loath to make any demonstration, since it was not now at all clear to him what it was his duty to do. He had been commanded to attack Fominskoye.

But where, before, Broussier had been alone in Fominskoye, now there was the whole French army.

Yermolof wanted to act on his own judgment, but Dokhturof insisted that it was necessary to have orders from his serene highness. It was determined to send a messenger back to headquarters.

For this duty was chosen a highly intelligent officer, Bolkhovitinof, who, in addition to the written report, was to give a verbal report of the whole matter. At midnight Bolkhovitinof, having received the envelop and the verbal message, galloped off, accompanied by a Cossack, with extra horses, to headquarters.

CHAPTER XVI

It was a dark, warm, autumn night. There had been a steady rain for four days. After changing horses twice, and riding thirty versts in an hour and a half over the muddy, sticky road, Bolkhovitinof reached Letashevko at two o'clock in the morning. Dismounting in front of an izba on the wattled fence of which was the sign, "Glavnui Shtap," — "Headquarters," — and leaving the horse, he went into the dark entry.

"The general on duty, instantly! Very important!" he exclaimed to some one, who had been snoring in the darkness of the entry and started up.

"He was very unwell last evening; he has n't slept for two nights," whispered a denshchik's voice, apologetically. "Better wake the captain first."

"Very important — from General Dokhturof," said Bolkhovitinof, entering the door, which was held open for him. The denshchik led the way, and tried to awaken some one.

"Your nobility! your nobility! — A courier!"

"What, what is it? From whom?" exclaimed some one's sleepy voice.

"From Dokhturof and from Alekseï Petrovitch. Napoleon is at Fominskoye," said Bolkhovitinof, not being able to make out, by reason of the darkness, who it was that was questioning him, but judging by the sound of the voice that it was not Konovnitsuin.

The man who had been aroused yawned and stretched himself.

"I don't like to wake him," said he, fumbling about

for something. "He's a pretty sick man. Maybe it's a rumor."

"Here is the despatch," said Bolkhovitinof. "I was ordered to hand it instantly to the general on duty."

"Wait, I will strike a light. Where are you, you scamp, always asleep!" he cried, addressing the denshchik.

This was Shcherbinin, Konovnitsuin's aide. "I have found it, I have found it," he added.

The denshchik struck a light. Shcherbinin had been searching for the candlestick. "Akh! the wretched business!" he cried, with disgust.

By the candlelight Bolkhovitinof saw Shcherbinin's youthful face, and in the opposite corner a man still sound asleep. This was Konovnitsuin.

When the tinder flared up first with blue and then with ruddy flame, Shcherbinin lighted the tallow candle, from which the cockroaches that had been feasting on it dropped to the ground. He stared at the messenger.

Bolkhovitinof was covered with mud, and in wiping his face on his sleeve he smeared it all over.

"Who brought the news?" asked Shcherbinin, taking the envelop.

"The news is trustworthy," replied Bolkhovitinof. "The prisoners and the Cossack and the scouts are all unanimous in saying the same thing."

"It is unavoidable — must wake him," said Shcherbinin, getting up and going over to the man asleep in a nightcap, and covered with a cloak.

"Piotr Petrovitch!" he called.

Konovnitsuin did not stir.

"Headquarters!" he cried, with a smile, knowing that that would assuredly waken him. And, in fact, the head in the nightcap was immediately lifted. In Konovnitsuin's handsome, resolute face, with the cheeks aflame with fever, there remained for an instant the expression of the visions of sleep, far enough removed from the reality; but suddenly he shivered; his face assumed its ordinarily calm and resolute expression.

"Well, now, what is it? From whom?" he asked,

not hastily, but without unnecessary delay, blinking his eyes at the light.

On hearing the officer's report, Konovnitsuin broke the seal and read the letters. He had hardly finished reading them before he set his feet in woolen stockings down on the earth floor, and began to put on his shoes. Then he took off his cap, and, running the comb through the locks on his temples, he put on his forage-cap.

"Did you come quickly? Let us go to his serene highness."

Konovnitsuin immediately realized that this news was of the greatest importance, and that it brooked no delay. He did not take into consideration, or even ask himself, whether it was good news or bad news. This did not interest him. He looked on the whole business of war, not with his intellect or with his reason, but with something else. His soul had a deep but unexpressed conviction that all would be well; but the confession or expression of this faith that was in him seemed to him entirely unnecessary; he had only to do his duty. And his duty he did, giving to it all his powers.

Piotr Petrovitch Konovnitsuin, just like Dokhturof, seemingly out of mere formality, had his name inscribed on the list of the so-called heroes of 1812, — the Barclays, the Rayevskys, the Yermolofs, the Platofs, the Miloradovitches; just like Dokhturof, enjoyed the reputation of being a man of very limited capacity and talent; and again, like Dokhturof, Konovnitsuin never made plans of battles, but he was always found where the greatest difficulties were to be met. Ever since his appointment as general on duty he had slept with an open door, insisting that he should be awakened whenever a courier should come; in battle he was always under fire, so that Kutuzof chided him for exposing himself recklessly, and for that reason dreaded to send him into service; and thus again, like Dokhturof, he was one of those invisible springs which, without fuss or racket, constitute the most essential part of the machine.

On coming out from the izba into the damp, dark night, Konovnitsuin scowled, partly because his head-

ache had grown worse, and partly from the disagreeable thought that occurred to him, that now, at this news, would be aroused all that nest of influential men connected with the staff, and especially Benigsen, who since Tarutino had been at swords' points with Kutuzof. How they would propose, discuss, give orders, interfere! And this presentiment was disagreeable to him, although he knew that it was inevitable.

In point of fact, Toll, to whom he went to communicate this news, immediately began to lay down his ideas for the benefit of the general who shared his lodgings with him; and Konovnitsuin, after listening in silence until he was tired, reminded him that they ought to go to his serene highness's.

CHAPTER XVII

Kutuzof, like all old people, slept little at night. In the daytime he frequently dozed at unexpected times; but at night, throwing himself, still dressed, down on his couch, he would lie awake and think.

Thus it was at this time. He was lying on his bed, leaning his heavy, big, scarred head on his fat hand, and thinking, his one eye staring out into the darkness.

Since Benigsen, who was in correspondence with the sovereign, and had more influence with the staff than any one else, had kept out of his way, Kutuzof was more at ease in reference to his being urged again to let the troops take part in useless offensive movements. The lesson of the battle of Tarutino and of the day before it, ever memorable to Kutuzof, must have its effect, he thought.

"They must understand that it can only be a losing game with us to act on the offensive. *Patience* and *Time*, they are my warrior-heroes," said Kutuzof to himself.

He knew that it is not best to pluck the apple while it is green. It will fall of itself when it is ripe; but if

you pluck it green, then it spoils the apple and the tree, and sets your teeth on edge as well.

Like an experienced huntsman, he knew that the wild beast was wounded, — wounded as only the whole force of Russia could wound; but whether the wound was mortal or not was as yet an undecided question.

Now, by the sending of Lauriston and Berthémi, and by the reports of the guerrillas, Kutuzof was almost certain that the wound was mortal.

But proofs were still requisite; it was necessary to wait.

"They want to rush forward and see how they have killed him. Wait, and you'll see. Always 'manœuvers,' always 'offensive movements'!" he said to himself. "What for? So as to gain distinction. One would think there was something jolly in this fighting. They are just like children, from whom you can't expect reason, for the whole business lies in the fact that they all want to prove how well they can fight. But that is not the case now. And what fine manœuvers they are always proposing to me! It seems to them that when they have devised two or three chances" — he was thinking about the general plan sent from Petersburg — "they have exhausted the list, but there's no end to them."

The vexed question whether the wild beast was mortally wounded or not at Borodino had been for more than a month suspended over Kutuzof's head.

On the one hand, the French had taken possession of Moscow; on the other, Kutuzof undoubtedly felt in his whole being that that terrible blow, in the dealing of which had been concentrated the force of the united Russian people, must have been mortal.

But, in any case, proofs were required, and he had been waiting for them for more than a month; and in proportion as time slipped away, the more impatient he became.

As he lay on his couch during those sleepless nights of his, he did the same thing that the younger element among his generals did, — the very thing for which he

reproached them. He thought out all possible contingencies, just as the younger generals did, but with this difference only, that he placed no dependence on these prognostications, and that he saw them, not in twos or threes, but in thousands.

The more he thought about them, the more abundantly they arose before him. He imagined every kind of diversion which the Napoleonic army might make, whether as a whole, or in divisions, against Petersburg, against himself, against his flank. There was one contingency which he imagined, and that he dreaded more than any other: it was that Napoleon might turn against him his own weapon, — that he might settle down in Moscow and wait for him.

Kutuzof even imagined Napoleon's army marching back to Meduin and Yukhnof, but the one thing that he could not have foreseen was the very thing that happened, that senseless, cautious doubling to and fro of Napoleon's army during the first eleven days after it left Moscow; that indecision which rendered possible what Kutuzof had not till then dared even to think about — namely, the absolute destruction of the French.

Dolokhof's report about Broussier's division, the information imparted by the "partizans" in regard to the distresses of Napoleon's army, the rumors of preparation for evacuating Moscow, all taken together, confirmed the presumption that the French army was worsted and was preparing to flee. But these presumptions appealed to the younger men only, not to Kutuzof.

He, with his sixty years' experience, knew how much dependence was to be put on hearsay, knew how prone men who wished anything were to group all the indications in such a way as to conform with their desire, and he knew how in such a case as this they are glad to drop out of sight anything that may seem opposed to it.

And the more Kutuzof desired this the less he permitted himself to put any trust in it. This question engaged all the energies of his mind. Everything else was for him merely the ordinary business of life. And such subordinate business of life included his conversa-

tion with his staff-officers, his letters to Madame Stahl written from Tarutino, the reading of novels, the granting of rewards, his correspondence with Petersburg, and the like.

But the destruction of the French, which he had been the only one to foresee, was the only real desire of his soul.

On the night of the twenty-third of October, he was lying down, his head resting on his hand, and was thinking about this.

There was a commotion in the next room, and the steps of Toll, Konovnitsuin, and Bolkhovitinof were heard.

"Eï! who is there? Come in, come in! What news?" cried the field-marshal to them.

While the servant was lighting a candle, Toll told the gist of the news.

"Who brought it?" asked Kutuzof, his face amazing Toll, when the light was made, by its cold sternness.

"There can be no doubt about it, your serene highness."

"Bring him in, bring him in."

Kutuzof sat down, stretching out one leg on the bed, and resting his huge paunch on the other, which he doubled up. He blinked his sound eye, in order to get a better sight of the messenger, as if he expected in his features to read the answer to what was occupying him.

"Go on, tell us about it, friend," said he to Bolkhovitinof, in his low, senile voice, gathering together over his chest his shirt, which had fallen open. "Come here, come nearer. What is this bit of news you have brought me? What! Napoleon left Moscow? And his army too? Ha?"

Bolkhovitinof gave him a detailed account, from the very beginning, of all that had been intrusted to him.

"Speak faster, faster; don't torment my very soul," exclaimed Kutuzof, interrupting him.

Bolkhovitinof told the whole story and then remained silent, awaiting orders.

Toll began to make some remark, but Kutuzof interrupted him. He wished to say something, but suddenly his face wrinkled and frowned. Waving his hand to Toll, he walked across the room, to the "red corner" of the izba, where the holy pictures were ranged black against the wall.

"Lord, my Creator! Thou hast heard our prayer...." said he, in a trembling voice, folding his hands. "Saviour of Russia! I thank thee, O Lord."

And he burst into tears.

CHAPTER XVIII

FROM the time that this news came until the end of the campaign, all Kutuzof's activity is confined to exercising his power, shrewdness, and persuasion to prevent his troops from useless attacks, manœuvers, and encounters with an enemy already doomed.

Dokhturof goes to Malo-Yaroslavetz; but Kutuzof dawdles along with his whole army, and gives orders for the evacuation of Kaluga, retreat behind that town seeming to him perfectly practicable.

Kutuzof falls back; but the enemy, not waiting for his retreat, takes to flight in the opposite direction.

The historians of Napoleon describe for us his clever manœuvers at Tarutino and Malo-Yaroslavetz, and indulge in hypotheses as to what would have happened if Napoleon had succeeded in entering the rich southern provinces.

But, not to mention the fact that nothing prevented Napoleon from entering these southern provinces, since the Russian army gave him a free road, the historians forget that nothing could have saved the French army, for it carried within itself the already inevitable elements of its own destruction.

How could an army which had found an abundance of provisions at Moscow, and, instead of keeping them, had trampled them under its feet, an army which, on arriving at Smolensk, had, instead of gathering stores,

given itself up to pillage,—how could this army have saved itself in the province of Kaluga, inhabited by Russians the same as Moscow was and where fire had the same property of burning up whatever was set on fire?

This army could nowhere have retrieved itself. After Borodino and the pillage of Moscow it henceforth bore in itself the chemical conditions of decomposition.

The men of what was once an army ran, like their leaders, knowing not whither, having—Napoleon and every soldier—but one desire, to escape as soon as possible from this situation, which they all, though vaguely, realized was inextricable.

This was the only reason that at Malo-Yaroslavetz, when Napoleon's generals pretended to hold a council, and various opinions were offered, the last opinion of all, General Mouton's, who, being a simple-minded soldier, spoke what all thought, that they must get away as quickly as possible, closed all mouths; and no one, not even Napoleon, could say anything against a truth recognized by all.

But though all knew that they must depart, there still remained the shame of confessing that they must take to flight. Some external impulse was needed to overcome this shame. And the impulse came at the proper time. It was what the French called "the emperor's ambush."[1]

Early the next morning, after the council, Napoleon, pretending that he was going to inspect his troops and examine the field of battle, past and to come, rode to the center of his lines, accompanied by his suite of marshals and by his guard.

Some Cossacks, prowling about in search of plunder, stumbled on the emperor, and almost made him prisoner.

If the Cossacks failed this time to capture Napoleon, he was saved by the very thing that proved the destruction of the French: love of booty, which on this occasion, as at Tarutino, led the Cossacks to neglect men, and think only of pillage. They paid no attention to the

[1] *Le hourra de l'empereur. Hourra:* "the cry of the Cossacks going against an enemy; a sudden and unexpected charge of irregulars."

emperor, but flung themselves on the spoils, and Napoleon succeeded in escaping.

When the "children of the Don" — *les enfans du Don* — were able to lay hold on the emperor himself in the midst of his army, it became clear that there was nothing else to be done but beat a retreat by the shortest known road.

Napoleon, with the rotund abdomen of his forty years, no longer felt his former agility and courage, and accepted the omen. Under the influence of the fright given him by the Cossacks, he immediately sided with Mouton, and, as the historians say, gave the order to retreat along the road to Smolensk.

The fact that Napoleon agreed with Mouton and that the French troops retreated does not prove that Napoleon ordered the movement, but that the forces which were acting on the army to push it in the direction of Mozhaïsk had at the same time exerted their influence on Napoleon himself.

CHAPTER XIX

When a man undertakes any movement he has always an object in view. If he has a journey of a thousand versts before him, he must expect something good at the end of those thousand versts. He must imagine a promised land, in order to have strength enough to cover the distance.

When the French invaded Russia their promised land was Moscow; when they began their retreat it was their native land. But their native land was far, far away; and when a man starts out on a journey of a thousand versts, he must surely forget the end in view and say to himself, "To-day I will go forty versts, and there find rest and lodging;" and during this first stage of his journey this resting-place becomes for the time being his ultimate destination, and he concentrates on it all his hopes and desires.

Aspirations found in any isolated man are always intensified in a body of men.

To the French, returning over the old Smolensk highway, the final end in view — the return to the fatherland — was too far off; and the immediate goal towards which all their desires and hopes, magnified to enormous proportions in the whole body of men, were directed, was Smolensk.

It was not because they expected to find in Smolensk many provisions or fresh troops, or because they had been told any such thing; on the contrary, all the generals of the army, and Napoleon as well, knew that there was very little to be found at Smolensk, — but because this was the only thing that could give the soldiers the power to march and to endure the privations of the moment, that those who knew the truth and those who knew it not, alike deceiving themselves, struggled toward Smolensk as their promised land.

Once on the highroad, the French hurried toward this fictitious destination with a remarkable energy and unprecedented velocity.

Besides the general yearning for a single object, on which the whole body of the French army was united and which imparted a certain additional energy, there was still another cause uniting them. This cause was found in their aggregation.

This enormous multitude, as if obedient to the physical law of attraction, drew to itself all isolated atoms of men. These hundred thousand men moved on in a compact mass like a whole empire!

Each man among them wished for but one thing — to fall into captivity, and so to be delivered from all their horrors and sufferings. But, on the one hand, the power of the common impulse toward their goal, Smolensk, carried each one in the same direction.

On the other hand, it was impossible for an entire corps to surrender to a single company, and, although the French took advantage of every convenient occasion to separate from their fellows, and at even the slightest pretext surrendered to the Russians, these pretexts did not always offer.

The great numbers of them, and their hard, rapid

march, deprived them of these possibilities, and made it not only difficult, but impossible, for the Russians to arrest this movement in which was concentrated the entire energy of such a mass of the French.

The mechanical disruption of the body could not hasten, beyond a certain limit, the process of decomposition in progress.

It is impossible to melt a snowball in an instant. There exists a certain limit of time before which no power of heat can melt the snow. On the contrary, the greater the heat the more solidified is the snow which remains.

With the exception of Kutuzof, none of the Russian generals understood this. When the retreat of the French army took the definite shape of flight along the Smolensk road they began to realize the truth of what Konovnitsuin had foreseen on the night of October 23.

All the superior generals of the army wished to distinguish themselves, to cut the French off, to take them prisoners, to set upon them; and all demanded offensive operations.

Kutuzof alone employed all his powers — the powers of any commanding general are very small — to resist offensive operations.

He could not say what we can say to-day — why fight battles, why dispute the road, why lose your own men, and why inhumanly kill unfortunate wretches? why do all this, when from Moscow to Viazma, without any combat whatever, a third of this army has disappeared? but drawing from his wisdom what they might have understood, he told them about "the golden bridge"[1]; and they mocked him, slandered him, and hurled themselves on the dying beast to rend it and cut it in pieces.

At Viazma, Yermolof, Miloradovitch, Platof, and others, finding themselves near the French, could not restrain themselves from cutting off and destroying two French army corps. Kutuzof they derided by sending

[1] "Let them cross the golden bridge;" that is, "Give them every chance of self-destruction."

him a sheet of blank paper in an envelop, instead of a report of their undertaking.

And, in spite of all Kutuzof's efforts to restrain our troops, the troops assailed the French, and endeavored to dispute their way. Regiments of infantry, we are told, with music and drums, boldly advanced to the attack, and killed and lost thousands of men.

But they could not cut off the fugitives, or exterminate the enemy. And the French army, drawing its ranks more closely together, because of the danger, and regularly melting away, advanced along this — its fatal road to Smolensk.

END OF VOL. V.

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